Mr. Francois de Salignac de la Motte Fenelon Archbishop and Duke of Cambray.

THE ADVENTURES OF *TELEMACHUS*, THE SON of *ULYSSES*.

In XXIV BOOKS.

WRITTEN by the ARCHBISHOP of *CAMBRAY*.

To which is added,
The ADVENTURES of
ARISTONOUS,

Done into Engliſh *by Mr* LITTLEBURY *and Mr* BOYER.

Adorn'd with Twenty-four Plates, and a Map of TELEMACHUS's Travels. All curiouſly Engraven by very good Hands.

The SIXTEENTH EDITION,
Carefully Reviſed and Corrected.

VOL. I.

LONDON:
Printed for *J. Brotherton, W. Innys, R. Ware, J. Walthoe, W. Meadows, T. Cox, J.* and *P. Knapton, S. Birt, C. Hitch, T. Aſtley, S. Auſten, J. Hodges, J. Oſborn,* and *J. Ward.* MDCCXLIX.

PREFACE

To the laſt

French Paris EDITION.

THE late archbiſhop of Cambray's relations here preſent the publick with a new edition of the Adventures of Telemachus, from the original manuſcript found among His Grace's papers. All the former editions being extreme faulty, and publiſh'd without the author's approbation, 'tis a piece of juſtice due to his memory, to let his performance appear abroad, as it came finiſh'd from his hands.

He had divided the whole into twenty-four books, in imitation of Homer's Iliad: but beſides this diviſion, this new edition will be found to differ in abundance of places from all the former. 'Tis true, theſe variations for the moſt part relate to the ſtyle, and only add ſome graces and beauties to the narration, by a more harmonious

ranging of the words: but then ſome things of infinite value, and conſiderable length, had wholly been omitted before, which are here faithfully reſtored from the original.

The new editors thought it incumbent upon them not to ſuffer any longer, at the head of this work, the preface which uſed to be printed with it, and which never had the approbation of the author of Telemachus: but, inſtead of it, they have placed the enſuing diſcourſe, wherein an attempt is made to unfold and ſet in a true light, the excellence and beauties of this poem; it's conformity to the rules of art; and the ſublimity of it's moral.

ADVER-

ADVERTISEMENT

Concerning this

Engliſh VERSION.

THE foregoing preface ſhews how defective all the former French editions of Telemachus have been; nor could it hardly be otherwiſe, ſince they were all publiſh'd without the author's conſent, and from imperfect copies, ſtolen from him by piecemeal, by his Amanuenſes. For the ſame reaſon, all former tranſlations of this excellent piece muſt neceſſarily have been faulty; ſo far at leaſt, as they ſhared in all the imperfections of their lame original.

This, with all candid judges, will certainly be ſufficient to excuſe the miſtakes and defects of the firſt Engliſh verſion, which was the performance of the late ingenious Mr Littlebury, Mr Alexander Oldes, and myſelf. As the firſt French edition of Telemachus was divided into five books, which came out at different times, Mr Littlebury tranſlated only the firſt part; and did it ſo well, that it was a misfortune for the publick, that his ill ſtate of health did not permit him to go on with the reſt.

Upon his declining it, and at the Bookſeller's earneſt deſire, I undertook the taſk: but not having then ſufficient time to ſpare from other buſineſs, I divided it with Mr Oldes, who tranſlated the fourth and fifth parts; as I did the ſecond, and moſt part of the third. Theſe particulars I think fit to mention, both that my fellow-tranſlators may have the praiſe due to their performances, and, at the ſame time, that I may bear no more blame, than in juſtice lies at my own door.

Our tranſlation, how imperfect ſoever, was ſo well receiv'd, that in a few years, it bore ſeveral large impreſſions: but, through the careleſſneſs of the Printers, there crept into the later editions ſo many groſs miſtakes, that caſting my eyes one day caſually upon ſome of them, before ſome Bookſellers, I could not forbear ſaying, *That I ſcarce knew again my own work.* This, it ſeems, gave them the hint of a *new verſion*; for which they had ſtill a more colourable pretence, from a *new French edition, printed abroad with conſiderable improvements throughout, and methodiz'd into ten books, with arguments to each*, and a *large preface*, giving a particular account both of the work and author.

Whatever injury they intended to the proprietor of the firſt verſion, he muſt have borne

borne it with patience and reſignation; and the publick would certainly have applauded their deſign, had Mr Ozell, the perſon they employ'd to execute it, either made a new, or mended the old tranſlation.

But, inſtead of that, it plainly appears from his performance, that (excepting a few pages in the beginning) he made free with our whole work; and that in order to palliate his plagiariſm, he only corrected the Printer's miſtakes, and made ſome alterations in the ſtyle: but it unluckily fell out, that *he alter'd every thing for the worſe*; and though he had the *ſelf-complacency to hope that the whole diction was ſo changed, as to come nearer to the ſtandard of the original*; yet they, who took the pains to compare the two tranſlations, ſtill gave the preference to the former; and apply'd to Mr Ozell what a friend of mine wrote upon the plagiary of the tragedy, called *Iphigenia in Aulis*.

Thy theft has all her grace and luſtre ſoil'd,
Thou ſtol'ſt the beauty firſt, and after ſpoil'd.
So fares it with that deſp'rate band, who live
On prey and rapine, and by injury thrive:
Thoſe whom they wrong, with hatred they purſue;
And not content to rob, they murder too.

Mr Ozell, to juſtify his proceeding, had promiſed in his advertiſement, to *throw together at the end of that book, ſome of the numerous and egregious miſtakes committed in the former verſion:* And, at the end of his book, he tells us, *that he had drawn up a liſt of two or three hnndred errors; but being afterwards told by the undertakers of his tranſlation, that Mr Boyer, one of the authors of the former verſion, had been with them, and made preſſing inſtances that they would go upon a new tranſlatiou, and offered to do it for them, becauſe* he was aſhamed at the erroneouſneſs of the other, he (Mr Ozell) *thought it enough to give only a ſmall ſample of the miſtakes*, and thoſe none of the groſſeſt *he could have pick'd out.*

How far Mr Ozell has diſguis'd the truth in relation to the diſcourſe that paſſed between his undertakers and me, I leave it to their conſcience to determine: but to the beſt of my remembrance, I only told them what I mention'd before, or words to the ſame effect. However, waving that trifling particular, in which the publick is no ways concern'd, I ſhall only take notice, that Mr Ozell thought fit to reduce his charge againſt us, which in his firſt bill of indictment conſiſted of two or three hundred, to the ſmall number of fifteen miſtakes, cull'd out from p. 309, to p. 668.

Theſe

These fifteen errors happen, every one of them, to fall in Mr Oldes's ſhare of this verſion, and therefore do not in the leaſt effect either Mr Littlebury or myſelf: But as we are, every one of us, brought into the general accuſation by way of innuendo, out of reſpect to the memory of my fellow-tranſlators, I think it incumbent on me to recriminate on Mr Ozell; and, in order to that, I have hereto ſubjoined a ſample of his alterations, which he is pleaſed to look upon as embelliſhments; but which, if I am not miſtaken, will with all good judges rather paſs for foils to our tranſlation.

Book I. p. 1. The author ſays; *Calypſo ne pouvoit ſe conſoler du depart d'Ulyſſe*: which Mr Littlebury rightly tranſlated; *Calypſo continued diſconſolate for the departure of Ulyſſes*: but Mr Ozell, in order to mend the matter, ſays, *Calypſo, now Ulyſſes was departed, grew deſperate, and deaf to conſolation.* Is not *grew deſperate*, a fine addition? and *deaf to conſolation*, an expreſſion more natural than *diſconſolate?*

Ibidem, The French ſays, *Elle ſe promenoit ſouvent ſeule*, &c. which Mr Littlebury renders naturally; *She often walk'd alone*, &c. Mr Ozell, more quaintly, no doubt; *Oft unaccompanied ſhe trod*, &c.

A few lines after the author ſays, *Souvent elle demeuroit immobile*, &c. p. 2. which Mr

Mr Littlebury renders with a noble ſimplicity; *Sometimes ſhe ſtood ſtill and wept, watering the banks of the ſea with her tears, and always turning her eyes to that ſide where ſhe had ſeen Ulyſſes's ſhip ploughing the waves*, &c. But Mr Ozell, either forgetting that he writes proſe, or to diſplay his ſkill in numbers, gives us here ſeveral lines together in blank verſe, as follow:

Mute and immoveable ſhe ſometimes ſtood,
Wat'ring the ſhore with torrents from her eyes:
There, where ſhe laſt had ſeen Ulyſſes' ſhip
Ploughing the waves, ſhe turn'd her eyes inceſſant.

And a little lower,

Then at a diſtance ſhe deſcry'd two men,
One ſeem'd advanc'd in years, the other young,
But bearing much the ſemblance of Ulyſſes.

I mention this once for all, becauſe throughout the book, Mr Ozell ſeems to have ſought all opportunities of turning our proſe into blank verſe: A good Fortune which I do not in the leaſt envy him; ſince in the opinion of all true judges of Style, it

is

is as great a fault to write verſe in proſe, as to write proſe in verſe.

Pag. 6. The author ſpeaking of Calypſo's grotto, ſays, *On n'y voyoit ni or, ni argent, ni marbre, ni colonnes, ni tableaux, ni ſtatues*; which Mr Littlebury juſtly renders thus; *There was neither gold nor ſilver to be ſeen, no marble, nor pillars, no painting, no ſtatues*; but Mr Ozell, in theſe two plain lines, commits two faults; *There was* (ſays he) *no gold nor ſilver to be ſeen, no marble columns, no tableaus, nor ſtatues.* I'd fain know how long *tableau* has been an Engliſh word?

The French ſays, *Cette grotte étoit taillée dans le roc en voutis*; which Mr Littlebury rightly tranſlates, *The grotto was cut into divers vaults within the rock:* but Mr Ozell thinks to mend the matter, by ſaying, *The grot was hewn within the living rock.* The rock is, undoubtedly, much obliged to Mr Ozell, for beſtowing life upon it.

A little lower the French ſays, *Ce bois ſembloit couronner ces belles prairies*; which Mr Littlebury renders naturally thus, *This wood ſeem'd to crown theſe beautiful meadows*; but Mr Ozell, in his forc'd way of modelling the diction, ſays, *This wood a ſemblance had as if it crown'd the meads.*

Book II. p. 52. The French ſays, *Je ne ſentis point cette horreur qui fait dreſſer les*

les cheveux ſur la tête, & qui glace le ſang dans les veines, &c. which Mr Littlebury juſtly tranſlates, *I felt none of that horror which makes mens hair ſtand upright, and chills the blood in their veins*; but Mr Ozell ſays, *And which cauſes the blood to ſtagnate in the veins.* A very polite expreſſion!

Two pages lower the French ſays, *Ce vieillard avoit un grand front chauve*; that is, *This old man had a large forehead, bare of hair*; but Mr Ozell, more poetically, ſays, *diſmantled of hair.*

Book II. p. 59. The author ſays, *Les riantes prairies*, which Mr Littlebury naturally renders by *the lovely meadows*; but Mr Ozell ſays, *the laughing meadows*; with no more reaſon, no doubt, than he ſaid before, the *living rock.*

Book IV. p. 122. The author ſays, *Avant que de laiſſer fermer ſes yeux au ſommeil, Mentor*, &c. which Mr Littlebury rightly tranſlates, *Before ſlumber had clos'd their eyes, Mentor*, &c. but Mr Ozell thinks to top upon him, by ſaying, *Before they had ſuffered ſleep to take poſſeſſion of them, Mentor*, &c. Is not this a very elegant expreſſion?

A little lower (pag. 127) the French ſays, *Pendant mon ſilence un ſommeil doux & puiſſant vint me ſaiſir*; which Mr Littlebury thus

thus renders, *During my ſilence, a faſt and powerful ſlumber ſeiz'd upon me*; but Mr Ozell, according to his new way of refining the diction, ſays, *I was ſeized with a violent fit of ſleeping*. Monſtrous fine!

Page 130. The French ſays, *Venus remonta vers l'Olympe*; Mr Littlebury, *Venus reaſcended towards Olympus*; but Mr Ozell, *Venus remounted towards Olympus*. A few lines after, Mr Ozell ſays, *peſtiferous iſland*, inſtead of *peſtilent iſland*.

Thus far I have ſhewn in what manner Mr Ozell has mended Mr Littlebury's tranſlation; I ſhall now curſorily take notice of the favours he has been pleaſed to beſtow upon me.

Book V. p. 171. The French ſays, *Le peuple touché de compaſſion pour le fils*, which I rendered, *The people being touch'd with pity for the ſon*; but Mr Ozell more elegantly, no doubt, *The people melting with pity*, &c.

Pag. 175. The author ſays, *Au moindre mouvement qu'il faiſoit, on voyoit tous ſes muſcles*; which I ſimply rendered, *At the leaſt of his motions you might diſcover all his muſcles*; but Mr Ozell, ſwelling the ſails of his eloquence, ſays, *At his leaſt motion every muſcle ſwell'd apparent*.

Pag. 177. *On diſtribua les chariots au ſort*, I tranſlated, *The chariots were diſtributed*

buted by lot; but Mr Ozell, *The chariots were diſpoſed of according to lot.* O elegant *according!*

Pag. 179. *Car mes chevaux mieux menagez que les ſiens, étoient en état de le devancer*; I rendered, *For my horſes, which I ſpared at firſt, were now able to beat his*; but Mr Ozell, better ſkilled in horſe-races than myſelf, ſays, *For my horſes, which I had favoured at firſt, were now able to outrun him.* Would not one imagine that the author ſpeaks of a match between a man and horſes?

Pag. 188. *Un roy entierement tourne à la guerre*, &c. *ruineroit ſon peuple*; I engliſhed, *A king entirely bent upon war*, &c. *would not care if all his people were ruin'd*; but Mr Ozell, undoubtedly in a more noble ſtyle, *A king whoſe talent entirely lies to war*, &c. *'tis indifferent to him whether his ſubjects ſink or ſwim.* Delicate!

Pag. 189. *Un conquerant enviré de ſa gloire*; I ſillily rendered, *A conqueror intoxicated with his glory*; but Mr Ozell, *A conqueror grown drunk with his glory.* Polite!

Book VI. p. 202. *On découvrit dans ſon viſage jeneſçaiquoy de ferme & d'élevé*; I tranſlated, *They diſcover'd in his countenance ſomething that beſpoke in him a firm and elevated ſoul*; but Mr Ozell, *They diſcover'd in*

in his countenance ſomething that was unſpeakably great.

Pag. 209. *Le pere aprés l'avoir long tems ſouffert, pour tâcher de le corriger de ſes vices*; I tranſlated, *The father having borne with him a long time, with hopes to reclaim him from his vices*; which Mr Ozell corrects thus, *With hopes he would grow better.* Admirable ſimplicity!

A few lines lower, *Affreuſe pauvreté*, I render'd, *dreadful poverty*; Mr Ozell, *formidable poverty.* Noble!

Pag. 214. *Le vent qui enfloit nos voiles*; I engliſh'd, *The wind which fill'd our ſpreading ſails*; Mr Ozell, with more delicacy, ſays, *Our bellying ſails*; and in another place, *ſtrutting ſails.* Well ſaid, *Tar!*——

Pag. 226. *Ses eſperances s'évanoüiſſoient*; I poorly render'd, *Her hopes vaniſh'd away*; Mr Ozell, more elegantly, *Her hopes diſpers'd themſelves.*

Pag. 234. *Aprés tant de merveilles, ignorez vous encore ce que le deſtinées vous ont preparé?* I tranſlated, *After ſo many wonderful deliverances, can you be doubtful of what the gods have in ſtore for you?* But Mr Ozell, *Can you have no notion of*, &c.

Pag. 239. *La déeſſe lui découvroit ſes peines ſur toutes les choſes qu'elle voyoit, & elle faiſoit ſans ceſſe des plaintes nouvelles*; I ren-

I render'd, *The goddeſs complained to him about all ſhe ſaw, and renewed her complaints every day*; Mr Ozell, *The goddeſs complained to him about every thing ſhe though ſhe had occaſion for.* Pray what's the meaning of this?

Pag. 243. Eucharis *qui craignoit que* Telemaque *ne lui échapat:* I engliſh'd, Eucharis *who was afraid to loſe Telemachus:* But Mr Ozell, *Eucharis fearing Telemachus ſhould make his eſcape from her.*

Pag. 254. *Tout le venin empeſté du Cocyte ſembloit s'exhaler de ſon cœur:* I tranſlated, *All the peſtilential venom of black Cocytus ſeemed to reek out of her heart:* But Mr Ozell, more emphatically, *All the baneful venom of black Cocytus ſeemed to aſcend from her heart in peſtilent exhalations!*

Pag. 261. *Je me ſuis tû, j'ai devoré ma peine*; I tranſlated, *I held my tongue, I fed upon my own grief:* But Mr Ozell, more nicely, *I chew'd the cud of my own grief.*

Pag. 265. *Ces paroles flateuſes firent gliſſer l'eſperance & la joye juſqu'au fond des entrailles de Calypſo*; I ſaid, *This flattering ſpeech convey'd pleaſing hopes and joys into the very bottom of Calypſo's heart:* But Mr Ozell, *This ſpeech infus'd freſh hope and joy to every corner of Calypſo's heart.* I wonder, while he was on this noble ſtrain, he did not ſay, *every creek and corner.*

Book

Book VIII. p. 276. *Il fit fendre la mer à force de rames*; I render'd, *He cauſed the rowers to ply their oars amain, and cut the yielding flood:* But Mr Ozell, *He cauſed the oars to cut the paſſive flood.* Right!

Pag. 290. *Elle verſa des torrens de larmes*; I ſaid, *She ſhed floods of tears:* But Mr Ozell, *She poured forth torrents of ſcalding tears.*

Pag. 294. *Où Titie ſentira éternellement dans ſes entrailles toûjours renaiſſantes un vautour qui les ronge:* I render'd, *Where Titius will for ever feel a vulture preying upon his growing liver.* But Mr Ozell, *Where Titius will for ever feel in his freſh-created bowels.* O rare *freſh-created!*

Pag. 298. *Les trompettes faiſoient retentir l'Onde, juſqu'aux rivages éloignez:* I tranſlated, *The loud trumpets made the waves reſound with their clangor as far as the diſtant ſhore:* but my corrector thus, *The ſounding trumpets fill'd the diſtant ſhores with reverberating ecchoes.*

Pag. 301. *Il chanta d'abord les loüanges de Jupiter*; I render'd, *He at firſt rehearſed the praiſes of mighty Jove:* But Mr Ozell, *He at firſt chaunted forth the praiſes of Jupiter.*

Pag. 315. *Ces grands conquerans reſſemblent à ces fleuves debordez qui paroiſſent majeſtueux*; I ſaid, *Thoſe mighty conquerors are*

like thoſe overflowing rivers, which appear majeſtic: But Mr Ozell, *The mighty conquerors reſemble thoſe wide-ſpread up-damm'd rivers, which look majeſtic.* What does he mean by *wide-ſpread up damm'd?*

Book IX. p. 325. *Une divinité enemie & trompeuſe les éloignoit d'Ithaque*; I ſay, *A deceitful and unfriendly deity led them far wide of Ithaca:* But Mr Ozell, *A deceitful deity, who hated them,* &c.

Pag. 327. *Ses yeux percent juſques dans l'abime*; I render'd, *His eyes pierce into the deepeſt abyſs:* Mr Ozell, *Into the very loweſt gulph.*

Pag. 341. *Ville naiſſante*; I tranſlated, *growing city*; Mr Ozell, *powerful city.*

Pag. 347. *Telemaque ſe retint avec beaucoup de peine*; I ſaid, *Telemachus contained himſelf, tho' not without reluctance:* But Mr Ozell, more devoutly, *Tho' not without the greateſt ſelf-denial.*

Pag. 361. *Le lendemain je recommençois mes travaux*; I engliſh'd, *The next day I reſum'd my toils.* But Mr Ozell, *I re-commence my toils.*

Book XI. p. 413. *Semblables à ces paroles enchantées qui arrêtent la lune & les étoiles*; I render'd, *Like thoſe enchanting words which ſtop the motion of the moon and ſtars:* But Mr Ozell, *Which* ARREST *the motion,* &c.

Book

Book XII. p. 431. *Parler ſans adouciſſement*; I render'd, *without lenitives:* But Mr Ozell, inſtead of *lenitives*, ſays, *without dulcifyings*, a word I never met with; no, not even in a Diſpenſatory.

Vol. II. Book XIII. p. 7. The French ſays, *Qu'il faiſoit aſſez entendre qu'il ne m'eſtimoit guere:* Which I tranſlated, *That he gave ſufficiently to underſtand what a ſmall eſteem he had for me:* But Mr Ozell, *That he had given convincing proofs, that he had no great eſteem for me.* How a *hint* or *innuendo* ſhould be a *convincing proof*, I cannot imagine.

Ibid. p. 11. The French ſays, *Pluſieurs fautes dangereuſes, où la hauteur de Proteſilas m'auroit fait tomber:* Which I render'd, *Many dangerous faults, into which the haughtineſs of Proteſilaus would have hurried me:* But Mr Ozell not underſtanding the word *hauteur*, tranſlates it by *precipitancy*, which is quite another thing.

Thus much for a ſample of Mr Ozell's improvements upon my tranſlation: Thoſe he has made on the latter part of Telemachus, which was engliſhed by the late Mr Oldes, are no leſs numerous, and moſt of them of the ſame ſtamp; but for fear of tiring out the reader's patience with theſe critical trifles, I ſhall only take notice, That in Book XXIV, p. 426, the French ſays, *Les monts*

Acroceraunіens montrent encore un front orgueilleux au ciel après avoir été ſi ſouvent écraſez par la foudre : That is, *The Acroceraunian hills ſtill rear up their haughty brow to heaven, tho' they have been ſo often ſhatter'd by thunder :* But inſtead of theſe laſt words, Mr Ozell, in a more lofty ſtrain, no doubt, ſays, MAUL'D WITH THUNDER.

I muſt deſire the reader to take notice, that I do not charge Mr Ozell with the errors he has in common with the other tranſlators, and which were occaſion'd by the faultineſs of the firſt French editions of Telemachus : As for inſtance, Book V. p. 167, the laſt Paris edition ſays, *Le pere échapé à la tempête arrivoit dans le porte deſiré* ; which I have render'd, *The father, having eſcaped the ſtorm, arriv'd ſafe in the wiſh'd for haven :* But the former French editions, inſtead of *port deſiré* ; have *porte de Syrie*, which Mr Littlebury tranſlated, *Port of Syria* ; and Mr Ozell, the (ſo call'd) *Syrian Port.*

Beſides this, and many other literal faults, occaſion'd by their ignorance who handed ſurreptitious copies of Telemachus to the preſs ; there are in all the former French editions, ſeveral conſiderable omiſſions, which have been here faithfully reſtored. The principal additions the reader will find in the following places of the laſt Paris edition, in two Volumes in 12*mo*. viz.

Vol. I. from p. 449, to p. 459; p. 460, 461, 471, 472, 478.

Vol. II. p. 47, 148 *&* *ſeq.* 157 to 160, 178, 367, 369, 372, 391 to 406, 407, 448 to 452.

The diſcourſe on Epick Poetry, and on the excellence of the poem of Telemachus, which is prefix'd to the laſt Paris edition, deſerves alſo particular notice; and the rather, becauſe I am inform'd it is the performance of Mr Ramſey, an ingenious Scotch gentleman, ſon to the late biſhop of Dunblaine, and an intimate companion of the late archbiſhop of Cambray; who having reſided many years in France, has acquired a perfect maſtery of the French language.

Upon the whole matter, whoever will attentively compare both the laſt Paris edition and this Engliſh verſion, with the former French editions and Engliſh tranſlations, will, I am ſure, find them to be vaſtly different: But how far herein I have merited of the publick, I leave to all impartial and candid judges.

Covent-Garden, London, *Oct.* 14, 1718. *A. BOYER.*

P. S. Inſtead of the French ode, which the illuſtrious author of Telemachus wrote in his juvenile years, and which is printed at the end of the laſt French edition, we have thought fit to inſert in this place the following piece.

AN
ALLUSION
TO THE
Archbiſhop of CAMBRAY's
TELEMACHUS,
In Imitation of HOMER.
Written in the Year 1707.

By the late Duke of *DEVONSHIRE.*

CAMBRAY! you ſee, when heav'nly love you write,
The nobleſt image in the cleareſt light!
A love, by no ſelf-intereſt debas'd,
But on th' Almighty's high perfection plac'd!
A love, in which true piety conſiſts,
That ſoars to Heav'n without the help of prieſts!
Let partial Rome the great attempt oppoſe,
Support the cheat from whence her income flows;
Her cenſure may condemn, but not confute,
If beſt your elevated notions ſuit
With what to reaſon ſeems the Almighty's due:
They have, at leaſt, an air of being true.
And what can animated clay produce
Beyond a gueſs, in matters ſo abſtruſe?
But when, deſcending from th' empyreal height,
You ſtoop of ſublunary things to write,
Minerva ſeems the moral to diſpenſe:
How great the ſubject, how ſublime the ſenſe!

Not

Not the Aonian bard with ſuch a flame,
E'er ſung of ruling arts, your lofty theme.
In your Telemachus, his hero's ſon,
We ſee the great original outdone.
There is in virtue ſure a hidden charm,
To force eſteem, and envy to diſarm;
Elſe in a flatt'ring court you ne'er had been deſign'd
T' inſtruct the future troublers of mankind.
Happy thy native ſoil, at leaſt by nature ſo,
In none her treaſures more profuſely flow;
The hills adorn'd with vines, with flow'rs the plain,
Without the ſun's too near approach ſerene;
But Heav'n in vain does on the vineyards ſmile,
The monarch's glory mocks the lab'rer's toil.
What tho' elab'rate braſs with nature ſtrive,
And proud equeſtrian figures ſeem alive;
With various terrors on their baſis wrought,
With yielding citadels, ſurpriz'd or bought;
And here, the ruins of a taken town,
There, a bombarded ſteeple tumbling down;
Such prodigies of art, or coſtly pains,
Serve but to gild th' unthinking rabble's chains.
O deſpicable ſtate of all that groan
Under a blind dependency on one!
How far inferior to the herds that range,
With native freedom, o'er the woods and plains!
With them no fallacies of ſchools prevail,
Nor of a right divine the nauſeous tale
Can give to one among themſelves the power,
Without controul his fellows to devour.
To reas'ning human kind alone belong
The arts to hurt themſelves by reas'ning wrong.
Howe'er the fooliſh notion firſt began,
Of truſting abſolute *to lawleſs man;*
Howe'er a tyrant may by force ſubſiſt;
(For who would be a ſlave that can reſiſt?)
Thoſe ſit (O Caſuiſt) ſafeſt on the throne,
Who make the people's intereſt their own:

And

And chuſing rather to be lov'd than fear'd,
Are kings of men, not of a ſervile herd.
O liberty, too late deſir'd when loſt,
Like health, when wanted, thou art valu'd moſt!
In regions where no property is known,
Thro' which the Garonne runs, and rapid Rhone,
Where peaſants toil for harveſts not their own,
How gladly would they quit their native ſoil,
And change for liberty their wine and oil!
As wretches, chain'd and lab'ring at the oar,
In ſight of Italy's delightful ſhore,
Reflect on their unhappy fate the more.
Thy laws have ſtill their force, above the reſt
Of Gothic kingdoms, happy Albion, bleſt!
Long ſince their ancient freedom they have loſt,
And ſervilely of their ſubjection boaſt.
Thy better fate the vain attempts reſiſts
Of faithleſs monarchs, and deſigning prieſts;
Unſhaken yet thy government ſubſiſts.
While ſtreams of blood the continent o'erflow,
Redd'ning the Maeſe, the Danube, and the Po,
Thy Thames, auſpicious iſle! her thunder ſends,
To cruſh thy foes, and to relieve her friends.
Say, Muſe, ſince no ſurprize, or foreign ſtroke,
Can hurt her, guarded by her walls of oak,
Since wholeſome laws her liberty transfer
To future ages, what can Albion fear?
Can ſhe the dear-bought treaſure throw away?
Have univerſities ſo great a ſway?
The Muſe is ſilent; cautious to reflect
On manſions where the Muſes keep their ſeat.
Barren of thought, and niggardly of rhyme,
My creeping numbers ſhe forbids to climb.
Vent'ring too far, my weary genius fails,
And o'er my drooping ſenſes ſleep prevails.
An antique pile, near Thames's ſilver ſtream,
Was the firſt object of my airy dream,
In ancient times a conſecrated fane,
But ſince apply'd to uſes more profane,

Fill'd

Fill'd with a popular debating throng,
Oft in the right, and oftner in the wrong,
Of good and bad the variable teſt,
Where the religion that was voted beſt
Is ſtill inclin'd to perſecute the reſt.
On the high fabrick ſtood a monſter fell,
Of hideous form, ſecond to none in hell;
The fury, to be more abhor'd and fear'd,
Her teeth and jaws with clods of gore beſmear'd;
Her party-colour'd robe obſcenely ſtain'd
With pious murthers, freemen rack'd and chain'd,
With the implacable and brutiſh rage
Of fierce dragoons, ſparing no ſex nor age,
With all the horrid inſtruments of death,
For tort'ring innocents t'improve their faith,
Clouding the roof with her infectious breath,
Thus ſhe began: 'Are then my labours vain
'That to the pow'rs of France have added Spain?
'Vain my attempts to make that empire great?
'And ſhall a woman my deſigns defeat,
'Baffle the infernal projects I've begun,
'And break the meaſures of my fav'rite ſon?
'Tho' far unlike the heroes of her race,
'That made their humours of their laws take place,
'And, ſlighting coronation-oaths, diſdain'd
'Their high prerogative ſhould be reſtrain'd:
'Tho' her own iſle is bleſt with liberty;
'Has ſhe a right to ſet all Europe free?
'Under this roof, with management, I may
'The progreſs of her arms at leaſt delay.
'From a contagious vapour I will blow,
'Within theſe walls breaches ſhall wider grow.
'Here let imaginary fears prevail,
'And give a colour to affected zeal.
'From trivial bills let warm debates ariſe,
'Foment ſedition, and retard ſupplies.
'If once my treach'rous arts, and watchful care,
'Break the confed'racy, and end the war,

'Ador'd

'Ador'd in hell, I may in triumph ſit,
'And Europe to one potentate ſubmit.'

Waking at ſo deteſtable a ſound,
Which would all order, and all peace confound,
I cry'd, infernal hag! be ever dumb;
Thee with her arms let ANNA *overcome*
Here ANNA *reigns, a Queen by Heaven beſtow'd*
To right the injur'd, and ſubdue the proud.
As Rome of old gave liberty to Greece,
ANNA *th' invaded ſinking empire frees.*
Th' allies her faith, her pow'r the French proclaim,
Her piety th' oppreſs'd, the world her fame,
At ANNA*'s name, dejected, pale, and ſcar'd,*
The execrable phantom diſappear'd.

A DIS-

Rome
Ostia
Teracino
Capica
Naples
Apeneste
Rusium
Apulia
Daunia
Acherontia
Parthenope I.
Salernum
Caprea I.
Calabria
Lametia
Vulcanian I.
Pelore Pr.
Messine
Aetna
Panormus
Eryx
Aogesta
Lilibaeum
Agrigentum
SICILY I
Syracuse T.P
Pachinum Pr.
Cosyre
R of ye Trojans
Ethuse
R of ye Egyptians
Malta I.
Laupaduze I
Epidaurus
Horma
Thessalonica
Dirachium
Apollonia
Aulon
Chania
Butrotron
Bereen
Europus
Girlo
Larissa
Thessalia
Ceneo
Nicopolis
Ambracia
Locris
Ellas
Phocis
Deserte I.
Calypso I.
Diascore I.
Salentii T.P.
ADRIATICK S
Cefalonie I.T.
Zacinthe I.T.
PELOPONESUS
Argos
Cyparissa
Pylos
Melon
Corone
Messene
Here Telemachus loses his Ship
MEDITERRANEAN S
Zeta
Tripoli
Seggera
Pirgos
Hippon
Antomalex
Cyrene
Ptolemais
Pentapolis
Chersis
Axylis
G. Chersonesus
Berenice
Corotus
Zanara
Echinus
Marmaric
Explanation of ye Letters
I. isle.
S. Sea.
P. port.
Te. tempest
Pr. Promontary
R. rencounter
T. town.
G. gulf

A MAP
of the
TRAVELS
of
TELEMACHUS.
Abidos
Samotrace
Misia
Mount Olimpia
Troy
Troas
Phiygia
Antandrus
Pergamus
Lemnos
ÆGEAN S
Lesbos I.
Phocee
Lidia
Asia
Sciros I.
Chio I.
Smirna
Ionia
Andros I.
Sama I.
Ephesus
Icarus
Miletus
Caria
Licia
Pamphilia
Attalia
Elipolis
Cilicia
Seleucia
Tarsus
Myra
Sporades
Melos I.
Rhodes
RHODES I.
Cithere I.
Eleutere
Dictamnum
Cilæum
Salmone
CRETE I.
Lisse
Phenix Pr.
Paphos
Temple of Venus
Salamina
CYPRUS I.
Sidon
Phœn
Samaria
Joppa
Canaan
Jerasalem
Azotus
Gaza
Judea
Lybian S
Mouth of Nile
Chersis
Axylis
G. Chersonesus
Pyrgus
Garcalis
Panormus
Zygris
Zagilis
Selinis
Apis
Zigis
Phenicus
Sophanus
Lybia
Dioscoron
Marmarica
Alo
Hammon
Hæraxe
Palus Marestis
Mæris Lake
EGYPT
Memphis
Anggron
Acoris
Oasis
Arabia
Pharan
RED S
Thebes or Diespolis

A DISCOURSE UPON *EPICK POETRY*, AND THE EXCELLENCE OF THE POEM of *Telemachus*.

IF we could reliſh Truth in her naked ſimplicity, ſhe would not need to borrow any ornaments from imagination to attract our love: but her pure and delicate light does not ſufficiently affect the groſs ſenſes of men; and the nice attention ſhe requires is too great a reſtraint on their natural levity. In order to inſtruct men, we muſt not only enlighten their underſtanding with pure ideas, but likewiſe preſent them with ſenſible images, to keep them ſteady in a fix'd view of truth. This is the ſource of eloquence, poeſy, and of all the ſciences that depend upon fancy; and which man's weakneſs renders neceſſary. The ſimple and immutable beauty of virtue does not always affect him; nor is it ſufficient to point out

The origin and end of poetry.

truth to him, unleſs at the ſame time we repreſent h amiable to his eyes (*a*).

We ſhall conſider the poem of Telemachus accor ing to theſe two views, viz. to inſtruct and to pleaſ and endeavour to ſhew, That the author has inſtruct better than the Ancients, by the ſublimity of his mor and has pleaſed no leſs than they, by the imitation all their beauties.

Two ſorts of heroick poetry. There are two ways of inſtructing me in order to make them good: the firſt, ſhewing them the deformity of vice, a it's fatal conſequences; which is the ch end of Tragedy: the ſecond, by unveiling to them t beauty of virtue, and it's happy iſſue; which is t proper character of the epopœa, or epick poem. T paſſions that belong to the former, are terror and pit as admiration and love are proper to the latter. In t one, the actors ſpeak; in the other, the poet mak the narrative.

Definition and diviſion of epick poetry. An epick poem may be defin'd, *a fab related by a poet, in order to raiſe the a miration, and inſpire the love of virtue, representing to us the action of a hero fa vour'd by heaven, who brings about great enterprize, notwithſtanding all the obſtac he meets in his way.* Therefore there are thr things in the epick poem, viz. the action, the mora and the poeſy.

I. *Of the* EPICK ACTION.

Qualities of the epick action. The action ought to be great, one, en tire, marvellous, and of a certain length Telemachus has all theſe qualities. I order to be convinc'd of it, let us com pare him with the two models of epick poetry, Ho mer and Virgil.

(*a*) *Omne tulit punctum, qui miſcuit utile dulci; Lectorem delectando, pariterque monendo.* Hor. Art. Poët.

W

Design of the Odyssey.

We shall confine ourselves to speak of the Odyssey, whose plan and design is more agreeable to that of Telemachus. In that poem, Homer introduces a wise king returning home from a foreign war, in which he had given signal proofs of his prudence and valour: in his way, he meets with violent storms, which force him into divers countries, whose manners, laws, and politicks, he had thereby an opportunity to learn. From hence naturally arise abundance of incidents and perillous adventures. But the hero of the poem, knowing what distractions his absence must occasion in his kingdom, surmounts all obstacles; despises all the pleasures of life; disregards even immortality itself; and renounces all, that he may ease his people, and see again his dear family.

Subject of Virgil's Æneid.

In the Æneid, a pious and courageous hero, who is escap'd from the destruction of a powerful kingdom, is destin'd by the gods to preserve it's religion, and to settle another empire, more great and glorious than the former. This prince, who is chosen king by the unfortunate remainder of his countrymen, wanders a long while from shore to shore, and, in the several countries he visits, learns all that is necessary for a king, a legislator, and a high-priest. At last, finding an asylum in a remote country, from whence his ancestors drew their descent, he defeats several powerful enemies who opposed his settlement; and lays the foundation of an empire, which was one day to conquer all the universe.

Plan of Telemachus.

The action of Telemachus comprehends all that's great in both those poems. There we see a young prince, animated by the love of his country, going in quest of his father, whose absence occasioned the misfortunes of his family and kingdom. This prince exposes himself to all manner of dangers; signalizes his magnanimity by heroical virtues; refuses crowns more considerable than his own; and travelling through several unknown

countries, learns all that ſhould qualify him her after to rule his people, with the prudence of U lyſſes, the piety of Æneas, and the valour of both like a wife politician, a religious prince, and an a compliſh'd hero.

The action ought to be one.

The epick action ought to be on For an epick poem is not either a hiſtor like *Lucan*'s *Pharſalia*, and *Silius Ital cus*'s *Punick* War; nor the whole life a hero, like the *Achilleid* of *Statius*. The unity the hero, does not make the unity of the action: f a man's life is full of inequalities. He continuall changes his deſigns, either through the inconſtancy his paſſions, or by the unforeſeen accidents of lif Whoever ſhould deſcribe the whole man, would dra a fantaſtick picture, made up of a contraſt of oppoſit paſſions, without either coherence or order. An therefore an epick poem is not the panegyrick of hero ſet up for a pattern, but the recital of ſome on great and noble action propos'd for imitation.

Of epiſodes.

It is with poetry as with painting; th unity of the principal action hinders no the bringing in ſeveral particular incidents The deſign is form'd from the beginning of the poem and the hero brings it about by ſurmounting all obſta cles. 'Tis the recital of all the oppoſitions he meet with, that makes up the epiſodes: but all theſe epi ſodes depend upon the principal action, and are ſo in terwoven with it, and ſo connected together, that th whole preſents to our view but one ſingle picture, con ſiſting of ſeveral figures, ranged in excellent order, and in a juſt proportion and ſymmetry.

I ſhall not in this place enquire, whether Home ſometimes drowns his main action in the length and multiplicity of his epiſodes; whether his action be double; and whether ſometimes he loſes ſight of hi principal hero? 'Tis ſufficient to obſerve here, that the author of Telemachus has, in all the parts of his work, imitated the regularity

The unity of action of

regularity of Virgil, by avoiding all the defects that are charged on the Greek poet. All our author's epiſodes are coherent, and ſo artfully interwoven one with another, that the firſt naturally brings on the next. His principal perſons never diſappear; and his tranſitions from the epiſode to the main action, ſtill preſerve and make us ſenſible of the unity of the deſign. In the ſix firſt books, wherein Telemachus ſpeaks, and relates his adventures to Calypſo, this epiſode, in imitation of that of Dido, is contrived with ſo much art, that the unity of the principal action remains perfect and entire; the reader being in ſuſpence, and ſenſible from the beginning, that both the ſtay of that hero in the iſland, and what paſſes there, is but an obſtacle to be ſurmounted. In the XIIIth and XIVth books, wherein Mentor inſtructs Idomeneus, Telemachus is not preſent, being then in the army; but then 'tis Mentor, one of the principal perſons in the poem, who does every thing with regard to Telemachus, and for his inſtruction: ſo that this epiſode is perfectly well connected with the principal deſign. 'Tis likewiſe a great piece of art in our author, the bringing into his poem epiſodes that do not reſult from his principal fable, without breaking either the unity or continuity of the action. Theſe epiſodes find a place here, not only as important inſtructions for a young prince, which is the poet's main deſign, but becauſe they are related to his hero at a time of inaction, to fill up the vacancy. Thus Adoam acquaints Telemachus with the manners and laws of Bœtica, during a calm that happens in a ſea voyage; and Philoctetes recounts to him his misfortunes, whilſt that young prince is in the confederate camp, expecting the day of battle.

Telemachus, and the coherence of the epiſodes.

The epick action ought to be entire; which entireneſs ſuppoſes three things: the cauſe, the diſtreſs, and the unravelling. The cauſe of the action ought to

The action ought to be entire.

be worthy of the hero, and agreeable to his character. Such is the deſign of Telemachus, as was ſhewn before.

Of the diſtreſs. The diſtreſs ought to be natural, and ariſing from the action itſelf. In the Odyſſey, it is Neptune that makes it; in the Æneid, the wrath of Juno; in Telemachus, it is Venus's hate. The diſtreſs of the Odyſſey is natural becauſe, in the courſe of nature, no obſtacle is more to be dreaded by ſea-faring men, than the ſea itſelf. In the Æneid, the oppoſition of Juno, a conſtant enemy of the Trojans, is a noble fiction. But the hate of Venus againſt a young prince, who deſpiſes voluptuouſneſs thro' a love of virtue, and ſubdues his paſſions by the help of wiſdom, is a fable drawn from nature, which, at the ſame time, comprehends a ſublime moral.

Of the unravelling. The unravelling ought to be as natural as the diſtreſs. In the Odyſſey, Ulyſſes comes among the Phœacians, relates to them his adventures; and thoſe iſlanders, who were great lovers of fables, charm'd with his tales, furniſh him with a ſhip to return home; which unravelling is plain and natural. In the Æneid, Turnus is the only obſtruction to the ſettlement of Æneas, who, to ſpare the blood both of his Trojans, and of the Latins, whoſe king he is ſoon to be, puts an end to the quarrel by a ſingle combat. This is a noble unravelling. That of Telemachus is atonce both natural and great. That young hero, in obedience to the commands of heaven, conquers his love for Antiope, and his friendſhip for Idomeneus, who offer'd him both his crown and his daughter; and ſacrifices the moſt violent paſſions, and the moſt endearing and even innocent pleaſures, to the pure love of virtue. He embarks for Ithaca on board the ſhips that are furniſh'd him by Idomeneus, for whom he had performed many ſignal ſervices. When he comes near his country, Minerva cauſes him to put into a little deſart iſland, where ſhe diſcovers herſelf to him. After having accompanied

companied him, without his knowledge, thro' tempeſtuous ſeas, unknown lands, bloody encounters, and all the evils that can try human courage and wiſdom; ſhe at length conducts him to a ſolitary place, where ſhe acquaints him with the end of his labours, and his future proſperity: and ſo leaves him. As ſoon as he is going to enjoy felicity and repoſe, the goddeſs diſappears, the marvellous ceaſes, the heroick action is at an end. 'Tis in affliction that a man ſhews himſelf to be a hero, and for that purpoſe has need of a divine ſupport. 'Tis only after he has ſuffer'd, that he is capable to go alone, to ſteer his own conduct, and to govern others. In the poem of Telemachus, the obſervation of the minuteſt rules of art is accompanied with a profound moral.

General qualities of the diſtreſs and unravelling of the epick poem.

Beſides the diſtreſs, and general unravelling of the main action, every epiſode has it's peculiar diſtreſs, and unravelling, which ought, every one of them, to have the ſame qualities. Epick poetry does not affect the ſurprizing adventures of modern romances; for ſurprize alone produces but a very imperfect and tranſitory paſſion. The ſublime lies in the imitation of ſimple nature; in preparing the incidents ſo delicately, as that they may be unforeſeen; and in conducting them ſo artfully, as that every thing may appear natural. Thus we are neither uneaſy, nor in ſuſpenſe, nor taken off from the principal object of heroick poetry, which is inſtruction, to attend an imaginary intrigue, and fabulous unravelling. This is allowable in a romance where the main deſign is to amuſe: but in an epick poem, which is a kind of moral philoſophy, ſuch adventures are conceits below it's gravity and nobleneſs.

The action ought to be marvellous.

The author of Telemachus has not only avoided the intrigues of modern romances, but likewiſe that extravagance with which ſome reproach the Ancients.

He

He neither makes horſes ſpeak, nor tripods walk, nor ſtatues work. The epick action ought to be marvellous, but probable at the ſame time. We do not admire what we look upon as impoſſible: and therefore the poet ought never to ſhock reaſon, tho' he may ſometimes exceed nature. The Ancients have introduced the machinery of the gods into their poems, not only in order to bring great events about by their interpoſition, and thereby unite the probable and the wonderful; but likewiſe to teach men, that the moſt courageous and the wiſeſt, can do nothing without the aſſiſtance of the gods. In our poem, Minerva conſtantly guides Telemachus: whereby the poet renders every thing poſſible to his hero; and gives us to underſtand, that, without divine wiſdom, man is not able to do any thing. But this is not the utmoſt of his art: the ſublime lies in his concealing the goddeſs under an human form. Not only the probable, but the natural likewiſe, unites here with the marvellous. All is divine, and yet all appears to be human. Nor is this all: for, if Telemachus had known that he was conducted by a goddeſs, his merit would have been the leſs, as he would have had too powerful a ſupport. Homer's heroes generally know what the immortal gods are doing for them: Whereas our poet, by concealing from his hero the marvellous part of the fiction, cauſes his virtue and courage to be the more admir'd.

Of the duration of the epick poem.

The duration of the epick action is longer than that of Tragedy, in which the paſſions are predominant; and nothing that's violent can be of long continuance. But virtues and habits, which are not to be acquired all of a ſudden, are proper for the epick poem, whoſe action conſequently muſt have a greater length. The epopœa may contain the actions of ſeveral years; but, in the opinion of the criticks, the time of the principal action, from the place where the poet begins his narrative, ought not to exceed the compaſs of one year;

year; as the time of a tragick action ought not, at moſt, to take up above one day. However, Ariſtotle and Horace are ſilent about it; and Homer and Virgil ſeem to have obſerv'd no fix'd rule in that reſpect. The action of the whole Iliad takes up but fifty days; and that of the Odyſſey, from the beginning of the poet's narrative, about two months; that of the Æneid about a year; and Telemachus ſpends but one ſummer from his ſailing from Calypſo's iſland to his return to Ithaca. Our poet has choſen a middle way between the impetuoſity and vehemence with which the Grecian runs to his concluſion, and the majeſtick and meaſur'd proceedings of the Latin poet, who ſometimes ſeems to be ſlow, and to lengthen out his narration too much.

Of the epick narration.

When the action of the epick poem is long, and not continu'd, the poet divides his fable into two parts; the one, in which the hero ſpeaks, and relates his paſt adventures; the other, wherein the poet only gives the narrative of what afterwards befals his hero. Thus Homer does not begin his narration till after Ulyſſes is ſail'd from the iſland of Ogygia; nor Virgil his, till after Æneas is arriv'd at Carthage. The author of Telemachus has perfectly imitated thoſe two great models. Like them he divides his action into two parts; the principal of which contains what he himſelf relates, and begins where Telemachus concludes the recital of his adventures to Calypſo. He takes little matter in hand, but treats it at large, and beſtows no leſs than eighteen books upon it. The other part is of far greater extent, both for the number of incidents, and the ſpace of time: but is much more contracted as to circumſtances; ſo that it takes up only the firſt ſix books. By this diviſion of what our poet relates, and of what he makes Telemachus recount, he retrenches the time void of action, ſuch as his captivity in Egypt, his impriſonment at Tyre, &c. He ſhortens the time of his narration. He joins together both the variety and continuity of the adventures. All is in motion, all is in action,

action, throughout his poem. His principal perſons are never idle; and his hero never diſappears.

II. *Of the* MORAL.

1. *Of the manners.* Virtue may be recommended both by examples and inſtructions, either by the manners or by the precepts: and in this our author far ſurpaſſes all other poets.

We are certainly indebted to Homer's vaſt invention, for having perſonaliz'd the divine attributes, human paſſions, and phyſical cauſes: and thereby open'd a rich and inexhauſtible fountain of noble fictions, which animate and enliven every thing in poetry. But his religion is little elſe than a heap of fables, which have nothing in them that conduces to make the deity either reverenc'd or belov'd. The characters of his gods are even below thoſe of his heroes: nor have Pythagoras, Plato, Philoſtratus, tho' heathens like himſelf, juſtify'd his having thus debas'd the divine nature, under pretence that what he ſays of it is an allegory, ſometimes phyſical, ſometimes moral. For, beſides that 'tis againſt the nature of the fable, to make uſe of moral actions to expreſs phyſical effects, they thought it of dangerous conſequence to repreſent the conflicts of the elements, and the common phænomena of nature, by vicious actions aſcrib'd to the heavenly powers, and to teach morality by allegories, which literally point out nothing but vice.

Characters of Homer's gods.

Homer's fault may in ſome meaſure be extenuated, by conſidering the darkneſs, ignorance, and manners, of the age he liv'd in, and the ſmall progreſs philoſophy had made in his time. But, without entering into ſuch an enquiry, let it ſuffice to obſerve, that the author of Telemachus, in imitating what is beautiful in the fables of the Greek poet, has avoided two great faults for which he is blam'd. Like Homer he perſonalizes the divine attributes and makes them inferior deities; but he never brings

brings them in, but upon ſuch occaſions as merit their preſence; nor does he ever make them ſpeak or act, but in a manner worthy of themſelves. He *artfully joins together Homer's poetry with the philoſophy of Pythagoras.* He ſays nothing but what the heathens might have ſaid; and yet he has made them ſay what is moſt ſublime in Chriſtian morality, and thereby has ſhewn, that this morality is written in indelible characters in the heart of man, and that he would infallibly diſcover them there, if he follow'd the dictates of pure and ſimple reaſon, in order to deliver himſelf entirely up to that ſovereign and univerſal truth, which enlightens all ſpirits, juſt as the ſun enlightens all bodies, and without which any man's reaſon is nothing but darkneſs and error.

His notions of the Deity.

The ideas our poet gives of the Deity, are not only worthy of him, but likewiſe infinitely endearing and amiable to men. Every thing inſpires confidence and love; a gentle piety; a noble and free adoration due to the abſolute perfection of the Infinite Being; and not a ſuperſtitious, gloomy, and ſervile worſhip, which ſeizes upon, and depreſſes the heart of man, when he looks upon GOD only as a powerful legiſlator, who puniſhes with rigour and ſeverity the breach of his laws.

He repreſents GOD to us as a lover of mankind; whoſe love and beneficence are not given up to the blind decrees of a fatal deſtiny, nor merited by the pompous appearances of an outward worſhip, nor ſubject to the fantaſtick caprice of the heathen deities; but ever regulated by the immutable law of wiſdom, which cannot but love virtue, and deals with men, not according to the number of the animals, but of the paſſions they ſacrifice.

Of the manners of Homer's heroes.

The characters Homer gives to his heroes are more eaſily juſtify'd than thoſe he aſcribes to his gods. It is certain he paints men with ſimplicity, ſtrength, variety, and paſſion. Our ignorance of the

cuſtoms

cuſtoms of a country, of the ceremonies of it's religion, of the genius of it's language; the general fault of men in judging of all according to the taſte of the age they live in, and of their own nation; the love of pomp and falſe magnificence, which has adulterated pure, primitive nature: all theſe may lead us into error, and make us look upon that as inſipid, which was highly eſteem'd in antient Greece.

Of the two ſorts of epick poetry, the pathetick and the moral.

Although it ſeems more natural and philoſophical to diſtinguiſh Tragedy from the epick poem, by the difference of their reſpective moral views, as we did at firſt; yet we dare not determine, whether, as Ariſtotle ſuggeſts, there may not be two ſorts of epick poems, the one pathetick, the other moral; one, where the great paſſions reign; the other, where the great virtues triumph. The Iliad and Odyſſey, may ſerve for inſtances of thoſe two kinds: for, in the one, Achilles is naturally repreſented with all his faults; ſometimes ſo ſavage and intractable, as to preſerve no manner of dignity in his anger; and ſometimes ſo furious, as even to ſacrifice his country to his reſentment. Although the hero of the Odyſſey be more regular than the youthful, hot, impetuous Achilles; yet nevertheleſs the wiſe Ulyſſes is often falſe and deceitful; becauſe the poet draws men with ſimplicity, and as they generally are. Valour is often allay'd with a fierce and brutiſh revenge; and policy is generally join'd with lying and diſſimulation. To paint after the life, is painting like Homer.

Theſe two ſorts of epick poems are join'd in Telemachus.

Without criticizing upon the different views of the Iliad and the Odyſſey, a curſory obſervation of their various beauties, may ſuffice to raiſe an admiration of the art with which our author joins together, in his poem, thoſe two ſorts of epick poetry, the pathetick and the moral. We behold in that wonderful picture an admirable mixture and contraſt of virtues and paſſions;

paſſions: it offers to the ſight nothing too great; but equally repreſents both the excellence and meanneſs of man. It is dangerous to ſhew us one without the other: but nothing is more profitable than to lay them both together before our eyes; for perfect juſtice and virtue require, that a man ſhould, at once, value and deſpiſe, love and abhor himſelf. Our poet does not raiſe Telemachus above humanity, but makes him only fall into ſuch weakneſſes as are compatible with a ſincere love of virtue; and his very weakneſſes ſerve to reform him, by inſpiring him with a diſtruſt of himſelf, and of his own ſtrength. He does not render the imitation of him impoſſible, by beſtowing an unblemiſh'd perfection upon him; but excites our emulation, by ſetting before our eyes the example of a young man, who, with the ſame imperfections every man finds about him, performs the moſt noble and virtuous actions. He has united together, in the character of his hero, the courage of Achilles, the wiſdom of Ulyſſes, and the piety of Æneas: for Telemachus is paſſionate, like the firſt, without being ſavage; politick, like the ſecond, without being deceitful; and tender, like the third, without being voluptuous.

2. Of moral precepts and inſtructions.

Another way of inſtructing is by precepts. The author of Telemachus joins together noble inſtructions, with heroick examples; Homer's morality with Virgil's manners. His morality, however, has three excellencies, which were wanting in that of the Ancients, whether poets or philoſophers. It is ſublime in it's principles, noble in it's motives, and univerſal in it's practical uſes.

Qualities of the morality of Telemachus.

1. Sublime in it's principles.

Firſt, Sublime in it's principles. It reſults from a profound knowledge of human nature. It leads a man into his own heart; unfolds to him the ſecret ſprings of his paſſions; the latent windings of his ſelf-love;

the difference between falſe and ſolid virtues. Fr
the knowledge of man, it ſoars to the knowledge
God himſelf. It makes us every where ſenſib
that the Infinite Being inceſſantly works with
us, in order to render us both good and happy
that he is the immediate ſource of all our knowled
and of all our virtues; that we are no leſs indeb
to him for our reaſon, than for life itſelf; that his
vereign truth ought to be our ſole light and gui
and his ſupreme will the rule of all our affections; th
for want of conſulting that univerſal and immut
wiſdom, man ſees nothing but deluding phantom
and, for want of hearkening to it, hears nothing
the confuſed noiſe of his paſſions; that ſolid virt
are like ſomething foreign planted in us; and are
the reſult of our own endeavours, but the work o
power ſuperior to man, which acts in us when we
not obſtruct it, and of whoſe operation we are ſom
times inſenſible, by reaſon of it's delicacy. We
taught, at laſt, that without this firſt and ſovere
power, which raiſes man above himſelf, the m
ſhining virtues are but refinements of ſelf-love, th
makes itſelf the center of all, becomes it's own dei
and is, at once, both the idolater and the idol. N
thing is more to be admired, than the picture of t
philoſopher whom Telemachus ſaw in hell, and wh
only crime was the having idoliz'd his own virtue.

Thus our author's morality is calculated to ma
us forget our own being, in order to refer it whol
to the Supreme Being, and to render us his devo
adorers; as the deſign of his politicks is to make
prefer the publick before the private good, and
inſpire us with the love of mankind. The ſyſte
of Machiavel and Hobbes, and of Puffendorf a
Grotius, two more ſober authors, are well know
The two firſt, under the vain and falſe pretence, th
the good of ſociety has nothing in common with t
eſſential good of man, which is virtue, lay dow
no other maxims of government, but craft, artific

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ſtratagems, tyranny, injuſtice, and irreligion. The two laſt authors ground their politicks wholly on pagan principles, which even fall ſhort either of Plato's Commonweath, or Tully's Offices. It is true, theſe two modern philoſophers have labour'd to be profitable to human ſociety, and have refer'd almoſt every thing to the happineſs of man in a civil capacity. But the author of Telemachus is an original, in having united the moſt perfect politicks, with the notions of the moſt conſummate virtue. The great principle on which his whole ſyſtem turns, is, that the whole world is but an univerſal commonwealth, and every nation like a large family. From this beautiful and glorious idea reſult what the politicians call the laws of nature, and of nations, equitable, generous, and full of humanity. Every ſingle country is no more conſider'd as independent from the reſt; but all mankind as an indiviſible whole. We are no longer confined to the love of our own country alone; but our affection is immeaſurably enlarged, and we embrace, with univerſal friendſhip, all the ſons of men. From hence ariſes a love of ſtrangers; the mutual confidence between neighbouring nations; good faith, juſtice and peace amongſt the princes of the univerſe, as well as between the private men of each ſtate. Our author teaches us likewiſe, that the glory of a ſupreme governor lies in making men both good and happy; that the prince's authority is never more firmly ſettled, than when it ſtands on the affections of the people; and that the true riches of a kingdom conſiſt in retrenching all the falſe appetites of life, in being contented with neceſſaries, and with thoſe pleaſures which are ſimple and innocent. By this he ſhews, that virtue not only contributes to qualify man for future felicity; but alſo actually renders ſociety as happy as it can be in this life.

2. *The morality of*

Secondly, The morality of Telemachus is noble in it's motives. His great principle is, that the love of decency is to be preferred

Telamachus is noble in it's motives.

preferred before the love of pleaſure, Socrates and Plato uſe to ſpeak; or t honeſt before the agreeable, according Tully's expreſſion. Behold the ſource noble ſentiments, greatneſs of ſoul, a all heroick virtues! 'Tis by theſe pure and eleva ideas that he overthrows, in a more affecting manne than by diſputation, the vain philoſophy of thoſe, wh make pleaſure the only ſpring which moves the huma ſoul. Our poet ſhews, by the excellent morality he mak his heroes ſpeak, and the generous actions he cauſes the to perform, how far the love of decency, and of pe fection, may prevail with a noble ſpirit, and mak him ſacrifice his pleaſure to the toilſome duties virtue. I am not ignorant, that this heroick vi tue paſſes for a chimera among vulgar ſouls, and th the men of fancy and imagination have endeavour to explode this ſublime and ſolid truth, by many friv lous and deſpicable witticiſms; becauſe finding nothi in themſelves equal to thoſe great ſentiments, th therefore conclude, that human nature is not capab of them. Theſe are dwarfs, who judge of t ſtrength of giants by their own. Minds that are co tinually grovelling within the narrow bounds of ſel love, will never be able to comprehend the power a extent of a virtue that raiſes man above himſelf. Som philoſophers, who otherwiſe have made uſeful diſc veries, have yet been ſo far hurried away by prejudic as not ſufficiently to diſtinguiſh between the love order, and the love of pleaſure; and to deny, th the will may be as ſtrongly moved by the clear view truth, as by the blind ſenſation of pleaſure. One ca not ſeriouſly read Telemachus without being convinc of that great principle. There we ſee the generou ſentiments of a noble ſoul, which conceives nothi but what is great; of a diſintereſted heart, which co tinually forgets itſelf; of a philoſopher, who is n confined either to himſelf, or his own nation, or i deed to any thing particular; but who refers all t th

the common good of mankind, and all mankind to the Supreme Being.

3. *The morality of Telemachus is univerſal in it's practical uſes.*

In the third place, the morality of Telemachus is, in it's practical uſes, univerſal, extenſive, fruitful, and adapted to all times, nations, and conditions. Here are taught the duties of a prince, who is at once a king, a warrior, a philoſopher, and a legiſlator. Here is diſplay'd the art of governing different nations; the way of maintaining peace abroad with our neighbours; and yet of having ſtill at home a warlike race of youth, always ready to defend the kingdom; of enriching the nation without falling into luxury; and of finding a medium between the exceſſes of a deſpotick power, and the diſorders of anarchy. Here are diſpens'd precepts for agriculture, commerce, liberal arts, civil government, and the education of children. Our author brings into his poem, not only heroick and royal virtues, but even ſuch as are proper for all conditions. While he is forming the mind of his prince, he inſtructs no leſs every private man in his duty.

The end of the Iliad is to repreſent the fatal conſequences of diviſions among the generals of an army. The Odyſſey lets us know, what prudence, join'd with valour, may enable a king to do: and the Æneid deſcribes the actions of a pious and courageous hero. But all theſe particular virtues do not render mankind happy. Telemachus excels all theſe plans, in the greatneſs, number, and extenſiveneſs of his moral views; ſo that we may ſay, with the philoſopher who has criticiz'd upon Homer, * *The moſt profitable gift the Muſes ever beſtow'd upon men, is Telemachus: for, if the happineſs of mankind could reſult from a poem, it would ariſe from this.*

* *The Abbot Terraſſon.*

Of the POETRY.

It is an excellent obſervation of Sir William Temple, That the powers of muſick, the beauty of painting, and the force of eloquence, ought to be united in poetry: But, as poetry differs only from eloquence in that it paints with enthuſiaſm, we rather chuſe to ſay, That poetry borrows it's harmony from muſick, it's paſſions from painting, it's force and juſtneſs from philoſophy.

Harmony of the Style of Telemachus.

The ſtyle of Telemachus is polite, clean, flowing, magnificent, and has all the copiouſneſs of Homer, without his luxuriancy of words. He never falls into tautology; and, when he ſpeaks twice of the ſame things, he does not call back the ſame images, much leſs does he uſe the ſame expreſſions over again. All his periods fill the ear with the numbers and cadency; nor is it ever ſhock'd with harſh words, abſtruſe terms, or affected turns. He never ſpeaks merely for the ſake of ſpeaking, or only of pleaſing: All his words carry a thought, and every thought tends to the making of us good.

Excellence of the paintings of Telemachus.

Our poet's images are no leſs perfect than his ſtyle harmonious. To paint is not only to deſcribe things, but to repreſent their circumſtances in ſo lively and ſo affecting a manner, that we may fancy we ſee them. As the author of Telemachus has ſtudy'd the heart of man, and was acquainted with all it's ſprings, ſo he paints the paſſions with admirable art. When we read his poem, we can ſee nothing but what he ſets before our eyes; we have no ears but for his perſons ſpeaking: he warms, he rouzes, he tranſports us; and we feel all the paſſions he deſcribes.

Of the ſimilies and

The poets generally make uſe of two ways of painting, viz. ſimilies and deſcriptions. The ſimilies of Telemachus are

are juſt and noble. The author does not raiſe the mind too far above his ſubject by extravagant metaphors; neither does he perplex it by too great a variety of images. He has imitated all that is great and beautiful in the deſcriptions of the Ancients, their combats, games, ſhipwrecks, ſacrifices, and the like; without dwelling on trifling things that make the narrative flag; and without debaſing the majeſty of the epick poem by the deſcription of low and diſagreeable things. Sometimes he deſcends to particulars: but he never ſays any thing but what deſerves attention, and contributes to the idea with which he would impreſs us. He follows nature in all it's various forms. He knew perfectly well, That all manner of diſcourſes ought to have inequalities, and be ſometimes ſublime without bombaſt, and ſometimes plain without being low. It is a falſe taſte to affect embelliſhments every-where. His deſcriptions are magnificent, but natural; ſimple, and yet agreeable. He not only paints to the life, but his pictures themſelves are amiable. He joins truth of deſign, to beauty of colouring; the fire of Homer, to the majeſty of Virgil. Nor is this all; the deſcriptions in this poem are not only calculated to pleaſe, but to inſtruct at the ſame time. If the author ſpeaks of a rural life; it is to recommend it's lovely ſimplicity of manners. If he deſcribes games and combats; it is not only to celebrate the funeral of a friend or of a father, as in the Iliad and Æneid; but in order to chuſe a king who may ſurpaſs all other men in ſtrength of mind, as well as body, and who may be equally capable of bearing the fatigue of both. If he repreſents to us the horrors of a ſhipwreck; 'tis to inſpirit his hero with conſtancy of mind, and with an entire reſignation to the gods, in the utmoſt dangers. I might run over all thoſe deſcriptions, and find in them the like beauties: but I ſhall content myſelf with obſerving, that in this new edition, the ſculpture on the dreadful ægis (or ſhield) which Minerva ſends to Telemachus,

deſcriptions of Telemachus.

lemachus, is full of art, and contains this ſublime mo-
ral, *That ſciences and agriculture are the buckler of a prince, and the ſupport of a kingdom: That a king arm'd with wiſdom always ſeeks peace, and ever finds plentiful ſupplies againſt all the calamities of war in a well diſciplined and laborious people, whoſe minds and bodies are equally inured to toil.*

Philoſophy of Telemachus.

Poetry draws it's force and juſtneſs from philoſophy. We ſee every-where in Telemachus, a rich, lively, and agreeable imagination, and, at the ſame time, juſt and profound judgment. Theſe two qualities ſeldom meet in the ſame perſon: for the mind muſt be in an almoſt continual motion to invent, to raiſe the paſſions and to imitate; and, at the ſame time, in a perfect tranquillity, to judge as faſt as it invents, and, among a thouſand thoughts that offer themſelves, to ſelect the moſt proper. The imagination muſt ſuffer a ſort of rapture and enthuſiaſm. whilſt the mind, calm in her dominion, curbs and directs it as ſhe pleaſes. Without this tranſport, which animates all, the narration appears cold, languid, abſtracted, and hiſtorical; and, without this exquiſite and over-ruling judgment, it is falſe and deceitful.

Compariſon of the poetry of Telemachus with Homer and Virgil.

The fire * of Homer, eſpecially in the Iliad, is impetuous and fierce, like a flaming whirlpool that ſets all in combuſtion. The fire of Virgil has more light than warmth, but is ever equally bright. That of Telemachus warms and enlightens at once, according as there is occaſion either to perſuade or to ſtrike the paſſions.

* *Mr Pope, in his preface to his tranſlation of Homer's Iliad, has this obſervation,* "*Where this poetical* "*fire appears, though attended with abſurdities, it* "*brightens all the rubbiſh about it, till we ſee nothing* "*but it's own ſplendor. This fire is diſcern'd in Virgil;*

"*but*

paſſions. When this flame ſhines out, it gives, at the ſame time, a gentle and inoffenſive heat; ſuch as we find in the diſcourſes of Mentor upon politicks, and in thoſe of Telemachus expounding the laws of Minos, &c. Theſe pure ideas fill the mind with their gentle light; whereas enthuſiaſm and poetic fire would offend, like the too fierce rays of the ſun, which dazzle the ſight. When there is no more occaſion for reaſoning, but only for acting; when the truth is clearly diſcovered; and when the mind heſitates merely from irreſolution; then the poet excites a fire and a paſſion that determines; and bears away the debilitated ſoul, which wanted courage to reſign herſelf to truth. The epiſode of the amours of Telemachus in the iſland of Calypſo, is full of this ſort of fire.

This excellent and judicious mixture of brightneſs and warmth, diſtinguiſhes our poet from Homer and Virgil. The enthuſiaſm of the firſt makes him ſometimes forget the rules of art, neglect order, and treſpaſs upon the bounds of nature. The ſtrength and rapid flight of his great genius hurry'd him away in ſpite of himſelf. The pompous magnificence, the ſound judgment, and conduct of Virgil, ſometimes degenerate into a too formal regularity, wherein the poet ſeems to dwindle into an hiſtorian. The latter, however, is far better liked by our philoſophical modern poets, than the former; undoubtedly, becauſe they are ſenſible, that 'tis far eaſier to imitate by art the great

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" *but diſcern'd as through a glaſs, reflected and more* " *ſhining than warm, but every-where equal and con-* " *ſtant. In Lucan and Statius, it burſts out in ſudden,* " *ſhort, and interrupted flaſhes: In Milton, it glows* " *like a furnace kept up to an uncommon fierceneſs by* " *the force of art: in Shakeſpear, it ſtrikes before we* " *are aware, like an accidental fire from heaven: but* " *in Homer, and in him only, it burns every-where* " *clearly, and every-where irreſiſtibly.*"

great judgment of the Latin poet, than the noble fire of the Grecian, which nature alone can beſtow.

Our author cannot but pleaſe all ſorts of poets, whether they be philoſophers, or only admirers of enthuſiaſm. He has united the clearneſs and ſolidity of the underſtanding, with the charms of the imagination; he proves truth as a philoſopher; he renders the truth he has proved amiable by the ſentiments he excites. With him all is ſolid, true, perſuaſive, and engaging; without any witticiſms, or glittering thoughts, which are only deſign'd to make the author admir'd. He has follow'd the great precept of Plato, who ſays, *That whoever writes ought to conceal himſelf, diſappear, and be forgotten; and only ſet forth the truths he intends to perſuade, and the paſſions he means to purify and refine.*

In Telemachus all is reaſon, all is thought. This makes it a poem for all nations, and for all ages. All foreigners are equally affected with it. Nor do the tranſlations that have been made of it into languages leſs nice and polite than the French, efface it's original beauties. The learned defendreſs * of Homer aſſures us, *That the Greek poet loſes infinitely by a tranſlation, it being impoſſible to convey into it the force, nobleneſs, and ſpirit of his poetry:* but we make bold to ſay, That Telemachus will ever preſerve, in all languages, it's ſtrength, nobleneſs, ſpirit, and eſſential beauties. The reaſon of it is, becauſe the excellency of this poem does not lie in the happy and harmonious ranging of the words, nor even in the beauties borrow'd from the imagination; but in a ſublime taſte of truth, in noble and elevated ſentiments, and in the natural, delicate, and judicious manner of treating them. Such beauties are of all languages, times, and countries, and equally affect ſound judgments, and great ſouls, throughout the univerſe.

* *Madam Dacier.*

Firſt objection againſt Telemachus.

Several objections have been rais'd againſt Telemachus; and firſt of all, That it is not in verſe or rhime.

Verſi-

Verſification, according to Ariſtotle, Dionyſius of Halicarnaſſeus, and Strabo, is not eſſential * in an epick poem, which may be written in proſe, as well as ſome tragedies are written without rhimes. A man may make verſes without poetry; and write very poetically without verſifying. Verſification may be learn'd or imitated by art, but a man muſt be born a poet. Poetry doth not conſiſt in the fix'd number, and regular cadence of ſyllables; but a lively fiction, bold figures, and the beauty and variety of images. It is that enthuſiaſm, that fire, that impetuoſity, that energy, that ſomething in the expreſſions and thoughts which nature alone can beſtow. All theſe qualities are found in Telemachus, whoſe author therefore has perform'd what Strabo ſays of Cadmus, Pherecides, and Hecateus; *He has perfectly imitated poetry, except only his not obſerving the meaſure of it, but he has preſerv'd all the other poetical beauties.* This M. de la Motte has happily expreſs'd in one of his odes †, to this effect: *Anſwer.*

In this our age another Homer lives,
And all that's great in ancient Greece revives:
By VIRTUE*'s ſelf this poem was deſign'd,*
T' inſtruct the world, and to reform mankind;
That TRUTH*'s ſtupendous heights the bard might [climb,*
Th' indulgent Muſe unfetter'd him from rhime.

Moreover, I doubt, whether the conſtraint of rhimes, and the ſcrupulous regularity of our European conſtruction, together with the fixed and meaſured number of feet, would not very much ſlacken the flight and vehemence of heroick poetry. Effectually to

* *This is beſt exemplify'd by our great Engliſh poets, who have written in blank verſe.*

† *Firſt Ode of M. de la Motte to the French academy.*

to ſtrike and raiſe the paſſions, order and connection muſt often be diſregarded; and therefore the ancient Greek and Roman poets, who painted and deſcribed every thing with vivacity and taſte, made uſe of inverted phraſes, and their words having no fix'd place, they marſhall'd them as they thought convenient. The European languages are a compound of the Latin, and of the jargons of all the barbarous nations that ſubdued the Roman empire. Theſe Northern people like the bleak climate from whence they came, freeze up every thing by a frigid formality of Syntax; being unacquainted with that beautiful variety of long and ſhort ſyllables, which ſo well expreſſes the delicate motions of the ſoul. They pronounced every thing with the ſame coldneſs, and knew no other harmony in words than the vain gingle of final ſyllables of the ſame ſound. Some Italians, and a few Spaniards, have endeavour'd to free their verſification from the torture of rhime; in which attempt an Engliſh * poet has had wonderful ſucceſs, and has likewiſe very happily begun to introduce inverſions of phraſes into his language. Who knows but the French may one day reſume that noble liberty of the Greeks and Romans!

* *I ſuppoſe the author means Milton.*

2d objection againſt Telemachus.

There are thoſe, who, thro' a groſs ignorance of the noble freedom of the epick poem, have found fault with Telemachus, for being full of anachroniſms.

Anſwer.

The author of this poem has here imitated the prince of the Latin poets, who could not be ignorant, that Dido was not contemporary with Æneas. Pygmalion, in Telemachus brother to the ſame Dido; Seſoſtris, who is ſuppoſed to have liv'd about the ſame time, &c. are not faults any more than the anachroniſm of Virgil. Why ſhould we blame a poet for breaking thro' the order of time when it is ſometimes a beauty to break thro' the order of nature? I own, it would not be allow'd to contra-

dict a hiſtory in a matter of fact not far off from the preſent time; but as to remote antiquity, whoſe annals are ſo uncertain, and wrapt up in ſo great obſcurity, a poet, in the opinion of Ariſtotle and Horace, ought ſometimes to follow probability rather than truth. Some hiſtorians have written, that Dido was chaſte; Penelope looſe; that Helen was never in Troy, or Æneas in Italy; and yet Homer and Virgil have not ſcrupled to deviate from hiſtory, in order to render their fables more inſtructive. Why ſhould the author of Telemachus, whoſe deſign was to inſtruct a young prince, be deny'd the liberty of bringing together the heroes of antiquity, Telemachus, Seſoſtris, Neſtor, Idomeneus, Pygmalion, and Adraſtus, in order to expreſs in the ſame picture, the characters of good and bad princes, whoſe virtues were to be imitated, and whoſe vices to be avoided?

3d objection againſt Telemachus.

Some few find fault with the author of Telemachus, for having related in his poem the ſtory of the amours of Calypſo and Eucharis, and ſeveral other deſcriptions of that nature, which ſeem too paſſionate.

Anſwer.

The beſt anſwer to this objection is, the effect which this poem wrought on the mind of the prince for whoſe inſtruction it was written: perſons of an inferior condition ſtand not ſo much in need of being caution'd againſt the dangers, to which elevation and power expoſe thoſe who are deſtin'd to wear a crown. If our poet had written for a man who was to paſs away his life in obſcurity, ſuch deſcriptions would, indeed, have been of no great uſe to him; but for a young prince, in the midſt of a court where gallantry paſſes for politeneſs, where every object muſt unavoidably awaken his reliſh for pleaſure, and where all that ſurround him, are buſy to ſeduce him; nothing, certainly, was more neceſſary, than to repreſent to him, with that amiable modeſty, innocence, and wiſdom, that are conſpicuous in Telemachus, all

the alluring arts of criminal love; than to paint him that vice in it's imaginary beauty, in order make him ſenſible afterwards of it's real deformity than to ſhew him the whole depth of the abyſs, prevent his falling into it, and even to keep hi from coming near the brink of ſo horrid a precipic 'Twas therefore a piece of wiſdom worthy our a thor, to caution his diſciple againſt the extravaga paſſions of youth, by Calypſo's fable; and to gi him, in the ſtory of Antiope, the example of chaſte and lawful love. By repreſenting to us, this manner, that paſſion, ſometimes as a weakn unworthy of a great ſoul, ſometimes as a virt worthy of a hero, he ſhews us, that love is not b low the majeſty of epick poetry, and thereby he unit in his poem, the tender paſſions of modern romanc with the heroick virtues of ancient poetry.

4th Objection againſt Telemachus.

Some are of opinion, that the author Telemachus exhauſts his ſubject too muc thro' the luxuriancy and richneſs of h genius; that he ſays all, and leaves n thing for others to think; that, li Homer, he ſets whole nature before our eyes; where we are generally better pleas'd with an author, wh like Horace, comprehends a great deal of matter few words, and gives his readers the ſatisfaction unfolding his hints.

Anſwer.

'Tis certain, that it is not poſſible the imagination to add any thing to poet's pictures: but, as the mind attends his notic it both opens and extends itſelf. When he only tends to deſcribe, his paintings are finiſh'd and perfect and when he inſtructs, his knowledge is fruitful, a we diſcover a vaſt extent of noble thoughts, whi did not at firſt appear, and which even all his fer eloquence did not expreſs. He leaves nothing fancy to imagine, and yet affords the mind a gr deal of matter for reflection. This is properly adapt to the character of the prince for whom alone t

wo

work was deſign'd. There ſhone in him, through his infancy, a fruitful and happy imagination, an elevated and extenſive genius, which made him reliſh the beauties of Homer and Virgil. Theſe great natural parts ſuggeſted to our author the deſign of a poem proper to cultivate them, and which ſhould comprehend the excellencies of thoſe two poets. This affluence of fine images was eſſential in ſuch a work, to employ the imagination, and form the taſte of the prince; and to give him an opportunity of acquiring, as it were of his own accord, the truths prepar'd for his mind, and to turn them into nouriſhment. 'Tis plain enough, that thoſe beauties might as eaſily have been ſuppreſs'd, as brought forth, and that they reſult from deſign as well as fecundity, in order to ſerve both the occaſions of the prince, and the views of the author.

5th Objection againſt Telemachus.

It has alſo been objected, that neither the hero, nor the fable of this poem have any relation to the French nation; whereas Homer and Virgil, by chuſing actions and actors out of the hiſtories of their reſpective countries, have intereſted the the Greeks and Romans.

Anſwer.

If our author has not intereſted the French nation in particular, he has done more, for he has intereſted all mankind. His plan is much more extenſive than either of the two ancient poets. It is far greater to inſtruct all men at once, than to confine one's precepts within a particular country. Self-love makes every thing center in itſelf, and ſubſiſts even in the love of one's country: but a generous mind ought to have more enlarged views.

Yet, after all, France had a particular concern and ſatisfaction in a work, calculated to form a king, who might one day govern her, according to her exigencies and deſires, like a father of his people, and a Chriſtian hero. The dawning of that

prince's life, gave at once, both the hopes and the first-fruits of that future happiness. The neighbours of France began already to share in it, as an universal felicity: and so the fable of the Greek became the history of the French prince.

The author had still a more excellent design, than that of pleasing his own nation; for he meant to serve her, without her knowledge, by contributing towards the forming of a prince, who, even in his infant sports, seem'd to be born to compleat her felicity and glory. That august young prince reliſh'd fables and mythology; and therefore it was proper to take advantage of his taste, and to shew him the solid and the beautiful, the simple and the great, in what he admired; and to imprint in his mind, by affecting examples, the general principles, which might arm him against the dangers incident to royal birth, and imperial power.

With this view, a Greek hero, an imitation of Homer's and Virgil's poetry, and the histories of other countries, times, and events, suited perfectly well; and were, perhaps, the only means to set the author at full liberty to draw and paint with truth and force, all the dangers that threaten sovereigns in all succeeding ages.

By a natural and necessary consequence, these universal truths often have some analogy to the histories and circumstances of the present age. For these fictions, abstracted from all application, and intended to inform the infancy of a young prince, contain precepts for all the moments and periods of his life.

This applicability of general lessons of morality, to all manner of circumstances, raises our admiration of the author's fruitful fancy, penetration, and wisdom; but does not excuse the injustice of his enemies, who have maliciously endeavour'd to find in his Telemachus certain odious allegories; and who, to turn his wisest and most moderate counsels into in-

jurious

ſurious ſatires againſt thoſe for whom he had the higheſt veneration, have inverted the characters, fix'd imaginary reſemblances to them, and poiſon'd his pureſt intentions. Could the author, with any honeſty, ſuppreſs thoſe fundamental maxims of wholeſome morality and politicks, becauſe the moſt cautious manner of delivering them that could be thought of, was not able to ſkreen them from the malice of criticks?

Upon the whole matter, our illuſtrious author has united in his poem the greateſt beauties of the Ancients: for he has all the enthuſiaſm and profuſion of Homer, and all the magnificence and regularity of Virgil. Like the Greek poet, he paints every thing with force, ſimplicity, and life: There is variety in his fable, and diverſity in his characters; his reflections are moral; his deſcriptions lively; his imagination fruitful; and every-where one meets that ſpirit and fire which nature alone can beſtow. Like the Latin poet, he perfectly obſerves the unity of the action, the uniformity of the characters, the order and rules of art: his judgment is profound, and his thoughts lofty and elevated; whilſt he unites the natural with the noble, and the ſimple with the ſublime. Every-where art becomes nature. But our poet's hero is more perfect than either the Greek's or the Latin's; for his morality is more pure, and his ſentiments more noble. From all this we may conclude, that the author of Telemachus has ſhewn by his poem, that the French are capable of all the delicacies of the Greeks, and of all the great ſentiments of the Romans; and that the elogy of the author, is the elogy of his own nation.

The END *of the diſcourſe on the* Epick *poem.*

N. Par

THE
ADVENTURES
OF
TELEMACHUS,
THE
SON of *ULYSSES.*

BOOK I.

The ARGUMENT.

Telemachus, led by Minerva, under the ſhape of Mentor, having ſuffer'd ſhipwreck, lands in the iſland of the goddeſs Calypſo, who was ſtill lamenting the departure of Ulyſſes. She gives him a kind reception, is ſmitten with love of him, offers to make him immortal, and deſires to know his adventures. He relates his voyage to Pylos and Sparta; his being ſhipwreck'd on the coaſt of Sicily; the danger he was in of being ſacrificed on the tomb of Anchiſes; how Mentor and he aſſiſted Aceſtes in repelling an incurſion of Barbarians; and how that king acknowledged that ſervice, by giving them a Phenician ſhip to return home.

CALYPSO

CALYPSO continu'd discon
for the departure of Ulysses:
grief was so violent, that
thought herself unhappy in
immortal: her grotto no
echo'd to her tuneful voice:
nymphs that serv'd her, durst
speak to her: she often walk'd alone on the sho
turf, with which an everlasting spring had edg'd
island round. But these beautiful walks were s
from assawging her grief, that they serv'd onl
revive the sad remembrance of Ulysses, whose c
pany she had so often enjoy'd in those places. So
times she stood still and wept, watering the
with her tears; and always turning her eyes to t
side where Ulysses's ship, plowing the waves, fir
vanish'd from her sight: when, on a sudden,
perceiv'd the broken pieces of a vessel just wreck'
the oars and broken seats of the rowers scatter'd
and there upon the sands; the mast, rudder,
cordage, floating near the shore.

Immediately after this, she descry'd two men
distance, one of them appearing to be aged, and t
other, tho' young, resembling Ulysses; the sa
sweetness and dignity in his looks, the same stat
and majestick port. The goddess presently kn
him to be Telemachus, the son of that hero. B
tho' the deities of this order far surpass all men
knowledge, yet she could not discover who was th
venerable person that accompany'd Telemachus: Fo
the superior gods conceal from the inferior whatev
they please; and Minerva, who, in the shape
Mentor, accompany'd Telemachus, would not b
known to Calypso.

In the mean time, Calypso, inwardly rejoic'd a
this shipwreck that had brought the son of Ulysses, s
like his father, into her island, advanc'd toward
him; and without seeming to know who he was,

How

How had yo
island? Kno
come within
language she
heart, whic
face.

Telemach
whether a
aspect speak
the misfort
thro' the
ship dash'd
I pray, re
seek? He
one of tho
destroy'd t
celebrated
valour in
council:
of the sea
His count
Penelope,
of seeing
has done,
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Telemach
Calyp
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s long
after all
my hab
come,

How had you, ſaid ſhe, the confidence to enter my iſland? Know, young ſtranger, that none unpuniſh'd come within my dominions. Under ſuch menacing language ſhe endeavour'd to cover the joy of her heart, which in ſpight of herſelf appeared in her face.

Telemachus anſwer'd, Oh! whoever you are, whether a mortal or a goddeſs (though ſure your aſpect ſpeaks you a deity) can you be unmov'd at the misfortunes of a ſon, who, ſeeking his father thro' the dangers of winds and ſeas, has ſeen his ſhip daſh'd in pieces againſt your rocks? Who, I pray, reply'd the goddeſs, is that father you ſeek? He is call'd Ulyſſes, ſaid Telemachus, and is one of thoſe kings, who, after a ſiege of ten years, deſtroy'd the famous city of Troy. His name is celebrated in all parts of Greece and Aſia, for his valour in fight, and much more for his wiſdom in council: but now he wanders over all the extent of the ſeas, and runs thro' the moſt terrible dangers. His country ſeems to fly from him. His wife Penelope, and I, who am his ſon, have loſt all hopes of ſeeing him again. I run the ſame hazards he has done, to learn where he is. But, what do I ſay! it may be he is now bury'd in the profound abyſs of the ſea. Oh goddeſs! pity our misfortunes; and if you know what the fates have done, either to ſave or deſtroy Ulyſſes, vouchſafe to inform his ſon Telemachus.

Calypſo, fill'd with amazement and compaſſion to find ſo much wiſdom and eloquence in ſo much youth, could not ſatiate her eyes with looking on him, and ſtood for ſome time ſilent. At laſt ſhe ſaid to him, we will inform you, O Telemachus! what has happen'd to your father; but the ſtory is long to tell, and 'tis high time to repoſe yourſelf after all the fatigues you have endur'd. Come into my habitation, and I will receive you as my ſon: come, you ſhall be my comfort in this ſolitude,

and

and I will give you felicity, if you know how to enjoy it.

Telemachus follow'd the goddeſs, who was ſurrounded by a crowd of young nymphs, and ſurpaſs'd them all in Stature, as a well-grown oak of the foreſt raiſes his lofty head above the reſt of the trees. He admir'd the luſtre of her beauty, the rich purple of her long and floating robes; her hair careleſsly, but gracefully ty'd behind her neck; the fire that darted from her eyes, and the ſweetneſs that temper'd this vivacity. Mentor, with down-caſt eyes, and modeſt ſilence, follow'd Telemachus.

Arriving at the entrance of Calypſo's grotto, Telemachus was ſurpriz'd to ſee whatever could charm the eye, cover'd under the appearance of rural ſimplicity. There was neither gold nor ſilver to be ſeen, no marble nor columns, no paintings nor ſtatues: but the grotto was cut into divers vaults within the rock, which were incruſted with ſhells and rock-work. The tapeſtry was a young vine, extending it's tender branches equally on every ſide. The gentle zephyrs preſerv'd a refreſhing coolneſs in this place, ſecure from the ſcorching heat of the ſun. Springs of pure water ran ſweetly murmuring through the meadows, that were painted with violets and amaranths, and form'd divers natural baths, as clear and as bright as cryſtal. A thouſand ſpringing flowers enamell'd the green carpet that ſurrounded the grotto. There was an entire wood of thoſe tufted trees that bear golden apples, and put forth bloſſoms in all ſeaſons, yielding the ſweeteſt of all perfumes. This wood ſeem'd to crown the beautiful meads, and make an artificial night, which the beams of the ſun could not penetrate. Here nothing was ever heard, but the ſinging of birds, or the noiſe of a rivulet, which ruſhing from the top of a rock, falls down in foaming ſtreams, and runs away through the meadow.

The grotto of the goddeſs was on the deſcent of a hill, from whence might be deſcry'd the ſea, one while clear and ſmooth as glaſs, at another time vainly angry with the rocks, againſt which it broke, roaring, and ſwelling it's waves like mountains. From another ſide, was ſeen a river, in which were many little iſlands, border'd with flowering lime-trees, and lofty poplars that rear'd their ſtately heads to the clouds. The ſeveral channels that formed theſe iſlands, ſeem'd to play and ſport between the banks; ſome rolling their waters with rapidity; others more gently and quietly; and others, after many windings, returning as it were to the ſpring from whence they came, ſeem'd unwilling to leave the charming place. One might ſee, afar off, many hills and mountains hiding their heads in the clouds, and forming ſuch odd and unuſual figures, as yielded a moſt agreeable proſpect. The neighbouring hills, were cover'd with green vine-branches that hung in feſtoons, the grapes of which ſurpaſs'd the richeſt purple in colour, and could not conceal themſelves under the leaves; the vine bent beneath the weight of it's own fruit. The fig-tree, the olive, and the pomegranate, with all kinds of other trees, cover'd the reſt of the country, and made it one great garden.

Calypſo, having ſhew'd Telemachus all theſe beauties of nature, ſaid to him, it is time for you to repoſe yourſelf, and ſhift your wet garments; after which, we will ſee one another again, and I will tell you ſome things that ſhall affect your heart. Having ſaid this, ſhe caus'd them both to enter into the moſt private and retir'd part of a grotto, adjoining to that in which ſhe dwelt. Her nymphs had taken care to light in it a large fire of cedar-wood, which fill'd the apartment with an agreeable ſcent, and had left all neceſſary apparel for the two ſtrangers. Telemachus, finding that the goddeſs had deſign'd him a tunick of the fineſt wool, whiter than ſnow, with a

gown

gown of purple, richly embroider'd with gold, was, like a young man, infinitely pleas'd with this magnificence. Hereupon Mentor ſaid to him, in a grave tone, Are theſe, O Telemachus! the thoughts that ought to poſſeſs the heart of the ſon of Ulyſſes? Think rather to maintain the reputation your father has acquir'd, and to overcome the perſecutions of fortune. A young man, who loves the vanity of dreſs, like a woman, is unworthy of wiſdom and renown. The heart, that knows not how to ſuffer pain, and deſpiſe pleaſure, has no juſt claim to glory.

Telemachus with a deep ſigh anſwer'd, May the gods deſtroy me, rather than ſuffer effeminacy and ſenſuality to ſeize my heart. No, the ſon of Ulyſſes ſhall never be ſubdu'd by the charms of an indolent and unmanly life. But what favour of heaven has brought us, after our ſhipwreck, to this goddeſs, or mortal, who receives us with ſo much goodneſs?

Tremble, reply'd Mentor, leſt in the end ſhe overwhelm you with evil; be more afraid of her deceitful ſweetneſs, than of the rocks that ſplit your ſhip. Death and ſhipwreck are leſs dreadful than the pleaſures that attack virtue. Take heed, how you believe what ſhe ſhall ſay to you. Youth is full of preſumption; it hopes every thing from it's ownſelf; tho' nothing in the world be ſo frail, it fears nothing, and vainly relies upon it's own ſtrength; lightly confiding, and without any precaution. Beware of harkening to the ſoft and flattering words of Calypſo, which glide along like a ſerpent beneath the flowers. Fear the conceal'd poiſon, diſtruſt yourſelf, and determine nothing without my counſel.

After this, they return'd to Calypſo, who waited for them: and preſently her nymphs, dreſs'd in white, with their plaited hair, brought in a plain repaſt, but exquiſite for taſte and neatneſs, conſiſting of birds that they had taken with nets, and of veniſon that they had killed with their bows. Wine, ſweeter than nectar, flow'd from the jars of ſilver into golden

bowls

bowls that were crown'd with flowers. All ſorts of fruit that the ſpring promiſes, and autumn ripens, were in profuſion brought in baſkets, and four young nymphs began to ſing. Firſt, they ſung the war of the gods againſt the giants; then the amours of Jupiter and Semele; the birth of Bacchus, and his education under the care of old Silenus; the race of Atalanta and Hippomenes, who conquered by the means of the golden apples gathered in the garden of the Heſperides. Laſt of all, they ſung the war of Troy, and extolled the valour and wiſdom of Ulyſſes to the heavens. The chief of the nymphs, whoſe name was Leucothoë, accompany'd their ſweet voices with her tuneful lute. When Telemachus heard the name of his father, the tears that flow'd down his cheeks gave a new luſtre to his beauty. But Calypſo perceiving that he could not eat, and that he was ſeiz'd with grief, made a ſign to the nymphs, and preſently they began to ſing the fight between the Centaurs and the Lapithæ, and the deſcent of Orpheus into hell, to bring back from thence his dear Eurydice.

The repaſt being over, the goddeſs took Telemachus aſide, and ſaid to him, You ſee, O ſon of the great Ulyſſes! with what favour I receive you: I am immortal, and no mortal can enter into this iſland, without being puniſh'd for his raſh attempt; nay, even your ſhipwreck ſhould not ſecure you from the effects of my indignation, if I did not love you. Your father had the ſame happineſs you now enjoy; but, alas! he knew not how to uſe it. I detain'd him a long time in this iſland, and, had he been contented, he might have liv'd with me in an immortal condition: But a fond paſſion to return to his wretched country, made him reject all theſe advantages. You ſee what he has loſt for the ſake of the iſle of Ithaca, which he could not ſee again. He reſolv'd to leave me; he went away, and I was reveng'd by a ſtorm. After his veſſel had ſerv'd for ſport to the winds, it was bury'd under the waves. Make a right uſe of ſo

ſad an example; for, after his ſhipwreck, you can never hope to ſee him again, nor ever to reign after him in the iſland of Ithaca. Forget this loſs, ſince you find a goddeſs that offers to make you happy, and to preſent you with a kingdom. To theſe words Calypſo added many more, to ſhew him how happy Ulyſſes had been with her. She related his adventures in the cave of the cyclop Polyphemus, and in the country of Antiphates, king of the Leſtrigons; not forgetting what happen'd to him in the iſland of Circe, daughter to the ſun; nor the dangers he paſs'd between Sylla and Charybdis. She deſcrib'd the laſt ſtorm that Neptune had rais'd againſt him when he left her, intimating that he had periſh'd in it; but conceal'd his arrival in the iſland of the Pheacians.

Telemachus, who at firſt had too eaſily abandon'd himſelf to joy, upon his being ſo well receiv'd by Calypſo, now began to perceive her artifice, and the wiſdom of thoſe counſels that Mentor had juſt given him. He anſwer'd in few words; O goddeſs, pardon my grief, which at preſent I cannot overcome; it may be, hereafter, I may have more force to reliſh the fortune you offer me. Give me leave at this time to bewail my father; for you know better than I, how much he deſerves to be lamented.

Calypſo, not daring to preſs him any farther on that ſubject, feign'd to ſympathize with him in his affliction, and to ſhew herſelf paſſionately concern'd for the loſs of Ulyſſes; but that ſhe might the better diſcover the means to reach his heart, ſhe aſk'd him, in what manner he had ſuffer'd ſhipwreck, and by what adventures he was brought to her iſland? The relation of my misfortunes, ſaid he, would be too long. No, no, reply'd ſhe, I am in pain to know them, and therefore give me that ſatisfaction. After much ſolicitation, ſhe prevail'd with him, and he began thus:

I departed from Ithaca, with intention to enquire of thoſe kings which are return'd from the ſiege of Troy;

Troy, what they knew concerning my father: the lovers of my mother Penelope were ſurpriz'd at my departure, which I had taken care to conceal from them, becauſe I was well acquainted with their perfidiouſneſs. But neither Neſtor, whom I ſaw at Pylos, nor Menelaus, who received me with affection at Lacedæmon, could inform me whether my father were ſtill alive. Weary with living always in ſuſpence and uncertainty, I reſolv'd to go into Sicily, where I had heard my father had been driven by the winds: but the ſage Mentor, who is here preſent, oppos'd this raſh deſign, repreſenting to me on the one hand, the cyclops, who are monſtrous giants that devour men; on the other, the feet of Æneas and the Trojans, who were upon that coaſt. Theſe Trojans, ſaid he, are highly incens'd againſt all the Greeks, and they would take a ſingular pleaſure to ſhed the blood of the ſon of Ulyſſes. Return therefore, contin'd he, to Ithaca; perhaps your father, who is a favourite of heaven, may arrive there as ſoon as you. But if the gods have reſolv'd his deſtruction, and he is never more to ſee his country, at leaſt, it becomes you to revenge him againſt his rivals, to deliver your mother, to ſhew the world your wiſdom, and let all Greece behold, in you, a king as worthy to reign, as ever Ulyſſes was himſelf. This counſel was wholeſome and honourable, but I had not prudence enough to follow it, and hearken'd only to my own paſſion; yet the wiſe Mentor lov'd me to ſuch a degree, that he condeſcended to accompany me in that voyage, which I raſhly undertook againſt his advice; and the gods permitted that I ſhould commit a fault, which was to cure me of my preſumption.

Whilſt he ſpoke, Calypſo look'd earneſtly, and not without aſtoniſhment, upon Mentor. She thought ſhe perceiv'd ſomething divine in him, but could not diſintangle the confuſion of her thoughts; which cauſed her to continue apprehenſive and diffident in the preſence of this unknown perſon; but, fearing to

diſcover the diſorder of her mind, proceed, ſaid ſhe to Telemachus, and ſatisfy my curioſity; which he did in this manner.

We ſteer'd for ſome time with a favourable wind for Sicily; but then, a black ſtorm ariſing, depriv'd us of the ſight of heaven, and involv'd us in the obſcurity of night: but, by ſome flaſhes of lightning, we perceiv'd other ſhips expos'd to the ſame danger, and ſoon diſcover'd them to be the fleet of Æneas; they were no leſs formidable to us than the rocks themſelves. In that moment I comprehended, tho' too late, what the heat of imprudent youth had hinder'd me from conſidering before. Mentor, in the midſt of this danger, appear'd not only reſolute and intrepid, but more chearful than he us'd to be. 'Twas he that encouraged me, and I felt that he inſpir'd me with invincible fortitude. He calmly gave out all neceſſary orders, when the pilot was confounded. I ſaid to him, my dear Mentor, why did I refuſe to follow your counſels? Am I not unhappy, to have been deſirous of depending upon my ownſelf, at ſuch an age as has no foreſight of futurity, no experience of things paſt, nor moderation to govern the preſent? Oh! if ever we eſcape this ſtorm, I reſolve to diſtruſt myſelf as I would my moſt dangerous enemy, and to believe you alone for ever.

To this Mentor anſwer'd ſmiling, I ſhall not blame you for the fault you have committed: 'tis enough that you are ſenſible of it, and make it ſerve hereafter to moderate your deſires. Perhaps, when the danger is paſt, preſumption will return; but however, courage muſt now ſupport you. Before we launch into danger, we muſt foreſee, and ever dread it; but when once in it, we have nothing left but a generous contempt of it. Shew yourſelf, therefore, the worthy ſon of Ulyſſes, and let your courage be greater than all the dangers that threaten.

I was charm'd with the ſweetneſs and magnanimity of the wiſe Mentor; but I was much more ſurpriz'd, when I ſaw with what dexterity he brought about our deliverance. The Trojans were ſo near, that they could not fail to diſcover who we were, as ſoon as the light ſhould appear; which Mentor knowing, and in that inſtant perceiving one of their ſhips, which was ſeparated by the tempeſt from the reſt of the fleet, to be ſomething like ours, except certain garlands of flowers that ſhe carry'd at her ſtern, he immediately hung up the like on the ſame part of our ſhip, and faſten'd them himſelf with ribbands of the ſame colour with thoſe of the Trojans. He order'd the rowers to bow themſelves as low as they could upon their benches, that they might not be diſcover'd by the enemy. In this manner we paſs'd through the midſt of their fleet, whilſt they ſhouted for joy to ſee us, ſuppoſing we were their companions, whom they thought to be loſt. We were forc'd along with them, by the violence of the ſea, for a conſiderable time; but at laſt we found means to lag a little behind, and whilſt they were driven by the impetuoſity of the winds towards the ſhore of Africa, we exerted our utmoſt efforts to gain by the help of our oars the neareſt coaſt of Sicily.

We arriv'd as we deſign'd; but that which we ſought, prov'd almoſt as fatal to us as the fleet we avoided: we found upon that coaſt of Sicily more Trojans, and conſequently enemies to all Greeks; for old Anceſtes of Trojan lineage reign'd in theſe parts. As ſoon as we got aſhore, the inhabitants taking us either to be ſome other people of the iſland come to ſurprize them, or elſe ſtrangers that deſign'd to ſeize their country, burnt our ſhip in the firſt tranſport of their rage, and kill'd all our companions; reſerving only Mentor and me to be preſented to Anceſtes, that we might inform him of our deſigns, and whence we came. We were

brought into the town with our hands ty'd behind our backs, and our death was deferr'd only to make us a ſpectacle to a cruel people, as ſoon as thy ſhould know we were Greeks.

We were ſtraightway preſented to Aceſtes, who ſat with a golden ſcepter in his hand, diſtributing juſtice, and preparing himſelf for a great ſacrifice. He ask'd us, with a ſevere voice, of what country we were, and the occaſion of our voyage? Mentor immediately anſwer'd, We come from the coaſt of Great Heſperia, and our country is not far from thence. By this means he avoided the telling him that we were Greeks. But Aceſtes would hear no more, and taking us for foreigners that conceal'd ſome bad deſign, he commanded us to be ſent into a neighbouring foreſt, there to ſerve as ſlaves to thoſe who look'd after the cattle. This condition ſeem'd more terrible to me than death. I cry'd out, O King! order us rather to ſuffer death, than to be treated ſo unworthily. Know, that I am Telemachus, the ſon of wiſe Ulyſſes, king of the Ithacians. I ſeek my father thro' every ſea; and, if I can neither find him, nor return to my own country, nor avoid ſervitude, take that life from me which is intolerable.

Scarce had I pronounc'd theſe words, when all the people in a rage cry'd out, *The ſon of the cruel Ulyſſes muſt die, whoſe artifices have deſtroy'd the city of Troy.* O ſon of Ulyſſes! ſaid Aceſtes, I cannot refuſe your blood to the Manes of ſo many Trojans, whom your father precipitated to the banks of black Cocytus. You and your conductor ſhall die. At the ſame time, an old man of the company propos'd to the king, that we ſhould be ſacrific'd on the tomb of Anchiſes. Their blood, ſaid he, will be grateful to the ſoul of that hero. Æneas himſelf, when he hears of ſuch a ſacrifice, will be overjoy'd to perceive how much you love what was dearer to him than all the world. Every

one

one applauded his propoſition, and all their thoughts were bent to put it in execution. We were led to the tomb of Anchiſes, where two altars were erected, and the ſacred fire kindled. The knife was brought, we were crowned with flowery garlands, and no mercy could ſave our lives. Our fate was determin'd, when Mentor calmly deſir'd to ſpeak with the king; and having receiv'd permiſſion, ſaid, O Aceſtes! If the misfortunes of young Telemachus, who never carried arms againſt the Trojans, may not plead for him, at leaſt, let your own intereſts move you. The knowledge I have acquir'd to preſage, and foretel the will of the gods, informs me, That before the end of three days, you will be attack'd by a barbarous people, who will come down like a torrent from the mountains, to overwhelm your city, and ravage your whole country. Haſten to prevent them; arm your people, and from this moment begin to ſecure within your walls the rich herds and flocks you have in the fields. If my prediction be falſe, you may ſacrifice us when the three days are expir'd; but if, on the contrary, it prove true, remember, that no one ought to take away the lives of thoſe, by whom his own was preſerv'd.

Aceſtes was aſtoniſh'd at theſe words, which Mentor ſpoke with more aſſurance than he had ever found in any man. I ſee, ſaid he, O ſtranger! that the gods, who have granted you ſo ſmall a ſhare in the favours of fortune, have, in recompence, given you ſuch wiſdom as is more valuable than the higheſt proſperity. At the ſame time he put off the ſacrifice, and iſſued out all neceſſary orders, with the utmoſt diligence, to prevent the attack, of which Mentor had forewarned him. On all ſides were to be ſeen old men and women trembling for fear, and accompanied with great numbers of young children, bath'd in tears, and retiring into the city. The lowing oxen and bleating ſheep left the rich paſtures, and came in droves;

whole

whoſe numbers were too great to be provided with houſing for them all. The noiſe and tumult of people preſſing to get in was ſuch, that no one could underſtand another. In this diſorder, ſome took an unknown perſon for their friend, and others ran they knew not whither. But the principal men of the city, thinking themſelves wiſer than the reſt, ſuſpected Mentor to be an impoſtor, who had fram'd a falſe prediction to ſave his life.

Before the third day was expir'd, whilſt they were full of theſe imaginations, a cloud of duſt was ſeen riſing upon the deſcent of the neighbouring hills; and an innumerable multitude of Barbarians appear'd in arms: theſe were the Hymerians, a ſavage people, together with thoſe who inhabit the mountains Nebrodes, and the ſummit of Agragas, where a winter reigns, which the zephyrs never could mitigate. All thoſe who had deſpis'd the predictions of Mentor, loſt all their ſlaves and their cattle. Upon this, the king ſaid to Mentor, I forget that you are Greeks; our enemies are become our faithful friends; the gods have ſent you to ſave us; I expect no leſs from your valour, than from the wiſdom of your counſels; haſten therefore to aſſiſt us.

Mentor ſhews in his eyes a boldneſs that damps the ſpirits of the fierceſt warriors. He takes up a ſhield, a helmet, a ſword, and a lance; he draws up the ſoldiers of Aceſtes, puts himſelf at their head, and advances in good order towards the enemy. Aceſtes, tho' full of courage, could only follow him at a diſtance, by reaſon of his age. I follow'd him more cloſe: but I could not equal his valour. In the fight, his cuiraſs reſembled the immortal ægis of Minerva. Death flew from rank to rank, wherever his blows fell. He was like a lion of Numidia, provok'd by cruel hunger, which, falling upon a flock of feeble ſheep, kills, tears, and ſwims in blood, whilſt the ſhepherds, far from aſſiſting their flocks, fly trembling away from his fury.

Theſe

Theſe Barbarians, who hop'd to ſurprize the city, were themſelves ſurpriz'd and defeated. The ſubjects of Aceſtes were animated by the example and voice of Mentor, and felt a vigour which they thought themſelves utterly incapable of. With my lance I kill'd the ſon of the Barbarian king: he was of my age, but much taller than I; for theſe people are deſcended from giants of the ſame race with the cyclops. He deſpis'd ſo weak an enemy; but I, not at all daunted at his prodigious ſtrength, or his fierce and ſavage looks, puſh'd my lance againſt his breaſt, and made his ſoul guſh out at the wound, in a torrent of black and reaking gore. As he fell, he was like to cruſh me in pieces by his fall. The ſound of his arms eccho'd in the hills. I took the ſpoil, and return'd to Aceſtes. Mentor having entirely broken the Barbarians, cut them in pieces, and purſu'd the runaways to the woods. So unexpected a ſucceſs made Mentor to be regarded, as one belov'd and inſpir'd by the gods; and Aceſtes, from a ſenſe of gratitude, ſhew'd his concernment for us, if the fleet of Æneas ſhould return to Sicily. He gave us a ſhip to carry us without delay to our own country; made us many rich preſents, and preſs'd us to haſten our departure, to prevent all the misfortunes of which he was apprehenſive. But he would not give us either a pilot or mariners of his own nation, for fear they might be expos'd to too much hazard upon the coaſts of Greece. He committed us to the care of certain Phenician merchants, who, trading with all the people of the world, had nothing to fear; and order'd them to bring back the ſhip, when they had landed us ſafe in Ithaca. But the gods, who ſport with the deſigns of men, had ſtill reſerv'd us for farther calamities.

The END *of the* FIRST BOOK.

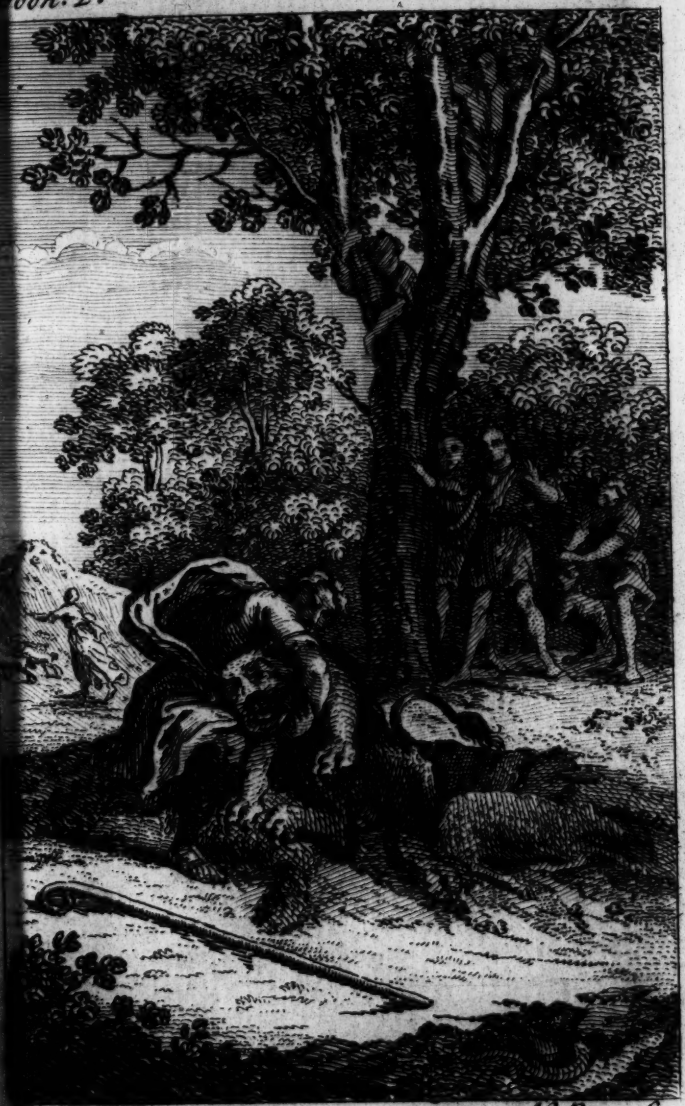
THE

THE ADVENTURES OF *TELEMACHUS.*

BOOK II.

The ARGUMENT.

Telemachus relates, how he was taken in the Tyrian ſhip, by the fleet of Seſoſtris, and carried priſoner into Egypt: he gives a deſcription of that fine country, and of their king's wiſe government. He adds, That Mentor was ſent into ſlavery to Æthiopia; That he himſelf was reduced to the condition of a ſhepherd in the deſart of Oaſis; That Termoſiris, a prieſt of Apollo, comforted him, by perſuading him to imitate that god, who had once been a cowherd to king Admetus; That Seſoſtris having, at laſt, been inform'd of the wonderful things he had effected among thoſe who tended his flocks and herds, had recall'd him; and, being convinc'd of his innocence, promiſed to ſend him back to Ithaca: *But that Seſoſtris's*



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Sostris's death involv'd him in new misfortunes; and that he was imprison'd in a tower on the sea-shore, from whence he saw the new king Boccoris perish in a fight against his rebellious subjects, who were assisted by the Tyrians.

THE Tyrians, by their insolence, had highly provok'd the king of Egypt, whose name was Sesostris, and who had conquer'd many kingdoms. The riches they had acquir'd by trade, and the impregnable strength of Tyre, which stands in the sea, had render'd this people so proud, that they not only refus'd to pay the tribute which Sesostris impos'd upon them in his return from the conquests he had made, but assisted his brother, who had conspir'd to murder him amidst the rejoicings of a solemn festival. In order therefore to humble their pride, Sesostris resolv'd to disturb their commerce at sea; and commanded all his ships to seek out and assault the Phenicians. One of his fleets met with us, as soon as we lost sight of the Sicilian mountains, when the harbour and land seem'd to fly from behind us, and lose themselves in the clouds. At the same time we saw the Egyptian ships advancing towards us like a floating city. The Phenicians perceiv'd, and endeavour'd to avoid them, but it was too late; their ships were better sailors, their mariners more numerous, the wind favour'd them, they boarded us, took us, and carry'd us prisoners to Egypt. I told them, but in vain, that we were not Phenicians; they hardly vouchsafed to hear me; they look'd upon us as slaves, in which merchandise they knew the Phenicians traded, and thought only of making the best of their prize. We already took notice, that the waters of the sea began to have whitish cast from the mixture of those of the Nile; and we saw the coast of Egypt almost level with the sea. We

arriv'd

arriv'd ſoon after in the iſland of Pharos, not far from the city of No; and from thence were carry'd up the Nile to Memphis. If the grief we felt, by reaſon of our captivity, had not render'd us inſenſible of all pleaſure, our eyes would have been charm'd with the fruitful country of Egypt, like a delicious garden, everywhere water'd with numberleſs ſtreams. We could not turn our eyes on either ſide of the river, without diſcovering many wealthy cities; country-ſeats delightfully ſituated; lands richly covered every year with a golden harveſt, without ever lying fallow; meadows full ſtock'd with cattle; huſbandmen bowing under the weight of the fruits which the teeming earth had brought forth; and ſhepherds, that made the echoes on every ſide repeat the ſweet ſound of their pipes and flutes.

Happy, ſaid Mentor, is the people who are govern'd by a wiſe king: they live in plenty, and love him to whom they owe their felicity. Thus, ſaid he, O Telemachus, you ought to reign, and be the delight of your people, if ever the gods give you the poſſeſſion of your father's kingdom. Love your people as your children; reliſh the pleaſure of being belov'd by them; and carry yourſelf ſo, that all the tranquillity and happineſs they enjoy, may lead them to remember, that they are the rich preſents of a good king. Kings, whoſe only purpoſe is to render themſelves dreaded, and to bring their ſubjects low, in order to make them more ſubmiſſive, are the plagues of mankind. They are, indeed, fear'd, as they deſire; but they are hated, deteſted, and have more reaſon to be afraid of their ſubjects, than their ſubjects have to fear them.

I anſwer'd, Alas! Mentor, 'tis not our preſent buſineſs to conſider by what maxims a king ought to reign: we ſhall never ſee Ithaca again: we ſhall never ſee our country, or Penelope more. And though Ulyſſes ſhould return full of glory to his kingdom, he will

will never have the ſatisfaction of ſeeing me there; nor I that of obeying him, and learning the rules of government from him. No, let us die, dear Mentor, for we are allow'd no other thought: let us die, ſince the gods have no compaſſion for us.

As I thus ſpoke, my words were interrupted with deep ſighs: but Mentor, tho' he could be apprehenſive of approaching evils, knew not what it was to fear them when they had happen'd. Unworthy ſon of the wiſe Ulyſſes, cry'd he, doſt thou ſuffer thyſelf to be overcome by thy misfortunes? Know that you ſhall one day ſee again both Ithaca and Penelope. You ſhall even ſee him in his former glory, whom you never knew; the invincible Ulyſſes, whom fortune cannot conquer, and who, in greater misfortunes than your own, admoniſhes you never to deſpair. O! if he ſhould hear, in diſtant regions, where he is driven by the winds and ſea, that his ſon knows not how to imitate him, either in patience or courage, ſuch news would overwhelm him with ſhame, and prove more heavy than all the misfortunes he has yet ſuffer'd!

After this, Mentor caus'd me to obſerve the fertility and happineſs that was ſeen over all the country of Egypt, wherein there were reckon'd two and twenty thouſand cities. He admir'd the regular government of theſe places; the diſtribution of juſtice which was every-where exercis'd with regard to the poor, againſt the oppreſſions of the rich; the good education of youth, who were inur'd early to obedience, labour, ſobriety, and the love of arts or learning; the due obſervation of all the ceremonies of religion; a generous and diſintereſted ſpirit; a great deſire of reputation; an univerſal ſincerity in their dealings with men; and that reverence of the gods, which every father took care to infuſe into his children. He thought he could never enough admire this beautiful order. He would often cry out, O! how happy is that people, that is thus govern'd by a wiſe king! But yet more happy is

that king, who, while he beſtows happineſs on ſo great a people, finds his own in virtue. Such a one is more than fear'd; he is belov'd: men not only obey him, but they obey him with pleaſure. He reigns univerſally in their hearts; and every man is ſo far from deſiring his death, that he fears it above all misfortunes, and would readily ſacrifice his own life for his.

I hearken'd with attention to what Mentor ſaid; and, as he ſpoke, I found my courage to revive in the bottom of my heart. As ſoon as we were arriv'd at the rich and magnificent city of Memphis, the governor commanded us to be ſent to Thebes, in order to be preſented to the king Seſoſtris, who, being highly incens'd againſt the Tyrians, had reſolv'd to examine us himſelf. So we proceeded in our voyage up the river Nile, till we came to the famous Thebes, which has an hundred gates, and was the reſidence of that great king. This city appear'd to us of a vaſt extent, and more populous than the moſt flouriſhing cities of Greece. The orders are excellent, in all that regards the neatneſs and conveniency of the ſtreets, the courſe of the publick waters, the baths, the improvement of arts and ſciences, and the common ſafety. The ſquares are adorn'd with fountains and obeliſks. The temples are marble, of a plain, but a majeſtick architecture. The palace of the prince is itſelf alone like a great city; 'tis full of marble pillars, pyramids, obeliſks, Coloſſean ſtatues, and furniture of ſolid gold and ſilver.

They who took us, inform'd the king, that they found us on board a Phenician ſhip. For he had allotted certain hours of every day, in which he regularly heard all his ſubjects that had any thing to ſay to him, either by way of complaint or advice. He neither deſpis'd nor rejected any man, and thought he was a king for no other end than to do good to his ſubjects, whom he lov'd as his children. As for ſtrangers, he receiv'd them with kindneſs, and was always de-

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ſirous to ſee them, becauſe he thought it a uſeful and advantageous thing to be inform'd of the cuſtoms and manners of remote nations; and this curioſity of the king occaſion'd our being brought before him. He was ſeated on a throne of ivory, with a golden ſcepter in his hand. He was aged, but comely, full of ſweetneſs and majeſty. He daily diſtributed juſtice to the people with ſuch patience and wiſdom, as made him admir'd without flattery. After he had ſpent the whole day in doing juſtice, and taking care of the publick affairs, he refreſhed himſelf in the evening in hearing diſcourſes of learned men, or converſing with the beſt of his people, whom he knew how to chuſe and admit into his familiarity. During his whole life, he could not be blam'd for any thing, except for triumphing with too much pomp over the kings he had conquer'd, and confiding too much in one of his ſubjects, whoſe picture I ſhall draw by and by.

When he ſaw me, he was mov'd with my youth, and my affliction, and aſked me my country and my name, whilſt we wonder'd at the wiſdom that flow'd from his lips. I anſwer'd, You have undoubtedly heard, O great king! of the ſiege of Troy, which laſted ten years, and the deſtruction of that city, which coſt ſo much Grecian blood. Ulyſſes, my father, was one of the principal kings who ruin'd that place. He now wanders through all the ſeas, without being able to return to the iſland of Ithaca, which is his kingdom. I ſeek my father, and by a misfortune reſembling his own, have been taken priſoner. Reſtore me to my father and country, and may the gods preſerve you to your children, and make them ſenſible of the pleaſure of living under ſo good a father.

Seſoſtris continued to look upon me with an eye of compaſſion; but being deſirous to know if I ſpoke the truth, he referr'd us to be examin'd by one of his officers, commanding him to enquire of thoſe that took our ſhip, whether we were Greeks or Phenicians? If they are Phenicians, ſaid the king, let them be doubly

puniſh'd; firſt, becauſe they are our enemies, and then, becauſe they have endeavour'd to deceive us by a baſe falſhood: but if, on the contrary, they are Greeks, I will have them to be treated favourably, and ſent back into their own country in one of my ſhips; for I love the Greeks, who have received many laws from the Egyptians. I am not ignorant of the virtues of Hercules; the glory of Achilles has reach'd our ears; and I admire what I have heard of the wiſdom of the unhappy Ulyſſes. I have no greater pleaſure than to relieve virtue in diſtreſs.

The officer, who was by the king entruſted with the examination of our affair, was as corrupt and knaviſh, as Seſoſtris was ſincere and generous. The name of this man was Metophis. He endeavour'd to enſnare us by artful queſtions; and perceiving, that Mentor anſwer'd with more wiſdom than I, he look'd upon him with averſion and jealouſy; for ill men are always enemies to the good. He caus'd us to be ſeparated, and from that time I knew not what became of Mentor. This ſeparation was to me, as if I had been ſtruck with thunder. Metophis always hoped, that by a ſeparate examination, we might be drawn to contradict one another. At leaſt, he thought to dazzle my eyes with his flattering promiſes, and make me acknowledge what Mentor had conceal'd from him. In a word, he ſought not honeſtly to find out the truth, but only ſome pretence to tell the king we were Phenicians, that he might keep us for his ſlaves.

And indeed, notwithſtanding our innocence, and all the wiſdom of the king, he found means to deceive him. Alas! how are kings expos'd! The wiſeſt are often abus'd; cunning and intereſted perſons continually ſurround them, while good men retire from courts, becauſe they are neither forward, nor flatterers: they wait till they are ſought for; and princes ſeldom ſearch for them. On the contrary, ill men are bold, deceitful, impudent, and inſinuating; dexterous

terous at diſſembling, and ready to do any thing againſt honour and conſcience, to gratify the paſſions of the perſon that reigns. O! how unhappy is a king, who is open to the artifices of bad men! He is loſt, if he does not ſuppreſs flattery, and love thoſe who ſpeak the truth with confidence. Theſe were the reflections I made in my misfortunes, when I call'd to mind the things that I had heard from Mentor.

In the mean time, Metophis ſent me towards the mountains in the deſart of Oaſis with his ſlaves, that I might ſerve with them to look after his numerous flocks. Here Calypſo interrupted Telemachus, and ſaid, Well! and what did you then? You that in Sicily had preferr'd death before ſervitude? Telemachus anſwer'd, My misfortunes increas'd daily; I had no longer the wretched conſolation of chuſing between ſlavery and death: I was compelled to be a ſlave, and to exhauſt, if I may ſo ſpeak, all the rigours of fortune. I had loſt all hope, and could not ſay one word in order to my deliverance. Mentor has ſince told me, that he was ſold to certain Ethiopians, and that he follow'd 'em to Ethiopia.

As for me, I arriv'd in a horrid deſart, where nothing but burning ſands were to be ſeen upon the plains; and ſnow that never melted, made an eternal winter on the tops of the hills: only ſome ſcatter'd paſture, for the cattle was here and there found among the rocks. Towards the middle of the declivity of thoſe ſteep mountains, the valleys are ſo deep, that the ſun can ſcarce let fall a beam upon them.

I found no other men in theſe places, but ſhepherds, as ſavage as the country itſelf. There I paſs'd the nights in bewailing my misfortunes, and the days in following my flocks, to avoid the brutal rage of Butis, who was chief among the ſlaves, and who, hoping to obtain his liberty, never ceas'd from calumniating the reſt, that he might perſuade Me-

tophis of his zeal and induſtry in his ſervice. I could no longer ſupport myſelf in ſuch circumſtances. In the anguiſh of my heart, I one day forgot my flock, and lay down upon the graſs by a cave, where I expected death to relieve me from the evils I was not able to bear. In that inſtant, I perceiv'd the whole mountain to tremble, the oaks and pines ſeeming to deſcend from the ſummit of the hill. The winds ſuppreſs'd their breathing, and a hollow voice iſſuing out of the cave, pronounc'd theſe words: O, ſon of the wiſe Ulyſſes! thou art, like him, to become great by patience. Princes who have always been happy, are ſeldom worthy to be ſo: they are corrupted by unmanly pleaſures, and intoxicated with the pride of proſperity. Happy ſhalt thou be, if thou canſt ſurmount and never forget theſe misfortunes. Thou ſhalt ſee Ithaca again, and thy glory ſhall aſcend to the ſkies. When thou ſhalt come to command other men, remember that thou haſt been, like them, in poverty, weakneſs, and calamity. Take a pleaſure in relieving them; love thy people; deteſt flatterers; and know, that there is no other way to be truly great, but by moderation, and fortitude in ſubduing thy paſſions.

Theſe divine words penetrated to the bottom of my heart, renew'd my joy, and reviv'd my courage. I felt none of that horror, which makes men's hair ſtand upright, and chills the blood in their veins, when the gods communicate themſelves to mortals. I roſe from the ground with a ſerene mind; I fell upon my knees, and, lifting up my hands to heaven, ador'd Minerva, who, I doubted not, had ſent me this oracle. In that moment I found myſelf a new man; wiſdom enlighten'd my ſoul; I felt a gentle force reſtraining all my paſſions, and checking the impetuoſity of my youth. I gain'd the love of all the ſhepherds in the deſart. My gentleneſs, patience, and diligence, aſſwag'd at laſt the cruel Butis,

Butis, who commanded the reſt of the ſlaves, and had made it his buſineſs at firſt to torment me.

I endeavour'd to procure ſome books, to enable me to ſupport the tedioufneſs of my captivity and ſolitude; being oppreſs'd with melancholy for want of ſome inſtructions to nouriſh and ſuſtain the faculties of my ſoul. Happy, ſaid I, are they, who being diſguſted with all violent pleaſures, know how to content themſelves with the ſweets of an innocent life. Happy are they, who are diverted at the ſame time that they are inſtructed, and pleaſe themſelves in enriching their minds with knowledge. Whereſoever they are thrown by adverſe fortune, they carry their own entertainment with them; and the uneaſineſs which preys upon other men, even in the midſt of their pleaſures, is unknown to thoſe, who can employ themſelves in reading: happy are they, who love books, and are not, like me, deprived of them. Revolving theſe thoughts in my mind, I penetrated into the thickeſt of the foreſt, and, on a ſudden, perceiv'd an aged man, holding a book in his hand: his forehead was large and high, bare of hair, and a little wrinkled: his white beard deſcended to his girdle: his ſtature was tall and majeſtick: his complexion was freſh and ſanguine: his eyes lively and piercing: his voice ſweet, and his diſcourſe plain, but agreeable. I never ſaw ſo venerable an old man. His name was Termoſiris. He was a prieſt of Apollo; and the temple where he officiated, was of marble, dedicated in the foreſt to that god, by the kings of Egypt: the book he held in his hand, was a collection of hymns in honour of the gods.

He accoſted me in a friendly manner, and ſo we fell into diſcourſe. He related things paſs'd with ſuch clearneſs, that they ſeem'd preſent; and yet with ſuch brevity, that I never was tired with them. He could foreſee futurity, by his profound wiſdom, which gave him thorough knowledge of men, and of the deſigns they are capable of forming. With all

all this prudence, he was chearful and complaiſant; and the gayeſt youth was not ſo graceful as this aged man. He lov'd thoſe that were young, if he found them docile, and that they had a taſte for virtue. He ſoon conceiv'd a tender affection for me, and gave me books for my conſolation. He call'd me his ſon; and I often ſaid to him, father, the gods that took Mentor from me, have pity'd my ſolitude, and ſent me, in you, another ſupport. This man, like Orpheus or Linus, was doubtleſs inſpir'd by the gods. He would ſometimes read to me the verſes he had made, and give me the moſt excellent compoſitions of ſeveral poets who had been favourites of the Muſes. When he put on his long robes of pureſt white, and took his ivory harp in his hand, the tygers, the bears, and the lions came fawning to him, and lick'd his feet. The ſatyrs abandon'd the woods, to come and dance around him. The trees themſelves ſeem'd to move; and you would have thought that the rocks had been touch'd with the charms of his melodious accents, and were going to deſcend from the tops of the mountains. He ſung nothing but the majeſty of the gods, the virtue of the heroes, and the wiſdom of thoſe who prefer glory before pleaſure.

He often told me, That I ought to take courage, and that the gods would not abandon either Ulyſſes, or his ſon. Laſtly, he perſuaded me to imitate Apollo, and to teach the ſhepherds to apply themſelves to the Muſes. Apollo, ſaid he, conſidering with indignation, that the brighteſt days were frequently diſturb'd with Jupiter's thunder, reſolv'd to be reveng'd upon the cyclops, who forged the bolts; ſo he took up his bow, and pierc'd them with his arrows. Upon this, mount Ætna ceas'd to vomit flaming hurricanes; and men no longer heard the terrible hammers ſtriking upon the anvil, and echoing in groans from the deep caverns of the earth, and the abyſſes of the ſea. The iron and braſs, being no

longer

longer poliſh'd by the cyclops, began to gather ruſt. Vulcan, in fury, quits his forge, and, notwithſtanding his lameneſs, mounts Olympus with expedition; comes cover'd with black duſt and ſweat into the aſſembly of the gods, and makes a moſt bitter complaint. Jupiter, incens'd againſt Apollo, drives him from heaven, and precipitates him down to the earth. His empty chariot perform'd the uſual courſe of itſelf, and gave men night and day, with a regular change of ſeaſons. Apollo, depriv'd of his glorious beams, was forc'd to turn ſhepherd, and keep the flocks of king Admetus. He plays on the flute, and all the other ſhepherds came down to the ſhady elms, on the cool margin of a limpid fountain, to hear his ſongs. To that time they had liv'd a ſavage and brutal life: they knew only how to tend their flocks, to ſheer them, milk them, and to render cheeſes. The whole country was one frightful deſart.

Apollo, in a ſhort time, made all the ſhepherds acquainted with the arts which could render their lives agreeable. He ſung the flowers that compoſe the garland of the ſpring; the perfumes ſhe diffuſes, and the verdure that attends her ſteps. He ſung the delicious nights of ſummer, when the zephyrs refreſh mankind, and the dews allay the thirſt of the earth. He mingled in his ſong, the golden harveſt and autumnal fruits, which recompenſe the toil of the huſbandman, with the repoſe of winter, when the frolickſom youth dance before the fire. In the laſt place, he deſcrib'd the gloomy foreſt, and ſhady groves that cover the hills; the hollow valleys, and the rivers that with a thouſand windings ſeem to ſport in the lovely meadows. He thus taught the ſhepherds what are the charms of a country life, when men know how to reliſh the preſents of pure and bountiful nature. The ſhepherds with their flutes ſoon ſaw themſelves more happy than kings, and their cottages were fill'd with variety of untainted pleaſures, which fly from gilded palaces. The

ſmiles,

ſmiles, the ſports, the graces, accompany'd the innocent ſhepherdeſſes whereſoever they went. Every day was a feſtival; nothing was heard, but the warbling of birds, or the ſoft whiſpering of the zephyrs playing about the branches of the trees, or the murmur of ſome tranſparent ſtream falling from a rock, or ſongs that were inſpir'd by the Muſes, and ſung by the ſhepherds that follow'd Apollo. This god taught them alſo to be victorious in races, and to pierce the bucks and ſtags with their arrows. The gods themſelves became jealous of the ſhepherds. This ſort of life appear'd to them more delightful than all their glory; ſo they call'd Apollo back again to heaven.

My ſon, this ſtory may ſerve for your inſtruction, ſince you are in the ſame condition Apollo was in. Break up and manure this uncultivated ground; make a deſart flouriſh as he did; like him, teach the ſhepherds what are the charms of harmony; ſoften their fierce natures; ſhew them the lovelineſs of virtue, and make them feel how ſweet it is to enjoy, in ſolitude, thoſe innocent pleaſures that nothing can take away from ſhepherds. A time will come, my ſon, a time will come, when the toils and tormenting care that encompaſs kings, will make you, upon a throne, envy the paſtoral life.

Termoſiris, having ſaid this, preſented me with a flute, ſo melodious, that the echoes of the hills, which carry'd the ſound on every ſide, drew all the neighbouring ſhepherds preſently about me. My voice was divinely harmonious; I felt myſelf mov'd, as by a ſuperior power, to ſing the beauties that nature has beſtow'd upon the country. We paſs'd the days, and part of the nights, in ſinging together. All the ſhepherds, forgetting their cottages and their flocks, ſtood attentive and fix'd in admiration round me, whilſt I gave them leſſons. The ſavage rudeneſs of our deſarts ſeem'd to diſappear; all things look'd gay and ſmiling; and the politeneſs of the inhabitants

habitants ſeem'd to ſoften the ruggedneſs of the country.

We frequently met to ſacrifice in the temple of Apollo, where Termoſiris officiated as prieſt. The ſhepherds went thither crown'd with lawrel, in honour of the god; and the ſhepherdeſſes follow'd after them, dancing along with garlands of flowers, and carrying on their heads baſkets full of ſacred gifts. After the ſacrifice, we made a country feaſt; and the moſt delicious of our fare was the milk of our goats and ſheep, with various fruits freſh gathered with our own hands, ſuch as dates, figs, and grapes. Our ſeats were the green turf; and our ſpreading trees afforded us a ſhade more pleaſant than the gilded roofs in the palaces of kings.

But that which above all other things made me famous among our ſhepherds, was, that one day a hungry lion ruſh'd in upon my flock: already he had begun a dreadful ſlaughter; I had nothing in my hand but my crook, and yet I advanc'd boldly. The lion erects his main, gnaſhes his teeth, unſheathes his dreadful claws, and opens his parch'd and enflam'd throat. His eyes ſeem'd full of blood and fire; and he laſhed his ſides with his long tail. I threw him upon the ground. The little coat of mail that I wore, according to the cuſtom of the Egyptian ſhepherds, hinder'd him from tearing my body. Thrice I threw him upon his back, and thrice he rais'd himſelf again, roaring ſo loud, that he made all the foreſts ring. At laſt, I graſp'd him ſo cloſe that I ſtifled him. The ſhepherds, who were witneſſes of my victory, oblig'd me to wear the ſkin of this terrible animal.

The fame of this action, and the wonderful alteration that had happen'd among our ſhepherds, ſpread through all Egypt, and even came to the ear of Seſoſtris. He was inform'd, that one of the two captives, who had been taken for Phenicians, had reſtor'd the golden age to his almoſt uninhabitable deſarts

ſarts. He reſolv'd to ſee me, for he lov'd the Muſes; and his great ſoul was affected with whatſoever might be uſeful to mankind. He ſaw me, he heard me with pleaſure, and diſcover'd that Metophis had deceiv'd him through covetouſneſs. He condemn'd him to perpetual impriſonment, and ſeiz'd all the riches, which he unjuſtly poſſeſs'd. O! ſaid he, how unhappy is the man, who is plac'd above the reſt of men! He can ſeldom ſee the truth with his own eyes: he is ſurrounded by thoſe who keep the truth from approaching him: their intereſt leads them to deceive him. Every one conceals his ambition under the appearance of zeal. They pretend to love the king, but indeed love only the riches he can give: nay, they love him ſo little, that, in order to obtain his favours, they flatter and betray him.

From this time, Seſoſtris treated me with a tender friendſhip, and reſolv'd to ſend me back to Ithaca, with a powerful aſſiſtance of ſhips and troops, to deliver Penelope from the perſecutions of her lovers. The fleet was ready, and we thought of nothing but embarking. I admired the ſtrange viciſſitudes of fortune, which exalts thoſe on a ſudden, whom ſhe has moſt depreſſed. This experience made me hope, that Ulyſſes might return at laſt to his kingdom, after his long ſufferings; and I thought it not impoſſible to ſee Mentor again, tho' he had been carry'd into the remoteſt and moſt unknown parts of Ethiopia. Whilſt I delay'd my departure to enquire after him, Seſoſtris, who was very aged, dy'd ſuddenly, and his death plunged me again into new misfortunes.

All Egypt was inconſolable for this loſs. Every family thought they had loſt their beſt friend, their protector, their father. The old men lifting up their hands to heaven, cry'd out, Egypt never had ſo good a king, and never will have one like him. O! ye gods, you ſhould never have ſhew'd him to men, or never have taken him away. Why muſt we ſurvive the

the Great Seſoſtris? The young men ſaid, the hope of Egypt is no more! Our fathers were happy in living under ſo good a king. But as for us, we only ſaw him to be ſenſible of the loſs of him. His domeſticks wept night and day: and when the king's funeral was performed, multitudes of people, from the remoteſt parts, came running to Thebes, during forty days. Every one was deſirous to ſee once more the body of Seſoſtris, to preſerve the idea of him; and many to be bury'd with him.

But what ſtill aggravated their grief, was, that his ſon Bocchoris had neither humanity for ſtrangers, nor regard for the ſciences, nor eſteem for virtuous men, nor deſire of glory. The greatneſs of his father had contributed to make him unworthy to reign. He had been educated in an effeminate ſoftneſs and brutal pride. He accounted men as nothing, believing them made only to be his ſlaves, and himſelf to be of a nature different from them. He thought of nothing but how he might gratify his paſſions, waſte the immenſe treaſures his father had huſbanded with ſo much care, plague the people, ſuck the blood of the unfortunate, and follow the flattering counſels of young fools, who ſurrounded him; whilſt he turn'd out with contempt all the ancient ſages, who had been entruſted by his father. In a word, he was a monſter, and not a king. All Egypt groan'd under him; and though the name of Seſoſtris, which was ſo dear to the Egyptians, made them bear with the baſe and cruel conduct of his ſon, yet he made haſte to ruin; for a prince ſo unworthy of the throne could not enjoy it long.

As for me, I loſt all hopes of returning to Ithaca; I was confin'd to a tower that ſtands by the ſea, near Peluſium, where I ſhould have embark'd, if Seſoſtris had not dy'd. Metophis had the cunning to get out of priſon, and to be receiv'd into favour by the new king. 'Twas he that caus'd my confinement, to revenge the diſgrace I had brought upon him. I paſs'd the days and nights in the profoundeſt melancholy. All

the things which Termoſiris had foretold, and all that I had heard from the cave, appear'd to me now only like a dream. I was overwhelm'd with the moſt bitter grief. I ſaw the waves beating at the foot of the tower, where I was priſoner. I often employ'd my time in obſerving the ſhips that were toſs'd by ſtorms, and in danger of being ſplit againſt the rocks upon which the tower was built; and, inſtead of pitying thoſe who were threaten'd with ſhipwreck, I envy'd their condition. Their misfortunes, ſaid I to myſelf, will either ſoon be ended together with their lives, or elſe they will happily arrive in their own country; but, alas! I can hope for neither.

Whilſt thus I conſum'd myſelf away in fruitleſs lamentations; I perceiv'd, as it were, a foreſt of maſts, the ſea was cover'd with ſhips, and the winds ſwell'd all their ſails. The waters foam'd beneath the ſtrokes of innumerable oars. I heard a confus'd noiſe on every ſide. I ſaw one part of the Egyptians upon the ſhore, terrify'd and running to their arms; whilſt others ſeem'd going to receive the fleet which they ſaw approaching. I ſoon perceiv'd, that part of theſe foreign ſhips were of Phenicia, and the reſt of the iſland of Cyprus: for my misfortunes began to render me experienc'd in matters relating to navigation. The Egyptians appear'd to me to be divided among themſelves; and I doubted not that the unthinking king Bocchoris had, by his violences, cauſed his ſubjects to revolt, who had rais'd a civil war. I was ſpectator of a bloody battle from the top of my tower.

That part of the Egyptians, who had invited thoſe foreigners to their aſſiſtance, having favoured their deſcent, fell upon the other Egyptians, who had the king at their head. I ſaw this king animating his men by his own example. He appear'd like the god of war. Streams of blood flowed round about him. The wheels of his chariot were dy'd with black, thick, foaming gore, and could hardly paſs for the heaps of dead that lay in the way.

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This young king, comely, vigorous, of a fierce and haughty mien, had rage and deſpair in his eyes. He was like a beautiful, but ungovernable horſe. His courage puſhed him on to danger; but he had no prudence to direct his valour. He knew neither how to repair a fault, nor to give neceſſary orders, nor to foreſee the miſchiefs that threaten'd him, nor to ſpare his men tho' he ſtood in the utmoſt need of them. Not that he wanted genius, for his knowledge was equal to his courage; but he had never been inſtructed by adverſity. His maſters had poiſon'd his fine natural qualities with their flattery. He was intoxicated with his own power and felicity. He thought every thing muſt yield to his impetuous deſires. The leaſt reſiſtance enflamed his rage; and then he conſulted his reaſon no longer; he was, as it were, beſide himſelf; his furious pride transform'd him into a wild beaſt; his innate good-nature and equity forſook him in an inſtant; the moſt faithful of his ſervants were forc'd him to fly from him, and he no longer liked any but thoſe who flattered his paſſions. By this means, he always fell into extremes againſt his true intereſt, and forced all honeſt men to deteſt his fooliſh conduct. His valour ſuſtained him for a long time againſt the multitude of his enemies; but at laſt he was borne down with numbers. I ſaw him periſh; the dart of a Phenician pierc'd his breaſt: not being able to hold the reins any longer, he fell from his chariot, and was trampled under foot by the horſes. A ſoldier of Cyprus cut off his head; and holding it up by the hair, ſhewed it as it were in triumph to the victorious army.

I ſhall ever remember the ſight of that head ſmeared with blood; the eyes ſhut and extinguiſh'd; the face pale and disfigured; the mouth half open, and ſeeming deſirous of concluding the unfiniſh'd ſentence; a fierce and menacing air, which death itſelf could not efface. This image will be always before my eyes to the laſt day of my life; and if ever the gods permit

me to reign, I ſhall never forget, after this fatal example, That no king is worthy to command, or can be happy in the poſſeſſion of his power, unleſs he himſelf be governed by reaſon. Alas! 'tis the utmoſt of all misfortunes, for a man, who is created for the publick good, to become maſter of vaſt numbers of men, and then only render them miſerable!

The END of the SECOND BOOK.

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THE ADVENTURES OF *TELEMACHUS.*

BOOK III.

The ARGUMENT.

Telemachus relates, how he was ſet at liberty by the ſucceſſor of Bocchoris, with all the Tyrian priſoners, and with them carried to Tyre, on board the ſhip of Narbal, who commanded the Tyrian fleet; that Narbal gave him the character of their king Pygmalion, whoſe cruel avarice was to be dreaded; that afterwards he learn'd from Narbal all the regulations obſerved in the commerce of Tyre; and that he was juſt going to embark on board a Cyprian ſhip, in order to go by the iſland of Cyprus to Ithaca, when Pygmalion diſcover'd him to be a ſtranger, and order'd him to be ſeized; that he was then upon the point of being deſtroy'd; but that Aſtarbe, that ty-

rant's miſtreſs, had ſaved him, in order to put to death in his room a young man, whoſe diſdain had provok'd her anger.

CALYPSO heard with aſtoniſhment theſe wiſe reflections; and what charm'd her moſt, was to ſee how ingenuouſly the young Telemachus related the faults he had committed, thro' precipitation, and diſregard of the counſels of the ſage Mentor. She was ſurpriz'd with the greatneſs and generoſity of his mind; who accuſed himſelf, and made ſo good uſe of his own overſights, as to become wiſe, provident, and temperate. Go on, ſaid ſhe, my dear Telemachus; I long to know how you got out of Egypt, and where you found again the wiſe Mentor, whoſe loſs you regretted with ſo much reaſon.

Telemachus reſuming his diſcourſe, ſaid, The beſt of the Egyptians, who were moſt faithful to the king, finding themſelves overpower'd, and the king dead, were compell'd to ſubmit to the reſt, and another king, call'd Termutis, was ſet up. The Phenicians and the troops of Cyprus departed from Egypt, after they had made an alliance with the new king. All the Phenicians, that were priſoners, were ſet at liberty, and, as I was accounted one of them, I was releaſed from the tower; I embark'd with the reſt, and my hopes began to revive in the bottom of my heart.

Already a favourable gale fill'd our ſails; our oars cut the foaming waves; the wide ſea was cover'd with our ſhips; the mariners ſhouted for joy; the ſhores of Egypt fled from us; the hills and mountains gradually diminiſhed; we began to ſee nothing but the heavens and the waters, whilſt the riſing ſun ſeemed to dart his ſparkling flames out of the boſom of the ſea; his rays gilded the tops of the mountains, which we could ſtill juſt diſcover upon the horizon, and the whole face

face of heaven, painted with a deep azure, gave us hopes of a happy voyage.

Though I had been ſet at liberty, as one of the Phenicians, yet none of them knew who I was. Narbal, who commanded the ſhip I was in, aſk'd me my name and my country. Of what city, ſaid he, in Phenicia are you? I am not a Phenician, ſaid I, but the Egyptians took me at ſea in a Phenician ſhip. I have been a long time priſoner in Egypt as a Phenician; under that name have I long ſuffer'd, and under that name I am deliver'd. Of what country art thou then, ſaid Narbal? I am, ſaid I, Telemachus, ſon to Ulyſſes king of Ithaca, in Greece. My father made himſelf famous among the kings who beſieged the city of Troy, but the gods have not permitted him to return to his own country. I have ſought him in many climates, but fortune perſecutes me alſo. You ſee an unfortunate perſon, who deſires no other happineſs than to return to his own country, and to find his father.

Narbal look'd upon me with aſtoniſhment, and thought he ſaw in my face ſomething fortunate, the ſtamp of heaven, and which is not common to the reſt of men. He was, by nature, ſincere and generous. He was mov'd with my misfortunes, and converſed with me, with a dearneſs and intimacy inſpired by the gods for my preſervation in a mighty danger.

Telemachus, ſaid he, I neither do nor can doubt the truth of what you ſay: the lively images of good-nature and virtue drawn upon your face, will not give me leave to diſtruſt you. I even perceive, that the gods, whom I have always ſerv'd, love you, and will have me to love you, as if you were my ſon. I will give you ſafe and uſeful advice, and for my recompence deſire nothing of you, but to be ſecret. Fear not, ſaid I, for I can, without difficulty, keep any thing ſecret that you ſhall be pleas'd to entruſt me with. Though I am young, yet I am grown up in the habit of not diſcovering my own ſecret, and much more

more of not betraying, under any pretext, the ſecret of another. How have you been able, ſaid he, to accuſtom yourſelf to keep ſecrets in ſuch tender years? I ſhall be glad to know by what means you have acquir'd this admirable quality, which is the foundation of the wiſeſt conduct, and without which all other talents are uſeleſs.

When Ulyſſes, ſaid I, departed to go to the ſiege of Troy, he took me upon his knees, and embrac'd me, (for thus I have been told the ſtory) and after he had kiſſed me in the tendereſt manner, he ſaid theſe words to me, though I could not then underſtand them: O my ſon! may the gods never let me ſee thee again; let rather the fatal ſciſſors cut the thread of thy early days, while yet it is hardly formed, as the reaper cuts down with the ſickle the tender flower that begins to blow; let my enemies daſh thee in pieces, before the eyes of thy mother and me, if ever thou art to be corrupted, and abandon virtue. O! my friends, continu'd he, I leave my ſon with you who is dear to me; take care of his tender years; if you love me, baniſh all pernicious flatterers from about him; inſtruct him how to overcome his paſſions; and let him be like a tender plant, that men often bend, in order to make it grow upright. Above all, forget not to render him juſt, beneficent, ſincere, and faithful in keeping a ſecret. Whoever is capable of a lye, is unworthy to be counted a man; and whoever knows not how to be ſilent, is unworthy to govern.

I am exact in the repetition of theſe words, becauſe care was taken to repeat them often to me, and they have made a deep impreſſion in my heart. I often repeat them to myſelf. My father's friends made it their buſineſs to exerciſe me early in keeping ſecrets. I was yet in my infancy, when they truſted me with all their uneaſineſſes and diſturbances of mind, to ſee my mother expos'd to the perſecutions of ſo many bold ſuitors who offer'd to marry her. Thus they

they began early to treat me as a man of reaſon, and one that could be truſted. They convers'd with me privately concerning the moſt important affairs, and acquainted me with all the meaſures they took to remove thoſe pretenders.

I was overjoy'd to be truſted in this manner, for thereby I look'd upon myſelf as a grown man. I never abus'd the confidence repos'd in me; I never let fall one ſingle word, that might diſcover the leaſt ſecret. The ſuitors often endeavour'd to make me talk; expecting that a child, who had ſeen or heard any thing of importance, would not have been able to conceal it. But I knew how to anſwer them without lying, and without informing them of any thing that I ought not to mention.

Upon this Narbal ſaid to me, You ſee, Telemachus, the power of the Phenicians: they are formidable to all the neighbouring nations, on account of their mighty fleets. The trade they drive as far the pillars of Hercules, procures them riches ſurpaſſing thoſe of the moſt flouriſhing people. The great Seſoſtris, who could never have ſubdu'd them by ſea, did, with great difficulty, conquer them by land, with thoſe armies that had ſubjugated all the eaſt. He impos'd a tribute upon us, which has not continu'd long. The Phenicians found themſelves too rich and too potent, to wear the yoke of ſervitude with patience. We recover'd our liberty. Seſoſtris was prevented by death from finiſhing the war againſt us. 'Tis true, we had reaſon to fear the event, much more on account of his wiſdom, than his power. But, as ſoon as his power, without his wiſdom, had paſs'd into the hands of his ſon, we concluded we had nothing to fear. And indeed, the Egyptians have been ſo far from returning in arms, to make an entire conqueſt of our country, that they have been conſtrain'd to call us to their aſſiſtance, to deliver them from the fury of an impious and outragious king. We have been their deliverers, and

have

have added the glory of this action to the liberty and riches of our country.

But, whilſt we deliver others, we ourſelves are ſlaves. O Telemachus! beware of falling into the cruel hands of Pygmalion, our king. He has already embrued them in the blood of Sycheus, his ſiſter Dido's huſband. Dido, full of horror and revenge, is fled from Tyre with many ſhips. Moſt of thoſe, who are lovers of liberty and virtue, follow'd her. She has founded a magnificent city upon the coaſt of Africk, and call'd it Carthage. Pygmalion, tormented with an inſatiable thirſt of wealth, renders himſelf every day more wretched and odious to all his ſubjects. 'Tis a crime at Tyre to be rich. His avarice fills him with ſuſpicion, diſtruſt, and cruelty. He perſecutes the wealthy, and fears the poor. 'Tis ſtill a greater crime at Tyre to be virtuous: for Pygmalion ſuppoſes that good men cannot bear with his injuſtice and baſeneſs. As virtue condemns him, ſo is he exaſperated and incenſed at it. Every thing diſturbs him, affrights him, and preys upon him. He trembles at his own ſhadow; he ſleeps neither by night nor by day. The gods, to plague him, load him with treaſures he dares not enjoy. The things he covets to make him happy, are preciſely thoſe that make him miſerable. He regrets whatever he gives; dreads to loſe, and torments himſelf with hopes of gain. He is ſeldom ſeen. He ſhuts himſelf up in the remoteſt parts of his palace, ſad, lonely, and dejected. His very friends dare not approach him, for fear of being ſuſpected. A guard, terrible to ſee, continually ſtands round his palace, with ſwords drawn, and erected pikes. Thirty chambers on a floor, with doors of iron, and ſix huge bolts on each, make up the dreadful apartment where he hides himſelf. No one ever knows in which of theſe chambers he lies. 'Tis ſaid, he never lies in any of them two nights together, for fear his throat ſhould be cut. He knows no ſweet enjoyments, nor the

the ſweeter delights of friendſhip. If any one ſpeaks to him of joy, he finds it will not come near him, nor ever enter into his heart. His hollow eyes are full of a fierce and ſavage fire, and inceſſantly rolling on every ſide. He hearkens to the leaſt noiſe, and feels a dread alarm; becomes pale, meagre, and black anxiety ſits pictur'd upon his ever-wrinkled face. He ſighs, is ſilent, and fetches deep groans from the bottom of his heart. He is unable to conceal the remorſe that rends his ſoul. He nauſeates the moſt delicious food. His children, inſtead of being the hopes of his age, are the objects of his fear. He looks upon them as his moſt dangerous enemies. He never thought himſelf ſecure one moment of his life. He preſerves himſelf only by ſhedding the blood of every one he fears. Fooliſh man! who ſees not that his cruelty, which he ſo much relies upon, will be his deſtruction! Some domeſtick ſervant, as ſuſpicious, as he, will ſoon deliver the world from this monſter.

As for me, I fear the gods, and will be faithful to the king they have ſet over me, let the conſequence be what it will. I had rather die, than take away his life, or even fail to defend him. For your part, O Telemachus! let him not know that your are the ſon of Ulyſſes; for he would make you a priſoner, in expectation of a great ranſom, when Ulyſſes returns to Ithaca.

When we arriv'd at Tyre, I follow'd Narbal's counſel, and found every thing he had ſaid to be true. I could not comprehend how a man could make himſelf ſo miſerable as Pygmalion appear'd to be. Surpriz'd with a thing ſo ſhocking, and ſo new to me, I ſaid thus to myſelf: this man deſign'd to be happy, and perſuaded himſelf, that riches and arbitrary power would make him ſo. He poſſeſſes all he can deſire, and yet is made miſerable even by his power, and his riches. If he were a ſhepherd, as I lately was, he would be happy as I have been; he would enjoy

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the innocent pleaſures of the country; nay, enjoy them without remorſe. He would not fear either dagger or poiſon. He would love men, and be lov'd by them. He would not indeed be poſſeſſor of thoſe vaſt treaſures, which are as inſignificant to him as ſand, ſince he dares not touch them; but he would plenteouſly enjoy the fruits of the earth, and ſuffer no real want. This man ſeems to do whatever pleaſes him; but the caſe is far otherwiſe, for he does all that his fierce paſſions command. He is continually hurried away by avarice, fears, and jealouſy. He ſeems to be maſter of all other men, but is not maſter of himſelf; for he has as many maſters and tormentors, as he has violent deſires.

Thus I reaſon'd concerning Pygmalion, without ſeeing him; for he was not to be ſeen. Men only beheld with awe thoſe lofty towers that were ſurrounded night and day with dreadful guards, where he ſhut himſelf up, as it were in a priſon, with his belov'd treaſures. I compar'd this inviſible king with Seſoſtris, who was ſo good, ſo eaſy of acceſs, ſo affable, ſo curious to ſee foreigners, ſo attentive in giving audience to all men, and to find out the truth, which is always conceal'd from kings. Seſoſtris, ſaid I, fear'd nothing, and had nothing to fear. He ſhew'd himſelf to all his ſubjects, as to his own children. This man fears all, and has all to fear. This wicked king is always expos'd to the danger of a violent death, even within his inacceſſible palace, and in the midſt of his guards. On the contrary, the good king Seſoſtris was always ſeen in the midſt of the greateſt numbers of his people; like a gentle father in his own houſe, with all his family about him.

Pygmalion gave orders to ſend home the forces of Cyprus, that came to his aſſiſtance, by virtue of an alliance that was between the two nations. Narbal took this occaſion to ſet me at liberty. He caus'd me to be muſtered among the Cyprian ſoldiers; for the king was jealous even in the minuteſt things. The common

common fault of too eaſy and lazy princes, is blindly to give themſelves up to the conduct of crafty and corrupt favourites: whereas, on the contrary, it was this man's fault to diſtruſt the beſt and moſt virtuous. He knew not how to diſtinguiſh men of probity and uprightneſs, who always act without diſguiſe; ſo he had never ſeen an honeſt man, for ſuch will always avoid a corrupt king. Beſides, he had found, in all thoſe who had ſerv'd him ſince his acceſſion to the crown, ſo much diſſimulation and perfidiouſneſs, and other horrid vices diſguis'd under the appearances of virtue, that he look'd upon all men, without exception, as living under a maſk, and concluded there was no real virtue in the world: therefore he look'd upon all men to be much alike; and upon this ſuppoſition, when he found a ſervant tricking and corrupt, he took not the pains to look out for another, becauſe he reckon'd that he could not better his choice. Nay, good men appear'd to him worſe than the barefac'd wicked, becauſe he thought them as bad and more deceitful.

But to return to myſelf. I paſs'd in the muſter for a Cyprian, and eſcap'd the watchful jealouſy of the king. Narbal trembled for fear I ſhould be diſcover'd, which would have coſt his life, and mine alſo. It is impoſſible to conceive the impatience he was under to ſee us embark'd; but contrary winds ſtill detain'd us at Tyre.

I made uſe of this time to inform myſelf of the manners of the Phenicians, ſo famous in all parts of the known world. I admired the happy ſituation of their city, which is built upon an iſland in the midſt of the ſea. The neighbouring coaſt is delightful for it's fertility, abounding in exquiſite fruit, and ſo cover'd with towns and villages, that they ſeem to be contiguous to one another. The air is ſweet and temperate; for the mountains ſhelter that coaſt from the ſcorching winds which come from the ſouth; and the country is every-where refreſhed by the north-wind that blows from the ſea. It lies at the foot of Mount Libanus,

whoſe ſummit pierces through the clouds, and advances to meet the ſtars. His brow is cover'd with eternal ice; and rivers, full of ſnow, fall down like torrents from the rocks, that ſurround his head. Beneath is ſeen a vaſt foreſt of ancient cedars, which appear as old as the earth on which they grow, and ſhoot their thick-ſpreading branches to the clouds. At the foot of this foreſt are rich paſtures, leaning on the deſcent of the mountain. Here one may ſee the bellowing bulls wandering up and down, and the bleating ewes with their tender lambs, ſkipping upon the graſs. A thouſand ſtreams of the cleareſt water run down theſe charming fields. Below theſe paſtures is the foot of the mountain, which appears like a garden on every ſide. Here Spring and Autumn reign together, and join the fruits of the one to the flowers of the other. Neither the peſtilent breath of the ſouth wind, that parches and burns up all, nor the cruel blaſt of the north, have ever dared to deface the lively colours that adorn this garden.

Hard by this beautiful coaſt, an iſland riſes in the ſea, where the city of Tyre is built. This great city ſeems to float upon the waters, and to be queen of all the ſea. The merchants reſort thither from all parts of the world; and it's inhabitants are the moſt famous merchants in the univerſe. When men enter into this city, they cannot think it to be a place belonging to a particular people; but rather to be a city common to all nations, and the center of all trade. Two great moles, advancing their arms into the ſea, embrace a vaſt port, where the winds cannot enter. In this harbour, one may ſee, as it were, a foreſt of maſts; and the ſhips are ſo numerous, that the ſea, which carries them, can hardly be diſcover'd. All the citizens apply themſelves to commerce, and their vaſt riches never render them averſe to that labour which is neceſſary to increaſe their treaſure. In every part of the city, one may ſee the fine linnen of Egypt, and the Tyrian purple, twice dy'd, and of a marvellous luſtre.

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This double tincture is ſo lively, as not to be effaced by time. 'Tis us'd upon the fineſt cloth, ſet off with with embroidery of gold and ſilver. The Phenicians drive a trade with all people, as far as the ſtraits of Gades: nay, they have penetrated into the vaſt ocean that encompaſſes the earth. They have made long voyages upon the Red-Sea, and viſited unknown iſlands, from whence they bring gold, and all ſorts of perfumes, with various animals, no-where elſe to be ſeen.

I could not ſatiate my eyes with the ſight of this great city, where every thing was in motion. I did not ſee there, as in the cities of Greece, idle and inquiſitive perſons, going about to hear news in the publick places, and to gaze upon ſtrangers as they arrive in the ports. The men are employ'd in unloading their ſhips, ſending away, or ſelling their goods, putting their warehouſes in order, and keeping an exact account of what is due to them from foreign merchants. The women are always buſy in ſpinning of wool, or in forming various patterns of embroidery, or in folding up the richeſt ſtuffs.

Whence comes it, ſaid I to Narbal, that the Phenicians are maſters of the trade in all parts of the world, and enrich themſelves thus at the expence of all other nations? You ſee, ſaid he, the ſituation of Tyre, how conveniently it lies for trade: our country has the honour of having invented navigation; the Tyrians were the firſt (if we may believe what is told us by the moſt obſcure antiquity) who tam'd the boiſterous waves, long before the times of Typhis and the Argonauts, ſo boaſted of in Greece. They were the firſt, who in a feeble ſhip durſt commit themſelves to the mercy of the waves and ſtorms; who ſounded the depths of the ſea; who obſerv'd the ſtars at a diſtance from the land, according to the knowledge they had learn'd from the Egyptians and Babylonians; and who, by theſe means, re-united ſo many people that the ſea ſeem'd to have ſeparated for ever. The Tyrians are

induſtrious, patient, laborious, cleanly, ſober, and frugal; exact in their civil government, and perfectly united among themſelves. No nation has ever been more conſtant, more ſincere, more faithful, more honeſt, and more kind to all ſtrangers.

This, without ſeeking any other cauſe, is what gives them the empire of the ſea, and makes ſo advantageous a trade to flouriſh in their port. If they ſhould fall into diviſions and jealouſies; if they ſhould emaſculate themſelves with pleaſures and idleneſs; if the principal citizens ſhould come to deſpiſe labour and frugality; if arts ſhould ceaſe to be accounted honourable among them; if they ſhould violate their faith with ſtrangers, and in the leaſt tranſgreſs the the rules of free trade; if they neglected their manufactures, and ceaſed to give due encouragement to artificers, in order to enable them to make their goods perfect, each in it's kind, you would ſoon ſee the ruin of that power you admire.

But I pray, ſaid I, inſtruct me how I may hereafter eſtabliſh the like commrece in Ithaca. Do, ſaid he, as you ſee done here: receive all ſtrangers kindly; let them find ſafety in your ports, with conveniency, and entire liberty. Suffer not yourſelf to be poſſeſs'd with covetouſneſs or pride. The true way to gain much, is never deſire to gain too much, and to know how and when to loſe; acquire the love of all ſtrangers, and even ſuffer ſmall wrongs from them; beware of exciting their ſuſpicions by inſolent behaviour; be conſtant to the rules of trade, which ſhould be plain and eaſy; accuſtom your ſubjects to obſerve them inviolably; puniſh fraud with ſeverity, nay, even negligence or pride in merchants, who ruin trade by ruining thoſe that carry it on: Above all, never go about to reſtrain trade, or to turn it's courſe according to your own fancy. The prince ſhould never intermeddle with it, for fear of diſcouraging his people; who, as they have the pains, ought to have all the profit. He will find ſufficient

ſufficient advantages by the vaſt riches that will be brought into his kingdom. Commerce is like certain ſprings, if you force them to alter their courſe, you dry them up. 'Tis only profit and conveniency that attract ſtrangers to you. If you render their trade leſs eaſy and leſs beneficial, they will inſenſibly withdraw themſelves, and return no more; becauſe other nations, taking advantage of your imprudence, will invite them thither, and accuſtom them to live without you. I muſt own, that for ſome time paſt, the glory of Tyre has been much clouded. O! if you had ſeen it, my dear Telemachus, before the reign of Pygmalion, you would have been much more ſurpriz'd. Now, you only find here the diſmal remains of a grandeur that tends to it's ruin. O unhappy Tyre! into what hands art thou fallen? The ſea formerly brought thee the tribute of all the nations in the world. Pygmalion is afraid of all, both ſtrangers and ſubjects. Inſtead of opening his ports according to our ancient cuſtom, with an entire liberty to all people, however remote, he requires conſtantly to be inform'd what number of ſhips arrive, and from what country, the names of the men on board, the trade they drive, the nature and price of their merchandiſe, and the time they deſign to ſtay. He does yet worſe; for he uſes all manner of artifices to inſnare the merchants, and to confiſcate their goods. He harraſſes the merchants whom he thinks the moſt wealthy: he burdens trade under various pretences with new impoſts: he will be a merchant himſelf, while all men are afraid to deal with him. Thus our commerce languiſhes: foreigners, by degrees, forget the way to Tyre, which was once ſo well known to them; and if Pygmalion will not alter his conduct, our glory and our power muſt in a ſhort time be transferr'd to ſome other people who are under a better government.

I then demanded of Narbal, by what means the Tyrians had render'd themſelves ſo powerful at ſea;

for I was not willing to be ignorant of any thing that might contribute to the good government of a kingdom. We have, ſaid he, the foreſts of Libanus, which furniſh us with timber for the building of ſhips, and we preſerve them with care, for that uſe. We never fell the trees, but for the publick ſervice; and, as for the building of ſhips, we are provided with very able ſhipwrights. How came you, ſaid I to find theſe excellent artiſts? They grew up, ſaid he, by degrees in the country. When thoſe who excel in arts are liberally rewarded, men will quickly be found, who ſhall carry them to the utmoſt perfection: For men of the beſt talents and underſtanding never fail to apply themſelves to thoſe arts that are attended with the greateſt recompences. In this city, we honour all ſuch perſons as excel in any of thoſe arts and ſciences which are uſeful to navigation. We reſpect a man ſkill'd in geometry; we highly eſteem an able aſtronomer; and bountifully reward a pilot who ſurpaſſes the reſt of his profeſſion. We deſpiſe not a good carpenter; on the contrary, he is well paid, and well us'd. Even men dextrous at the oar, are ſure of a reward proportion'd to their ſervice: They are fed with wholeſome proviſions; they are carefully attended when ſick; care is taken of their wives and children in their abſence; if they periſh by ſhipwreck, their families are recompenſed for their loſs; and every man is ſent home to his habitation, after he has ſerv'd a certain time. By theſe means, the Tyrians have as many ſea-men as they will. Fathers are glad to bring up their children in ſo good an employment, and haſten to teach them in their tender years to handle an oar, manage the tackle, and ſcorn a ſtorm. Theſe rewards, and this good order, lead men to be uſeful to the publick, without compulſion. Authority never does well alone; the ſubmiſſion of inferiors is not enough; their hearts muſt be won, and they ought to find their own account in ſerving the ſtate.

After

After this diſcourſe, Narbal conducted me to ſee all the magazines, the arſenals, and the ſeveral trades that ſerv'd for the building and fitting out of ſhips. I enquired into all particulars, even the minuteſt things, and wrote down all that I had learn'd, for fear of forgetting any uſeful circumſtance.

In the mean time, Narbal, who knew Pygmalion, as well as he lov'd me, was impatient for my departure, fearing I might be diſcover'd by the king's ſpies, who went up and down the town day and night; but the winds would not permit us yet to embark. One day, as we ſtood viewing the port, and aſking merchants divers queſtions, and officer of Pygmalion came up to us, and ſaid to Narbal, the king is juſt now inform'd, by a captain of one of thoſe ſhips which return'd with you from Egypt, that you have brought a certain ſtranger, who paſſes for a Cyprian. 'Tis the king's pleaſure to have him ſeiz'd and examin'd, that he may know who he is: And for this you are to anſwer with your head.

In that moment I was at ſome diſtance from Narbal, in order to take a nearer view of the proportions which the Tyrians had obſerv'd in building a ſhip, that was then almoſt new, and accounted, by reaſon of the exact proportion of all it's parts, the beſt ſailer that had ever been ſeen in the harbour. I aſk'd the builder, who he was that had drawn the plan of that ſhip?

Narbal, ſurpriz'd and terrify'd with this meſſage, anſwered, I will make it my buſineſs to find out that Cyprian ſtranger; but as ſoon as the officer was out of ſight, he ran to me, and inform'd me of the danger I was in. I too well foreſaw, ſaid he, what would happen, my dear Telemachus, we are both undone; the king, who is night and day tormented with diffidence, ſuſpects you not to be a Cyprian. He will have you ſeiz'd, and will take away my life, if I do not put you into his hands. What ſhall we do? O gods! give us wiſdom to eſcape this danger! I muſt,

Tele-

Telemachus, carry you to the king's palace, where you ſhall affirm, that you are a Cyprian of the city of Amathus, and ſon to a ſtatuary of Venus. I will declare, that I formerly knew your father; and perhaps the king may let you depart without any further examination. I ſee no other way to ſave your life and mine.

I anſwered, O Narbal! ſuffer a miſerable man to periſh, ſince fate has decreed my deſtruction. I know how to die, and am too much indebted to you, to draw you into my misfortune. I cannot perſuade myſelf to tell a lye; I am not a Cyprian, nor can I affirm myſelf to be ſuch. The gods ſee my ſincerity; to them it belongs to preſerve my life, if they pleaſe, by their power, but I will not ſave it by falſhood.

Narbal anſwer'd me, this falſhood, O Telemachus! is in all reſpects innocent; it cannot be diſapprov'd by the gods themſelves; it does no injury to any one; it ſaves the lives of two innocent perſons, and deceives the king only to prevent him from committing a great crime. You carry the love of virtue too far, and are too ſcrupulous in your fears of offending religion.

But, ſaid I, falſhood is falſhood ſtill; and on that account unworthy of a man, who ſpeaks in the preſence of the gods, and owes the higheſt reverence to truth. He that offends the truth, offends the gods, and wounds his own mind, becauſe he ſpeaks againſt his conſcience. Propoſe no more, O Narbal! that which is unworthy of us both. If the gods have any pity for us, they know how to deliver us; but if they ſuffer us to periſh, we ſhall fall the victims of truth, and leave an example to inſtruct men to prefer unblemiſh'd virtue before long life. My own is already too long, ſince it is thus unhappy. 'Tis for you alone, my dear Narbal, that my heart is melted; why ſhould your kindneſs to an unfortunate ſtranger, prove ſo fatal to you?

We continu'd long in this kind of conflict, till at laſt we ſaw a man quite out of breath, running towards us.

us. He was another of the king's officers, and ſent to Narbal by Aſtarbe. This woman was beautiful as a goddeſs: To the charms of her body were added thoſe of a refined wit; ſhe was gay, inſinuating, flattering; but under the appearance of gentleneſs, ſhe, ſyren like, had a heart fill'd with malice and cruelty. Yet ſhe knew how to conceal her corrupt deſigns with the profoundeſt art. She had conquer'd the heart of Pygmalion, by her wit and beauty, and by the charms of her ſweet voice, and the harmony of her lute: And Pygmalion, blinded by the violence of his paſſion, had abandon'd Topha, his lawful conſort. He thought of nothing, but how to gratify the deſires of the ambitious Aſtarbe. His love for this woman was little leſs pernicious to him, than his infamous covetouſneſs. But tho' he had ſo great a paſſion for her, ſhe deſpis'd and loath'd him in her heart; yet underſtood ſo well how to cover her true ſentiments, that ſhe ſeem'd to deſire to live only for him, at the ſame time that ſhe could not endure him. There was at Tyre a Lydian youth, call'd Malachon, of admirable beauty, but voluptuous, effeminate, and immerſed in pleaſures. His only ſtudy was to preſerve the delicacy of his complexion; to comb his flaxen hair that flowed down in waving curls upon his ſhoulders; to perfume himſelf; to make his robes ſit in eaſy folds with a graceful air; and to ſing amorous ſongs to his lute. Aſtarbe ſaw him, fell in love with him, and became furiouſly tranſported with her paſſion. He ſlighted her, becauſe he was in love with another woman: And beſides, he dreaded to expoſe himſelf to the cruel jealouſy of the king. Aſtarbe, finding ſhe was ſcorn'd, abondon'd herſelf to reſentment. In her deſpair, ſhe imagin'd it poſſible to make Malachon paſs for the ſtranger whom the king had ſent for, and who was ſaid to have come with Narbal. Accordingly ſhe ſoon perſuaded Pygmalion as ſhe deſir'd, and corrupted all thoſe who were able to undeceive him. For having no affection for virtuous men, whom he neither

neither knew, nor valued, he was always ſurrounded by ſuch only as were mercenary, crafty, and ready to execute his unjuſt and bloody orders. Theſe men fear'd the authority of Aſtarbe, and help'd her to deceive the king, that they might not offend this haughty woman, who entirely poſſeſs'd his confidence. Thus the young Malachon, though known by all the city to be of Crete, paſs'd for the young ſtranger that Narbal had brought from Egypt. He was ſeiz'd and ſent away to priſon.

Aſtarbe, who fear'd Narbal might go to the king, and diſcover her impoſture, had diligently diſpatch'd this officer to him with the following meſſage: Aſtarbe forbids you to diſcover your ſtranger to the king; ſhe requires nothing of you but ſilence, and will ſo manage the affair, that the king ſhall be ſatisfied with your conduct. In the mean time, take care that the young ſtranger, who came with you from Egypt, may embark among the Cyprians with all expedition, and be no more ſeen in the city. Narbal, overjoy'd to ſave his own life and mine, promis'd to be ſilent; and the officer, pleas'd with having obtain'd what he demanded, immediately return'd to Aſtarbe with an account of his commiſſion.

Narbal and I admir'd the goodneſs of the gods, who had rewarded our ſincerity, and taken ſuch tender care of thoſe who had hazarded all for the ſake of virtue. We reflected with horror upon a king given up to voluptuouſneſs and avarice. He deſerves to be deceiv'd, ſaid we, who dreads it ſo exceſſively: and he is ſo, moſt frequently and groſsly; for he truſts not men of honeſty, but abandons himſelf to villains. He is the only perſon who knows nothing of what is doing. See how Pygmalion is made the ſport of a ſhameleſs woman, whilſt the gods make uſe of the falſhood of the wicked to ſave the good, who chuſe to part with life, rather than tell a lye. As we were making theſe reflections, we perceiv'd the wind to turn, and become favourable to the

the Cyprian fleet. The gods, declare themſelves, ſaid Narbal; they reſolve, my dear Telemachus, to provide for your ſecurity: fly from this cruel and accurſed land. Happy he, who could follow you to the remoteſt parts of the earth! Happy he, who might live and die with you! But my hard fate ties me to my unhappy country. I muſt ſuffer with her, and perhaps be buried in her ruins. No matter, provided I may always ſpeak the truth, and my heart love nothing but juſtice. As for you, O my dear Telemachus! I pray the gods, who lead you as it were by the hand, to grant you the moſt precious of all their gifts, a pure and unblemiſh'd virtue to the laſt moment of your life. Live, return to Ithaca, comfort Penelope; deliver her from the perſecutions of her raſh lovers. May your eyes ſee, and your arms embrace, the wiſe Ulyſſes; and may he find in you, a ſon equal to him in wiſdom. But, in the midſt of your felicity, remember the unhappy Narbal, and continue always to love me.

When he had finiſh'd theſe words, my tears ran down ſo faſt, that I was not able to anſwer him. My ſighs, which I drew from the bottom of my heart, would not ſuffer me to ſpeak. We embrac'd in ſilence: he brought me to the ſhip. He ſtaid upon the ſhore; and when the veſſel put off, we continu'd looking towards each other, till we loſt ſight of one another.

The END *of the* THIRD BOOK.

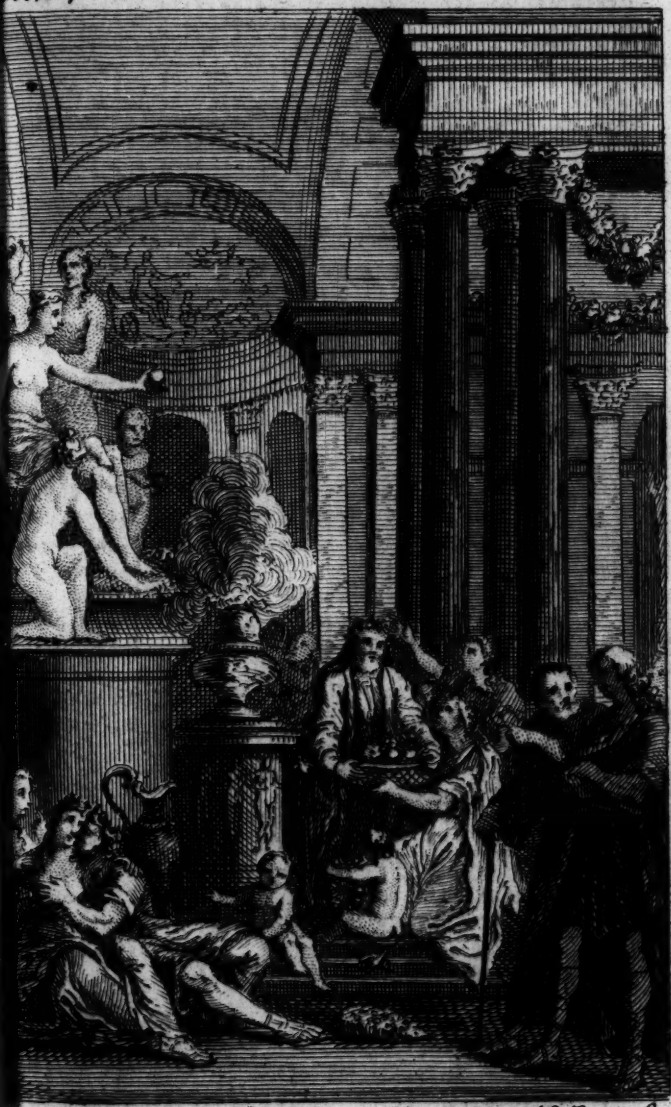
THE

THE ADVENTURES OF *TELEMACHUS.*

BOOK IV.

The ARGUMENT.

Calypso interrupts Telemachus's narrative, that he may repose himself. Mentor blames him, when alone, for having undertaken the recital of his adventures; but however, since he has begun, he advises him to to go through. Then Telemachus relates, that in his voyage from Tyre to the isle of Cyprus, he had a dream wherein he saw Venus and Cupid, against whom he was protected by Minerva; that afterwards he thought he saw Mentor likewise, who exhorted him to fly from the isle of Cyprus; that when he awoke, they fell into a storm in which they must have perish'd, had he not himself seized the rudder, the Cyprians being overcome with wine, and unable to steer the ship; that upon his arrival in the island, he saw with horror the voluptuousness and effeminacy of the inhabitants; but that Hazael, the



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the Syrian, to whom Mentor was ſold as a ſlave, happening to be then in Cyprus, taking a liking to Telemachus, brought together the two Greeks, and put them on board his ſhip, to carry them to Crete; and that, in their paſſage, they ſaw the glorious ſhew of Amphitrite, drawn in her chariot by ſea-horſes.

CALYPSO, who all this while had continued motionleſs and tranſported with pleaſure, liſtening to the adventures of Telemachus, interrupted him here, that ſhe might perſuade him to take ſome reſt. It is time, ſaid ſhe, after ſo many Toils, that ſhould taſte the ſweetneſs of ſleep. In this place, you have nothing to fear: all here, is favourable to you: abandon your heart then to joy; reliſh that peace, and all thoſe other bleſſings which heaven is going to ſhower down upon you. Tomorrow, when Aurora has open'd the golden gates of the eaſt with her roſy fingers, and the horſes of the ſun, ſpringing from the briny main, ſpread the flames of light, and drive away the ſtars before them, we will, my dear Telemachus, reſume the hiſtory of your misfortunes. No, your father never equall'd you in wiſdom and courage. Neither Achilles, who conquer'd Hector; nor Theſeus, who return'd from hell; nor even the great Alcides himſelf, who purg'd the earth from ſo many monſters, ever ſhew'd ſo much conſtancy and virtue as you. May the ſofteſt and profoundeſt ſleep make the night ſeem ſhort to you. But alas! how tedious will it be to me! How I ſhall long to ſee you again! to hear your voice! to make you to repeat what I know already, and aſk you what I know not yet! Go, my dear Telemachus, with the wiſe Mentor, whom the favour of gods has reſtor'd to you; go into that retired grotto, where every thing is prepar'd for your repoſe. May

Morpheus ſhed the ſweeteſt of his charms upon your cloſing eye-lids; may he infuſe a divine vapour through all your weary'd limbs, and ſend you eaſy dreams, which hovering about you, may ſooth your ſenſes with the moſt pleaſant images, and drive far away whatever might diſturb your reſt, or awaken you too ſoon.

The goddeſs herſelf brought Telemachus to the grotto, which was ſeparated from her own, but not leſs agreeable, nor leſs rural. A fountain of liquid cryſtal ran down in one corner, and ſweetly murmuring, ſeem'd contriv'd to invite ſleep. The nymphs had prepar'd there two beds compos'd of the ſofteſt green, upon which they had ſpread two large ſkins, the one of a lion for Telemachus, and the other of a bear for Mentor.

Before they ſuffer'd ſlumber to cloſe their eyes, Mentor ſpoke thus to Telemachus: the pleaſure of relating your adventures, has carry'd you too far; you have charm'd the goddeſs with the hiſtory of thoſe dangers, from which your courage and induſtry have deliver'd you. By this means, you have only enflam'd her heart the more, and are preparing for yourſelf a more dangerous captivity. How can you hope ſhe ſhould now ſuffer you to depart from her iſland; you, who have enchanted her with the relation of your ſtory? The love of empty glory has cauſed you to ſpeak without prudence. She had promiſed to acquaint you with the fate of Ulyſſes; ſhe has found the way to ſpeak much without telling you any thing, and has engaged you to acquaint her with every thing that ſhe deſires to know. Such is the art of flattering and wanton women! When will you be ſo wiſe, O Telemachus! as never to ſpeak out of vanity? And when will you know how to conceal thoſe things which may raiſe your reputation, when it is of no uſe to mention them. Others admire your wiſdom at ſuch years as may want it without blame; but for me, I can forgive you nothing:

I alone

I alone know and love you enough to tell you of all your faults. How far yet do you come ſhort of your father's wiſdom!

But, ſaid Telemachus, could I refuſe to relate my misfortunes to Calypſo? No, reply'd Mentor, 'twas abſolutely neceſſary; but you ought ſo to have related them, as might only have excited her compaſſion. You might have told her, that you had been ſometimes wandring in deſarts, then a priſoner in Sicily, and afterwards in Egypt. This had been enough; and all the reſt has only ſerv'd to inflame the poiſon, that has already ſcorch'd her heart. May the gods grant, that your's may be untouch'd!

But what ſhall I do now, ſaid Telemachus, in a modeſt and ſubmiſſive manner? It is now in vain, reply'd Mentor, to conceal from her the reſt of your adventures; ſhe knows enough to ſecure her from being deceiv'd in that which is to come; any reſerve on your part would only ſerve to provoke her. Finiſh, therefore, your relation to-morrow; tell her all that the gods have done for you, and learn for the future to ſpeak with more reſerve of all things that may tend to your own praiſe. Telemachus kindly receiv'd this good advice; and both lay down to ſleep.

As ſoon as Phœbus had ſpread the firſt rays of his glory upon the earth, Mentor, hearing the voice of the goddeſs, who call'd to her nymphs in the wood, awaken'd Telemachus. It is time, ſaid he to him, to ſhake off ſleep. Come, let us return to Calypſo; but beware of her betwitching tongue: never open your heart to her, dread the inſinuating poiſon of her praiſes. Yeſterday ſhe exalted you above your wiſe father, above the invincible Achilles, the renowned Theſeus, or even Hercules himſelf, who has obtain'd immortality by his glorious actions. Could you not perceive the exceſs of theſe commendations? Or, did you believe what ſhe ſaid? Know, that ſhe believes it not herſelf: ſhe only commends you, becauſe ſhe thinks you weak and vain enough to be deceiv'd

with praiſes far exceeding the merit of your actions.

After this diſcourſe, they went to the place where the goddeſs expected them. She ſmil'd when ſhe ſaw them approaching, and, under an appearance of joy, conceal'd the fears and ſuſpicions that diſturb'd her heart: for ſhe foreſaw, that Telemachus, under the conduct of Mentor, would eſcape her hands, as Ulyſſes had done. Go on, ſaid ſhe, my dear Telemachus, and ſatisfy my curioſity. I thought all the night, I ſaw you departing from Phœnicia, and going to ſeek a new deſtiny in the iſland of Cyprus. Tell me then the ſucceſs of this voyage, and let us not loſe one moment. They immediately ſat down in a ſhady grove, upon the green turf enamell'd with violets.

Calypſo could not refrain from looking inceſſantly upon Telemachus with tenderneſs and paſſion: nor ſee, without indignation, that Mentor obſerv'd even the leaſt motion of her eyes. In the mean time, all the nymphs in ſilence ſtoop'd forward to liſten, forming a half circle, that they might both hear and ſee with more advantage. The eyes of the whole aſſembly were immovably fix'd upon the young man. Telemachus, looking down, and gracefully bluſhing, thus reſum'd the thread of his diſcourſe.

Scarce had the ſoft breath of a favourable wind fill'd our ſails, when the coaſt of Phœnicia entirely vaniſhed from our eyes: and, becauſe I was with the Cyprians, whoſe manners I knew not, I reſolv'd to be ſilent, and to obſerve every thing that paſs'd, keeping myſelf within the ſtricteſt rules of diſcretion, that I might acquire their eſteem. But during my ſilence, a ſoft and powerful ſlumber ſeiz'd upon me; my ſenſes were bound and ſuſpended; I found a ſweet ſerenity and home-felt joy overflow my heart. On a ſudden, methought, I ſaw Venus cleaving the clouds in her flying chariot drawn by a pair of doves. She had the ſame ſhining beauty, the ſame lively youth, and thoſe blooming graces that appear'd in her, when ſhe ſprung from the foam

ſoam of the ocean, and dazzled the eyes of Jupiter himſelf. She deſcended all at once with extream rapidity juſt by me, laid her hand upon my ſhoulder, call'd me by my name, and ſmiling, pronounc'd theſe words: young Greek, thou art going into my peculiar empire: thou ſhalt ſoon arrive in that fortunate iſland, where pleaſures, ſports, and wanton joys attend my ſteps: there thou ſhalt burn perfumes upon my altars: there I will plunge thee into a river of delights: open thy heart to the moſt charming hopes, and beware of reſiſting the moſt powerful of all the goddeſſes, who reſolves to make thee happy.

At the ſame time, I ſaw young Cupid gently moving his little wings, and hovering about his mother. He had the tendereſt graces in his face, and the pleaſantneſs of an infant; yet there was ſomething ſo piercing in his eyes, as to make me afraid. He ſmil'd when he look'd upon me; but his ſmiles were malicious, ſcornful, and cruel. He took the ſharpeſt of his arrows from his golden quiver; he drew his bow, and was going to pierce my heart, when Minerva ſuddenly appear'd, and cover'd me with her impenetrable ſhield. The face of this goddeſs had not the ſame effeminate beauty, nor that paſſionate languiſhing, which I had obſerv'd in the face and poſture of Venus. On the contrary, her beauty was natural, unaffected, modeſt; all was grave, vigorous, noble, full of force and majeſty. The arrow, too weak to pierce the ſhield, fell down upon the ground. Cupid, in a rage, ſigh'd bitterly, and was aſham'd to ſee himſelf defeated. Be gone, cry'd Minerva, raſh boy, be gone; thou canſt conquer none but the baſe, who prefer diſhonourable pleaſures before wiſdom, virtue, and glory. At theſe words, Cupid, incens'd, flew away; and as Venus re-aſcended towards Olympus, I ſaw her chariot and two doves, a long time rolling in a cloud of gold and azure; at length ſhe diſappear'd. When I turn'd my eyes towards the earth, I could no where ſee Minerva.

Methought I was tranſported into a delicious garden, ſuch as men paint the Elyſian Fields. There I found Mentor, who ſaid to me, Fly from this cruel country, this peſtilent iſland, where the inhabitants breathe nothing but pleaſure. The boldeſt virtue ought to tremble here, and cannot be ſafe but by flight. As ſoon as I ſaw him, I endeavour'd to throw my arms about his neck, and to embrace him; but I found my feet unable to move, my knees ſunk under me, and my hands, attempting to lay hold on Mentor, follow'd an empty ſhadow that ſtill mock'd my graſp. As I was making this effort, I awak'd, and perceiv'd, that this myſterious dream was no leſs than a divine admonition. I found in myſelf a firm reſolution againſt the allurements of pleaſure, a watchful jealouſy of my own conduct, and a juſt abhorrence of the diſſolute manners that reign'd in Cyprus. But that which wounded me to the heart, was, that I thought Mentor was dead, that he had paſs'd the Stygian lake, and was become an inhabitant of thoſe happy manſions, where the ſouls of the juſt reſide.

This thought made me ſhed a flood of tears. The Cyprians aſk'd me, Why I wept? Theſe tears, ſaid I, are but too ſuitable to the condition of an unhappy ſtranger, who wanders, deſpairing of ever ſeeing his country more. In the mean time, all the Cyprians that were in the ſhip, abandon'd themſelves to the moſt extravagant pleaſures; the rowers, who hated to take pains, fell aſleep upon their oars. The pilot put a garland of flowers on his head, quitted the rudder, and held a vaſt flaggon of wine in his hands, which he had almoſt empty'd. He, and all the reſt of the crew, inflamed with the fury of Bacchus, ſung ſuch verſes in honour of Venus and Cupid, as ought to ſtrike horror into all that love virtue.

Whilſt they thus forgot the dangers of the ſea, a ſudden tempeſt aroſe; the ſky and ſea were agitated; the winds unchained, roar'd furiouſly in every ſail; the black waves beat vehemently againſt the ſides of the

the ſhip, which groan'd under the weight of their ſtrokes. One while, we mounted upon the back of the ſwelling billows; another while, the ſea ſeem'd to ſlip from under the veſſel, and to precipitate us into the dark abyſs. We ſaw the rocks cloſe by us, and the angry waves daſhing againſt them with a dreadful noiſe. Then I found, by experience, the truth of what I had often heard from Mentor, that men of diſſolute lives, and abandon'd to pleaſure, always want courage in the time of danger. All our Cyprians ſunk into deſpair, and wept like women. I heard nothing but piteous exclamations; bitter lamentations for the loſs of the delights of life; vain and inſignificant promiſes of large ſacrifices to the gods, if they ſhould arrive ſafe in the harbour. No one had ſufficient preſence of mind, either to give neceſſary orders, or to work the ſhip. In this condition, I thought myſelf obliged to ſave my own life, and the lives of thoſe that were with me. I took the rudder into my hand, becauſe the pilot, diſorder'd with wine, like a raving Bacchanal, was utterly incapable of knowing the danger the ſhip was in. I cheer'd the aſtoniſh'd mariners; I made them take down the ſails; they ply'd their oars vigorouſly; we ſteer'd by the rocks and quickſands, and ſaw all the horrors of death ſtaring us in the face.

This adventure ſeem'd like a dream to all thoſe who ow'd the preſervation of their lives to my care: they look'd upon me with aſtoniſhment. We landed at Cyprus in that month of the ſpring which is conſecrated to Venus. This ſeaſon, ſay the Cyprians, is moſt ſuitable to this goddeſs, becauſe it ſeems to revive the whole ſyſtem of nature, and to give birth to pleaſures and flowers at the ſame time.

As ſoon as I arriv'd in the iſland, I perceiv'd an unuſual mildneſs in the air, rendering the body ſlothful and unactive, but infuſing a jovial and wanton humour. I obſerv'd the country, though naturally fruitful and delightful, to be almoſt every where uncultivated,

vated, through the ſtrong averſion of the inhabitants to labour. I ſaw great numbers of maids and women, vainly and fantaſtically dreſs'd, ſinging the praiſes of Venus, and going to devote themſelves to the ſervice of her temple. Beauty, graces, joy, and pleaſure, were equally conſpicuous in their countenances; but their graces were too much affected; there was not that noble ſimplicity, nor that lovely modeſty, which makes the greateſt charm of beauty. A certain air of wantonneſs, an artful way of adjuſting their looks, their vain dreſs, their languiſhing gait, their eyes that ſeem'd to be in queſt of the eyes of men, their mutual jealouſy who ſhould raiſe the greateſt paſſions; in a word, all that I ſaw in theſe women appear'd vile and contemptible to me. By endeavouring to pleaſe me immoderately, they excited my averſion.

I was conducted to a temple of the goddeſs, who has ſeveral in this iſland; for ſhe is particularly ador'd at Cythera, Idalia, and Paphos; it was to that of Cythera I was brought. The temple is all built with marble; it is a perfect periſtylium; the pillars are ſo lofty, and ſo large, that they give a majeſtick air to the whole fabrick. At each front of the temple, above the architrave and frieze, are large pediments, in which the moſt agreeable adventures of the goddeſs are curiouſly repreſented in baſſo relievo. Great numbers of people are always at the gate, attending to make their offerings. No victim is ever ſlain within the precinct of the ſacred ground. The fat of bulls and heifers is not burnt here, as in other places. No blood is ever ſhed here. The victims to be offer'd, are only preſented before the altar; and no beaſt may be offer'd, unleſs it be young, white, without blemiſh or defect. They are adorn'd with purple fillets, embroider'd with gold; their horns are gilded, and garniſh'd with noſegays of the moſt fragrant flowers; and when they have been preſented at the altar, they are led to a private place without the wall, and kill'd for the banquet of the prieſts that belong to the goddeſs.

Here

Here alſo are offer'd all ſorts of perfum'd liquors, and wines more delicious than nectar. The prieſts are cloth'd in long white robes, with girdles of gold, and fringes of the ſame round the bottom of the garment. The moſt exquiſite perfumes of the eaſt are burnt night and day upon the altars, and form a curling cloud as they mount up to the ſky. All the pillars are adorn'd with feſtoons of wreathed flowers; all the veſſels for the ſervice of the altar are of pure gold; a ſacred grove of myrtle encompaſſes the building; none but boys and girls of ſingular beauty may preſent the victims to the prieſts, or kindle the fire upon the altars. But diſſoluteneſs and impudence diſhonour this magnificent temple.

At firſt I was ſtruck with horror at what I ſaw, but it inſenſibly began to grow familiar to me. I was no longer afraid of vice; all companies inſpir'd me with I know not what inclination to intemperance. They laugh'd at my innocence; and my reſervedneſs and modeſty became the ſport of this impudent people. They forgot nothing that might enſnare me, excite my paſſions, and awaken in me an appetite to pleaſure. I found myſelf loſing ſtrength every day. The good education I had receiv'd, could ſcarce ſupport me any longer; all my virtuous reſolutions vaniſh'd away; I had no longer any power to reſiſt the temptations that preſs'd me on every ſide; I grew even aſham'd of virtue. I was like a man ſwimming in a deep and rapid river: at firſt, he cuts the waters, and riſes vigorouſly againſt the ſtream; but if the banks are ſo ſteep that he can find no place to reſt on either ſide, he, at laſt, tires by degrees; his force abandons him; his exhauſted limbs grow ſtiff, and the torrent carries him down. So my eyes began to grow dim, my heart fainted, I could no longer recal either my reaſon, or the remembrance of my father's virtues. The dream that ſhew'd me the wiſe Mentor in the Elyſian Fields utterly diſcourag'd me. A ſoft and ſecret languiſhing ſeiz'd upon me; I already began to love the

the flattering poiſon that had crept into my veins, and penetrated through the marrow of my bones. Yet, for all this, ſometimes I would ſigh deeply; I ſhed bitter tears; I roar'd like a lion in his fury. O! unhappy ſtate of youth! ſaid I. O gods! that divert yourſelves ſo cruelly with the fate of men! Why do you cauſe them to paſs through that age, which is a time of folly, or rather a burning fever? O! why am not I cover'd with grey hairs, bow'd down and ſinking into the grave, like my grandfather Laërtes? Death would be more welcome to me, than the ſhameleſs weakneſs I now feel.

Scarce had I utter'd theſe words, when my grief began to abate, and my heart, intoxicated with a fooliſh paſſion, ſhook off almoſt all ſhame. After this, I found myſelf plung'd into an abyſs of remorſe. Whilſt I was under theſe diſorders, I ran ſtraying up and down the ſacred wood, like a hind that has been wounded by the huntſman; ſhe croſſes vaſt foreſts to aſſwage her pain, but the fatal arrow ſticks faſt in her ſide, and follows her whereſoever ſhe flies. Wherever ſhe goes, ſhe carries the murd'rous ſhaft. Thus I endeavour'd to run away from myſelf, but nothing could allay the affliction of my heart.

In that very moment I perceived, at ſome diſtance from me, in the thick ſhade of the wood, the figure of the wiſe Mentor; but his face appear'd to me ſo pale, ſo ſad, and ſo ſevere, that I felt no joy at the ſight of him. Is it you then, O my dear friend? my only hope, is it you? Is it you yourſelf? Or, is it a deceitful image come to abuſe my eyes? Is it you, O Mentor? or, is it your ghoſt, ſtill ſenſible of my misfortunes? Are you not among the bleſſed ſpirits that poſſeſs the reward of their virtue, and, by the bounty of the gods, enjoy an eternal peace, and uninterrupted pleaſures in the Elyſian plains? Speak, Mentor, do you yet live? Am I ſo happy as to poſſeſs you? Or, is it only the ſhadow of my friend? With theſe words, I ran to him

ſo

ſo tranſported, that I was quite out of breath. He ſtood ſtill unmov'd, and made not one ſtep towards me. O gods! you know with what joy I felt him in my arms. No, 'tis not an empty ſhadow, I hold him faſt; I embrace him; my dear Mentor! Thus I cry'd out; I ſhed a flood of tears upon his face; I hung about his neck, and was not able to ſpeak. He look'd ſadly upon me, with eyes full of tender compaſſion.

At laſt I ſaid to him, Alas! where have you been? To what dangers have you expoſed me, by your abſence; and what ſhould I now do without you? But he, without anſwering my queſtions, with a terrible voice, cry'd out, Fly, fly, without delay: this ſoil produces nothing but poiſon: the air you breathe is infected with the plague: the men are contagious, and converſe with each other only to ſpread the fatal venom: baſe and infamous voluptuouſneſs, the worſt of all thoſe evils that iſſued out of Pandora's box, enervate their ſouls, and ſuffers no virtue in this place. Fly, ſtay not a moment; look not once behind you, and, as you run, ſhake off the very remembrance of this execrable iſland.

He ſpoke, and immediately I felt as it were a thick cloud, diſperſing from about my eyes, and perceiv'd a more pure and beautiful light. A ſweet ſerenity, accompany'd with an invincible reſolution, reviv'd in my heart. This joy was very different from that looſe and wanton pleaſure which had before poiſon'd my ſenſes. The one is a drunken and tumultuous joy, interrupted with furious paſſions and ſtinging remorſe; the other is a joy of reaſon, attended with a kind of celeſtial happineſs. 'Tis always pure, equal, inexhauſtible. The deeper we drink, the more delicious is the taſte. It raviſhes the ſoul, and never diſcompoſeth it. Then I began to ſhed tears of joy, and found that nothing was more ſweet than ſo to weep. Happy, ſaid I, are thoſe men, to whom virtue reveals herſelf in all her beauty! Is it poſſible to ſee her without loving her? Is it poſſible to love her without being happy?

Here

Here Mentor ſaid, I muſt leave you; I muſt depart this moment; I am not allow'd to ſtay any longer. Where, ſaid I, are you going? Into what uninhabitable deſart will I not follow you? Don't think you can eſcape from me; for I will rather die at your feet than not attend you. In ſpeaking theſe words, I graſped him cloſe, with all my ſtrength. It is in vain, ſaid he, for you to hope to detain me. The cruel Metophis ſold me to certain Æthiopians, or Arabs. Theſe men going to Damaſcus in Syria, on the account of trade, reſolv'd to ſell me, ſuppoſing they ſhould get a great ſum of money for me of one Hazael, who wanted a Greek ſlave, to inform him of the cuſtoms of Greece, and inſtruct him in our arts and ſciences. Indeed Hazael purchas'd me at a great price. What he has learn'd from me concerning our manners, has given him a curioſity to go into the iſland of Crete, to ſtudy the wiſe laws of Minos. During our voyage, the weather has forc'd us to put in at Cyprus; and in expectation of a favourable wind, he is come to make his offerings in the temple: See, that is he, who is now coming out of it: the winds call us; our ſails are hoiſted: adieu, my dear Telemachus; a ſlave that fears the gods, ought faithfully to ſerve his maſter. The gods do not permit me to diſpoſe of myſelf: if I might, they know it, I would be only your's. Farewel; remember the labours of Ulyſſes, and the tears of Penelope: remember that the gods are juſt. O ye gods! the protectors of innocence! in what a country am I conſtrain'd to leave Telemachus.

No, no, ſaid I, my dear Mentor, it ſhall not be in your power to leave me here; I'll rather die, than ſee you depart without me. Is this Syrian maſter inexorable? Was he ſuckled by a tygreſs? Would he tear you out of my arms? He muſt either kill me, or ſuffer me to follow you. You yourſelf exhort me to fly, and will not permit me to fly with you. I'll go to Hazael, perhaps he may compaſſionate my youth

and

and my tears. Since he loves wiſdom, and goes ſo far in ſearch of it, he cannot have a ſavage and inſenſible heart. I will throw myſelf at his feet, I will embrace his knees, I will not let him go, till he has given me leave to follow you. My dear Mentor, I will be a ſlave with you; I will give myſelf to him; if he refuſes me, it is decreed, I will eaſe myſelf of this burthenſome life.

In this very moment, Hazael call'd Mentor: I proſtrated myſelf before him; he was ſurpriz'd to ſee an unknown perſon in this poſture. What is it you deſire of me, ſaid he? Life, reply'd I; for I cannot live, unleſs you ſuffer me to follow Mentor, who belongs to you. I am the ſon of the great Ulyſſes, the moſt wiſe of all thoſe Grecian kings that deſtroy'd the ſtately city of Troy, renown'd throughout all Aſia. It is not out of vanity that I acquaint you with my birth, but only to inſpire you with ſome pity of my misfortunes. I have ſought my father in all the ſeas, accompany'd by this man, who has been to me another father. Fortune, to compleat my miſéries, deprived me of him; ſhe has made him your ſlave; permit me to be ſo too. If it be true, that you are a lover of juſtice, and that you are going to Crete, to learn the laws of the good king Minos, harden not your heart againſt my ſighs and tears. You ſee the ſon of a king reduc'd to deſire ſervitude, as his only refuge. Formerly I would have choſen death in Sicily to avoid ſlavery; but my firſt misfortunes were only the weak eſſays of fortune's outrages; now I tremble leſt I ſhould not be receiv'd among ſlaves. O gods! ſee my calamity! O Hazael! remember Minos, whoſe wiſdom you admire, and who will judge us both in the kingdom of Pluto.

Hazael, looking upon me with mildneſs and humanity, ſtretch'd forth his hand and rais'd me up. I am not ignorant, ſaid he, of the wiſdom and virtue of Ulyſſes. Mentor has often told me what glory he acquir'd among the Greeks; and beſides, ſwift-wing'd

fame has not been wanting to ſpread his name over all the nations of the eaſt. Follow me, O ſon of Ulyſſes, I will be your father, till you find him again who gave you life. Though I were not mov'd with the glory of your father, his misfortunes, and your own; yet the friendſhip I have for Mentor would engage me to take care of you. It is true, I bought him as a ſlave, but I keep him as a faithful friend; the money he coſt, has acquir'd me the deareſt and moſt valuable friend that I have in the world. In him I have found wiſdom; I owe all the love I have for virtue to his inſtructions. From this moment he is free, and you ſhall be ſo too; all I aſk of either of you is your heart.

In an inſtant, I paſs'd from the bittereſt grief, to the moſt lively joy that mortals can feel; I ſaw myſelf deliver'd from the worſt of dangers; I was drawing near to my country; I had found one to aſſiſt me in my return; I had the comfort of being with a man, who lov'd me already for the ſake of virtue alone. In a word, I found every thing in finding Mentor again; whom I reſolv'd to loſe no more.

Hazael advances to the ſhore; we follow; we embark with him; our oars cut the gentle waves; a ſoft zephyr wantons in our ſails; it animates the whole ſhip, and gives it an eaſy motion; the iſland of Cyprus ſoon diſappears. Hazael, impatient to know my ſentiments, aſk'd me, what I thought of the manners of that iſland? I told him ingenuouſly to what dangers my youth had been expos'd, and the conflict I had ſuffer'd within me. He was tenderly mov'd with my abhorrence of vice, and ſaid theſe words: O Venus! I acknowledge your power, and that of your ſon; I have burnt incenſe upon your altars; but give me leave to deteſt the infamous effeminacy of the inhabitants of your iſland, and the brutal impudence, with which they celebrate your feſtivals.

After

After this, he diſcourſes with Mentor of that firſt Being, which form'd the heavens and the earth; of that pure, infinite, and unchangeable light, which communicates itſelf to all, without being divided; of that ſupreme and univerſal truth, which enlightens the ſpritual world, as the ſun enlightens the corporeal. He, who has never ſeen this pure light, added he, is as blind as one born without ſight; he paſſes his life in a diſmal night, like that of thoſe regions, where the ſun never ſhines for many months of the year; he thinks himſelf wiſe, and is a fool; he fancies he ſees all, and ſees nothing; he dies, without having ever ſeen any thing; at the moſt he perceives only falſe and obſcure glimmerings, empty ſhadows, phantoms that have no reality. Of this kind are all thoſe, who are carry'd away by ſenſual pleaſures, and the enchantments of imagination. There are no true men upon the earth, but thoſe who conſult, love, and obey this eternal reaſon. It is ſhe, that inſpires us when we think well: it is ſhe, that reproves us when we think ill. Our reaſon, as well as our life, is her gift. She is like a vaſt ocean of light; the reaſon of men is like little rivulets which flow from her, and which return and loſe themſelves in her again.

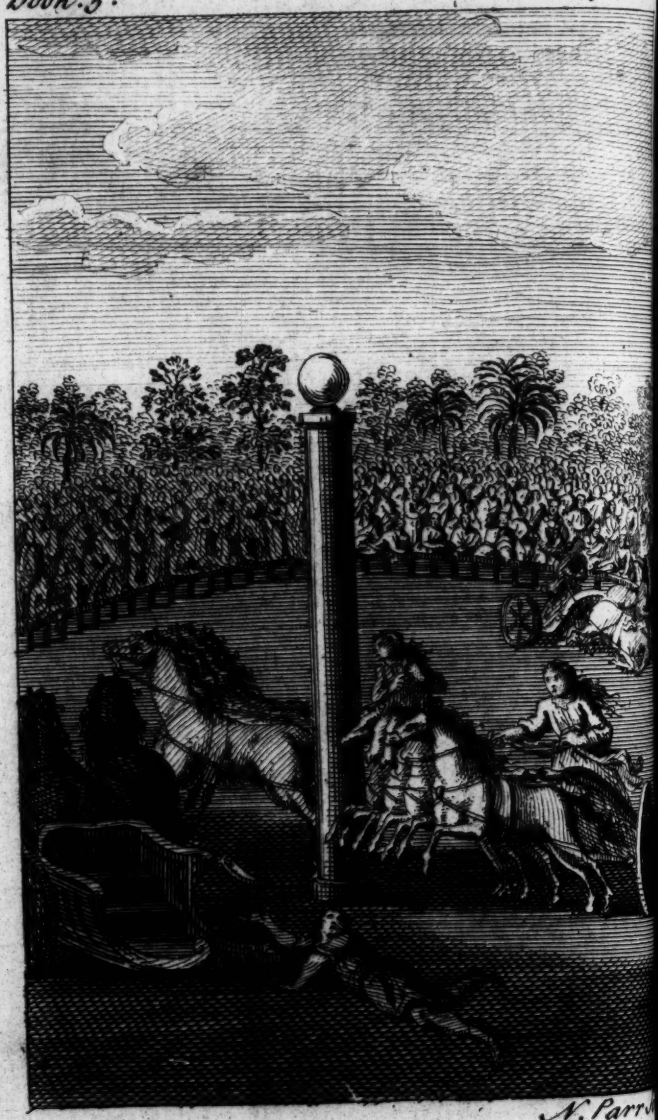
Though I did not as yet perfectly comprehend the wiſdom of this diſcourſe, I taſted nevertheleſs ſomething in it ſo pure and ſo ſublime, that my heart grew warm with it, and truth ſeem'd to ſhine in every word he utter'd. They continued to ſpeak of the original of the gods, of the heroes, of the poets, of the golden age, of the deluge, of the firſt hiſtories of mankind, of the river of oblivion, into which the ſouls of the dead are plung'd, of the eternal puniſhments prepar'd for the impious in the black gulph of Tartarus, and of that bleſſed tranquillity which the juſt enjoy in the Elyſian Fields, without any apprehenſions of ever loſing it.

Whilſt Hazael and Mentor were converſing together, we ſaw great numbers of dolphins cover'd

with ſcales, that ſeem'd to be of gold and azure. They play'd in the ſea, and laſh'd the floods into a foam. After them, came the Tritons ſounding their wreath'd trumpets, made of ſhells: they ſurrounded the chariot of Amphitrite, drawn by ſea-horſes, whiter than ſnow, and which, cutting the briny flood, left vaſt furrows in the ſea far behind them. Their eyes darted fire, and ſmoak iſſued from their noſtrils. The chariot of the goddeſs was a ſhell of a wonderful figure; it was more white than the fineſt ivory, and the wheels were all of gold. This chariot ſeem'd to fly upon the ſurface of the gentle waters. A ſhoal of ſea-nymphs crown'd with garlands, came ſwimming after the chariot: their lovely hair hung looſe upon their ſhoulders, and wanton'd with the winds. In one hand the goddeſs held a golden ſcepter, to command the waves; with the other, ſhe held upon her knee the little god Palemon, her ſon, who hung upon her breaſt. Her face was ſo ſerene, and ſo ſweetly majeſtick, that the black tempeſts, and all the ſeditious winds fled from before her. The Tritons guided the horſes, and held the golden reins. A large ſail of the richeſt purple hung floating in the air, above the chariot; a multitude of little zephyrs hover'd about it, and labour'd to fill it with their breath. In the midſt of the air, Æolus appear'd, diligent, reſtleſs, and vehement; his ſtern and wrinkled face, his menacing voice, his thick over-hanging eye-brows, his eyes full of a dim and auſtere fire, repell'd the clouds, and kept the fierce and boiſterous winds in ſilence. The vaſt whales, and all the monſters of the ſea, came in haſte out of their profound grottos to gaze upon the goddeſs, and with their noſtrils made the briny waters ebb and flow.

The END of the FOURTH BOOK.

THE



N. Parr.

THE ADVENTURES OF *TELEMACHUS.*

BOOK V.

The ARGUMENT.

Telemachus relates, that, upon his arrival in Crete, he learn'd, that Idomeneus, the king of that iſland, had ſacrific'd his only ſon to perform a raſh vow; that the Cretans, in order to avenge the ſon's blood, had compell'd the father to fly their country; and that, after various conſultations, they were actually aſſembled in order to elect a new king. Telemachus adds, that being admitted into that aſſembly, he carried the prize of ſeveral games, and explain'd the queries left by Minos, in the book of his laws, whereupon the old men, the judges of the iſland, and all the people admiring his wiſdom, would have made him their king.

AFTER we had admir'd this wonderful ſight, we began to diſcover the mountains of Crete, tho' yet we could hardly diſtinguiſh them from the clouds of heaven, and the billows of the ſea. We ſoon ſaw the ſummit of mount Ida, riſing above all the other mountains of the iſland, as an ancient ſtag carries his branching head above the young fawns that follow him in the foreſt. By degrees, we ſaw more diſtinctly the coaſts of the iſland which reſembled the form of an amphitheatre. As we found the land of Cyprus neglected and uncultivated, ſo that of Crete appear'd fertile, and enriched with all manner of fruits, by the induſtry of the inhabitants.

On all ſides we perceiv'd well-built villages, towns equalling cities, and magnificent cities. We obſerv'd no ſpot of ground where the hand of the diligent huſbandman was not ſtamp'd; the plough had left deep furrows in every place. Thorns, briars, and all ſuch plants as are a uſeleſs burthen to the earth, are utterly unknown in this country. We contemplated with pleaſure the hollow vallies, where troops of oxen go lowing in the rich paſtures, along the banks of refreſhing ſtreams; the ſheep every-where feeding upom the deſcent of the hills; the vaſt fields cover'd with golden ears of corn, the liberal bleſſings of bountiful Ceres: in a word, the mountains adorn'd with vines, whoſe cluſtering grapes, already purpled, promis'd a plentiful vintage of the delicious preſents of Bacchus, which charm away the anxious cares of men.

Mentor told us, he had been formerly in Crete, and inform'd us of all he knew of it. This iſland, ſaid he, admired by all ſtrangers, and famous for it's hundred cities, is more than ſufficient to nouriſh all the inhabitants, though they are innumerable; for the

the earth never fails to pour forth her fruits to the induſtrious hand that manures her; her fertile boſom can never be exhauſted. The more numerous men are in a country, provided they be laborious, the more plenty they enjoy. They need not be jealous of one another; the earth, like a tender mother, multiplies her gifts according to the number of her children, if they deſerve her favours by their diligence. The ambition and covetouſneſs of men are the only ſprings of their unhappineſs. They covet all; and make themſelves miſerable, by deſiring what is ſuperfluous. If they would be moderate, and contented with a competency, we ſhould ſee plenty, joy, union, and peace, diffus'd throughout the world.

Minos, the wiſeſt and the beſt of kings, underſtood this well. All the admirable things you ſhall ſee in this iſland, are owing to the excellency of his laws. The education he appointed for children, renders their bodies ſtrong and healthful: they are accuſtom'd, from their infancy, to a plain, frugal, laborious life: it is a receiv'd maxim among them, that all pleaſure enervates both the body and mind. No other pleaſure is ever propos'd to them, but the acquiſition of an invincible virtue and ſolid glory. This people do not meaſure mens courage only by deſpiſing death in the hazards of war, but by the contempt of ſuperfluous riches and ignoble pleaſures. Three vices are puniſh'd here, which remain unpuniſh'd in all other nations; ingratitude, diſſimulation, and avarice.

They have no need of laws to ſuppreſs luxury, and diſſolution of manners; for ſuch things are unknown in Crete. Every man works, yet no man deſires to be rich. They think all their labour ſufficiently recompenſed with an eaſy and regular life, in which they enjoy plentifully and quietly all that is truly neceſſary to men. Coſtly furniture, gorgeous apparel, delicious feaſts, and gilded palaces, are not permitted in this country. Their cloaths are of fine wool, beautiful in colour, but all plain, and without embroidery.

embroidery. Their repaſts are ſober; they drink little wine; good bread, with excellent fruits, which the trees almoſt ſpontaneouſly yield, and the milk of cattle, make the principal part of their meals. At the moſt, their meat is plain dreſs'd, without ſauce or ragou; and they always take care to reſerve the beſt and ſtrongeſt of the cattle for the advancement of agriculture. Their houſes are neat, commodious, pleaſant; but without ornaments. They are not ignorant of the moſt magnificent architecture; but that's reſerv'd for the temples of the gods: they dare not live in houſes like thoſe of the immortal powers.

The great riches of the Cretans, are health, ſtrength, courage; peace and union in families; the liberty of all the citizens; plenty of things neceſſary, and a contempt of thoſe that are ſuperfluous; a habit of labour, and an abhorrence of ſloth; a mutual emulation of virtuous actions; ſubmiſſion to the laws, and a reverence of the juſt gods.

I aſk'd him, wherein the authority of the king conſiſted? And he anſwer'd thus: The king is above all the people, but the laws are above the king. He has an abſolute power to do good; but his hands are tied, ſo ſoon as he attempts to do ill. The laws entruſt him with the care of the people, as the moſt valuable of all truſts, on condition that he ſhall be the father of his ſubjects. The laws require, that one man ſhall, by his wiſdom and moderation, ſerve to make a whole nation happy; and not that ſo many men ſhall, by their miſery and abject ſlavery, ſerve to flatter the pride and luxury of one man. The king ought to have nothing more than other men, but what's neceſſary, either to relieve him in the diſcharge of his painful functions, or to imprint on the minds of the people, that reſpect which is due to him who is to maintain the vigour of the laws. On the other hand, the king ought to be more ſober, more averſe to luxury, more free from haughtineſs and oſten-

oſtentation than any other man. He is not to have more riches and pleaſure, but more wiſdom, virtue, and glory, than the reſt of men. Abroad, he is to be the defender of his country, at the head of their armies; at home he is to diſtribute juſtice to the people, to make them good, wiſe, and happy. It is not for his own ſake that the gods have made him king, but only for the ſervice of the people. He owes to the people all his time, all his care, all his affection; and he is no otherwiſe worthy of his crown, than as he forgets his own perſonal intereſts, to ſacrifice himſelf to the publick good. Minos appointed, that his children ſhould not reign after him, unleſs they would reign by theſe rules; for he lov'd his people more than his family. By this wiſdom, he render'd Crete ſo powerful and ſo happy. By this moderation he has effac'd the glory of all conquerors, who make their people ſubſervient to their own grandeur, that is, to their vanity. In a word, by his juſtice, he merited the office of ſupreme judge of the dead in the regions below.

While Mentor was thus ſpeaking, we arrived in the iſland. We ſaw the famous labyrinth, built by the hands of the ingenious Dædalus, in imitation of the great labyrinth which we had ſeen in Egypt. As we were conſidering this curious fabrick, we beheld the ſhore cover'd with people, and multitudes preſſing towards a place that was near the ſea. We aſk'd the reaſon of their haſte, and receiv'd this account from one Nauſicrates, a native of Crete.

Idomeneus, ſaid he, the ſon of Deucalion, and grandſon to Minos, went with the reſt of the Grecian kings to the ſiege of Troy. After the deſtruction of that city, he ſet ſail in order to return to Crete; but was ſurpriz'd by ſo violent a ſtorm, that the pilot, and the moſt experienc'd mariners in the ſhip, thought they ſhould inevitably be caſt away. Every one had death before his eyes; every one ſaw the abyſs open to ſwallow him up; every one deplor'd his misfor-

misfortune, and had not ſo much as the wretched hopes of that imperfect reſt, which the ſouls enjoy, who croſs the river Styx after their bodies have receiv'd burial. Idomeneus, lifting up his eyes and hands to heaven, invok'd Neptune in theſe words: O powerful god! who commandeſt the empire of the ſea, vouchſafe to hear the prayers of the diſtreſſed: if thou delivereſt me from the fury of the winds, and bringeſt me again ſafe to Crete, the firſt head I ſee, ſhall fall by my own hands a ſacrifice to thy deity.

In the mean time his ſon, impatient to ſee his father again, made haſte to meet and embrace him at his landing. Unhappy youth! who knew not that he was running to his own deſtruction! the father, who had eſcap'd the ſtorm, arriv'd ſafe in the wiſh'd-for haven. He return'd thanks to Neptune for hearing his prayers, but ſoon found how fatal they had been to him. A black preſage of his misfortune made him bitterly to repent his raſh vow. He dreaded his coming amongſt his own people; he turn'd his eyes to the ground, and trembled for fear of ſeeing whatever was deareſt to him in the world. But the inexorable goddeſs Nemeſis, who is ever watchful to puniſh men, and eſpecially haughty kings, puſh'd him on with a fatal and inviſible hand. Idomeneus arrives, hardly daring to lift up his eyes. He ſees his ſon: he ſtarts back with horror; his eyes, in vain, look about for ſome other head, leſs dear to him, to ſerve for his vow'd ſacrifice. Mean while his ſon approach'd, and threw his arms about his neck, aſtoniſhed to ſee his father diſſolving in tears, and making ſo ſtrange a return to his tenderneſs.

O my father! ſaid he, whence comes this ſadneſs? After ſo long abſence, are you diſpleas'd to ſee your kingdom again, and to be the joy of your ſon? What have I done? you turn your eyes away for fear of ſeeing me. The father, overwhelm'd with grief, made no anſwer. At laſt, after many deep fetch'd ſighs, he

he ſaid, Ah! Neptune, what have I promis'd thee? At how dear a rate haſt thou preſerv'd me from ſhipwreck! Reſtore me to the waves, and to the rocks, which ought to have daſh'd me in pieces, and finiſh'd my wretched life. Let my ſon live! O thou cruel god, here, take my blood, and ſpare his. As he ſpoke, he drew his ſword to pierce his own heart; but thoſe that were about him ſtaid his hand. The aged Sophronymus, the interpreter of the will of the gods, aſſur'd him that he might ſatisfy Neptune without the death of his ſon. Your promiſe, ſaid he, was raſh and indiſcreet: the gods will not be honour'd by cruelty: beware of adding to the fault of your promiſe, the crime of accompliſhing it againſt the laws of nature: let a hundred bulls, whiter than ſnow, be offer'd up to Neptune; let their blood ſtream about his altar crown'd with flowers; let the ſweeteſt incenſe ſmoke in honour of the god.

Idomeneus heard this diſcourſe, bending his head towards the earth, and anſwer'd not one word: fury ſat glaring in his eyes; his pale and disfigur'd face chang'd colour every moment; and all his limbs ſhook with horror. In the mean time his ſon ſaid to him; My father, here I am; your ſon is ready to die, to appeaſe the god of the ſea. Do not provoke his anger. I die contented, ſince my death will have prevented yours. Strike, O my father, and fear not to find in me the leaſt dread of death, or any thing unbecoming your ſon.

In that moment Idomeneus, grown mad, and puſh'd on by the infernal furies, acted a thing that aſtoniſh'd all that ſtood about him. He thruſt his ſword into the heart of the youth; and drew it out again all reeking and drench'd in blood, to plunge it into his own bowels; but he was once more prevented by thoſe that were preſent. The youth ſunk down in his own blood; the ſhades of death cover his eyes; he half-open'd them to the light, but ſcarcely had he found it, when, unable to bear it, he clos'd them

for

for ever. As a beautiful lilly in the midſt of the field, cut up from the root by the ſharp ploughſhare, lies down and languiſhes on the ground; it receives no more nouriſhment from the earth, and the ſprings of life are intercepted; yet the gloſſy whiteneſs and that glory which charm'd the eye ſtill remain: ſo the ſon of Idomeneus, like a young and tender flower, is cruelly mow'd down in the bloom of his age. The father, through exceſs of grief, is become inſenſible, he knows not where he is, nor what he does, nor what he ought to do; he walks with tottering ſteps towards the city, and demands his ſon.

In the mean time, the people being touch'd with pity for the ſon, and full of horror at the barbarous action of the father, cry out, That the juſt gods had abandon'd him to the furies. Their rage furniſhes them with arms; they lay hold on ſticks and ſtones; diſcord breathes a deadly venom into every breaſt. The Cretans, the wiſe Cretans, forget their beloved wiſdom; they will no longer acknowledge the grandſon of ſage Minos; Idomeneus's friends know not how to conſult his ſafety, otherwiſe than by conducting him back to his ſhip; they embark with him, and commit their flight to the mercy of the waves. Idomeneus, being come to himſelf, returns them thanks for ſnatching him away from a land he had beſprinkled with his ſon's blood, and which he could no longer inhabit. The winds waft them over to Heſperia, where they go to lay the foundation of a new kingdom in the country of the Salentines.

In the mean time, the Cretans, being deſtitute of a king to govern them, reſolve to chuſe ſuch a one as will preſerve the purity of the eſtabliſh'd laws. And theſe are the meaſures they take for that purpoſe: all the chief men of an hundred cities are now met at this place; they have already begun with offering ſacrifices; they have aſſembled all the moſt renown'd ſages of the neighbouring countries, to examine the wiſdom of thoſe who ſhall be thought worthy of the ſupreme

ſupreme command; they have order'd publick games, where all the competitors are to contend; the crown is the prize which they propoſe to confer on him who ſhall be found to excel, both as to ſtrength of body and endowments of mind. They will have a king, whoſe body is ſtrong and active, and his ſoul adorn'd with wiſdom and virtue: they invite all ſtrangers to this grand aſſembly.

Nauſicrates having recounted to us this wondrous ſtory, ſaid to us: Haſte therefore, O ſtrangers, to our aſſembly; you ſhall contend with the reſt, and, if the gods decree the victory to either of you, he ſhall reign in this country. We follow'd him, not out of any deſire of being victorious, but only out of a curioſity to ſee ſo extraordinary an election.

We arriv'd at a place reſembling a very large circus, ſurrounded with a thick wood. The middle of this circus was an arena, or pit, prepar'd for the combatants; it was ſurrounded by a large amphitheatre of green turf, whereon was ſeated and ranged an innumerable multitude of ſpectators. As ſoon as we came there, we were honourably receiv'd; for the Cretans, of all nations in the world, are the moſt noble and religious obſervers of hoſpitality: they deſir'd us to take our places, and invited us to enter the liſts. Mentor excuſed himſelf, upon account of his age, and Hazael on the ſcore of his ill ſtate of health. My youth and vigour left me without excuſe; however, I caſt a look upon Mentor to diſcover his mind, and I perceived he deſir'd that I ſhould engage: I therefore accepted their propoſal, and ſtripp'd myſelf of my cloaths: they pour'd ſtreams of ſweet and ſhining oil on all my limbs; and I mixed among the combatants. It was ſaid on every ſide, that the ſon of Ulyſſes was come to contend for the prize; and ſeveral Cretans, who had been at Ithaca during my infancy, knew me again.

The firſt exerciſe was wreſtling. A Rhodian, about five and thirty years of age, ſurmounted all thoſe who dared to encounter him. He had ſtill all the vigour of

youth; his arms were nervous and brawny; at the leaſt of his motions you might diſcover all his muſcles, and he was no leſs nimble than ſtrong. He did not think me worthy to be conquer'd by him; and looking with pity upon my tender age, he was about to retire, when I challeng'd him. Hereupon we laid hold on each other; we almoſt ſqueez'd the breath out of one another's bodies; we ſtood ſhoulder to ſhoulder; foot to foot; all our nerves were diſtended; and our arms interwoven like twining ſerpents; each of us ſtriving to lift his antagoniſt from the ground. Sometimes he endeavour'd unexpectedly to throw me, by puſhing me on the right ſide; ſometimes he ſtrove to bend me on the left: but whilſt he was plying me in this manner, I gave him ſuch ſuch a violent puſh, as bent his loins; ſo he tumbled down upon the ſtage, and dragg'd me after him; in vain he us'd all his ſtrength to get uppermoſt, I kept him immoveably under me. All the people cry'd, Victory to the ſon of Ulyſſes, and ſo I help'd the diſmay'd Rhodian to get up again.

The combat of the cæſtus was more difficult: the ſon of a rich citizen of Samos having acquir'd a great renown in this exerciſe, all the reſt yielded to him, and I alone offer'd to diſpute the victory with him. At firſt he dealt me ſuch fierce blows on my head and breaſt, as made me caſt up blood, and ſpread a thick cloud over my eyes; I ſtagger'd; he preſs'd me; I was almoſt out of breath; but I was re-animated by Mentor's voice, who cry'd to me, O ſon of Ulyſſes! will you ſuffer yourſelf to be vanquiſh'd? Anger ſupply'd me with freſh ſtrength, and I avoided ſeveral blows which would have cruſh'd me to the earth. As ſoon as the Samian had made a falſe blow at me, and that his arm was ſtretch'd out in vain, I ſurpriz'd him in that ſtooping poſture, and as he began to ſtep back, I lifted up my cæſtus, that I might fall upon him with greater force; he endeavour'd to avoid me, and loſing his proper balance, he gave me an opportunity

to

to throw him down. He had ſcarce meaſur'd the ground with his length, when I reach'd him my hand to raiſe him up. He got up of himſelf, cover'd with duſt and blood, full of confuſion and diſorder, but he durſt not renew the fight.

Immediately after began the chariot-races: the chariots were diſtributed by lot; mine happened to be the worſt, both as to the lightneſs of the wheels, and the mettle of the horſes: we ſtarted; a cloud of duſt flew about us, that darken'd the very ſky. At firſt I let all my competitors go before me; a young Lacedemonian, nam'd Crantor, preſently outſtripp'd all the reſt; a Cretan, Polycletus, by name, follow'd him cloſe; Hippomachus, a relation of Idomeneus, who aſpir'd to ſucceed him, giving the reins to his horſes, reeking with ſweat, leaned on their flowing mains, and his chariot-wheels turned ſo very ſwift, that they ſeem'd to be without motion, like the wings of an eagle that cuts the ear. My horſes being animated, and having gather'd breath by degrees, I outſtripp'd moſt of thoſe who ſtarted with ſo much ardour. Hippomachus, Idomeneus's kinſman, driving his horſes too faſt, the moſt mettleſome of them fell down, and by his fall depriv'd his maſter of the hopes of the crown.

Polycletus, leaning too much upon his horſes, and having no firm ſitting, tumbled down as his chariot gave a jolt, loſt his reins, and it was great luck that he eſcap'd death. Crantor ſeeing, with eyes full of indignation, that I was got up cloſe to him, redoubled his eagerneſs: now, he invoked the gods, promiſing them rich offerings; then he cheer'd up his horſes with his voice: he was afraid leſt I ſhould paſs between him and the bounds; for my horſes, which I ſpared at firſt, were now able to beat his; ſo that the only remedy he had left was, to ſtop up my paſſage: In order to this, he ran the riſk of breaking his wheel againſt the bound, and broke it accordingly. I turn'd about preſently to avoid his broken chariot,

and a moment after he saw me at the goal. Again the people shouted and cry'd out, Victory to the son of Ulysses; 'tis he the gods have destin'd to reign over us.

Then the most illustrious, and the wisest amongst the Cretans, conducted us into an antient, sacred wood, remote from the sight of prophane men, where the elders whom Minos had establish'd to be the judges of the people, and guardians of the laws, convened us who had contended at the exercises, no other being admitted. The sages opened the books, wherein all the laws of Minos are collected. As I drew near those old men, whom age had render'd venerable, without impairing the vigour of their mind, I felt myself seized with an awful respect and confusion. They sat in order, and motionless in their places; their hair was hoary, some of them had scarcely any; a calm and serene wisdom was conspicuous in their grave countenances; they did not strive who should speak first; they spoke with deliberation, and said nothing but what they had well weigh'd before. When they happen'd to differ in opinion, they were so moderate in maintaining their sentiments, that one would be apt to think that they were all of one mind. Their long experience of past transactions, and their constant application to labour and study, gave them extensive views in all affairs. But what most conduc'd to perfect their reason, was the tranquillity of their minds, freed from the fond passions and wild caprices of youth: they were actuated by wisdom alone, and the advantage they reap'd from their accomplish'd virtue was, such a perfect mastery over their passions that they enjoy'd, without disturbance, the pleasant and noble delight of being govern'd by reason. As I was admiring them, I wish'd my life contracted, that I might arrive suddenly at so valuable an old age. I counted youth unhappy, for being so impetuous, and at so great distance from that calm and enlighten'd virtue.

The

The chief among thoſe old men open'd the volume of Minos's laws, which was a great book uſually kept among perfumes in a golden box. Each of them kiſs'd it with great reſpect: for they ſaid, That next the gods, from whom good laws are deriv'd, nothing ought to be more ſacred among men, than thoſe laws themſelves, which tend to make them good, wiſe, and happy: thoſe who have in their hands the adminiſtration of the laws for the government of the people, ought themſelves to be govern'd by thoſe very laws upon all occaſions: 'tis the law, and not the man, that ought to reign. Such was the diſcourſe of theſe ſages. Afterwards he who preſided at the aſſembly, propounded three queſtions, which were to be decided by the maxims of Minos.

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When it came to my turn, I was not puzzled how to anſwer, becauſe I ſtill remember'd what Mentor had often told me: the moſt free of all men, anſwer'd I, is he who can be free, even in ſlavery itſelf: in what condition or country ſoever a man may be, he is moſt free when he fears the gods, and none

and a moment after he saw me at the goal. Again the people shouted and cry'd out, Victory to the son of Ulysses; 'tis he the gods have destin'd to reign over us.

Then the most illustrious, and the wisest amongst the Cretans, conducted us into an antient, sacred wood, remote from the sight of prophane men, where the elders whom Minos had establish'd to be the judges of the people, and guardians of the laws, convened us who had contended at the exercises, no other being admitted. The sages opened the books, wherein all the laws of Minos are collected. As I drew near those old men, whom age had render'd venerable, without impairing the vigour of their mind, I felt myself seized with an awful respect and confusion. They sat in order, and motionless in their places; their hair was hoary, some of them had scarcely any; a calm and serene wisdom was conspicuous in their grave countenances; they did not strive who should speak first; they spoke with deliberation, and said nothing but what they had well weigh'd before. When they happen'd to differ in opinion, they were so moderate in maintaining their sentiments, that one would be apt to think that they were all of one mind. Their long experience of past transactions, and their constant application to labour and study, gave them extensive views in all affairs. But what most conduc'd to perfect their reason, was the tranquillity of their minds, freed from the fond passions and wild caprices of youth: they were actuated by wisdom alone, and the advantage they reap'd from their accomplish'd virtue was, such a perfect mastery over their passions that they enjoy'd, without disturbance, the pleasant and noble delight of being govern'd by reason. As I was admiring them, I wish'd my life contracted, that I might arrive suddenly at so valuable an old age. I counted youth unhappy, for being so impetuous, and at so great distance from that calm and enlighten'd virtue.

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but them: in ſhort, that man is truly free, who, diſengag'd from all manner of fear, or anxious deſire, is ſubject to the gods and his reaſon only. The antients look'd upon one another ſmiling, and were ſurpriz'd to find that my anſwer was exactly the ſame with that of Minos.

Afterwards, they propoſed the ſecond queſtion in theſe words, *Who is the moſt unhappy of all men?* Every one anſwer'd as he thought. One ſaid, 'Tis a man who has neither eſtate, health, nor honour. Another ſaid, 'Tis a man who is friendleſs. Others maintain'd, That it is a man who has diſobedient, ungrateful, and unworthy children. There came a ſage of the iſle of Leſbos, who ſaid, That the moſt unhappy of all men, is he who thinks himſelf ſo; for unhappineſs doth not entirely proceed from what we ſuffer, but rather from our own impatience and uneaſineſs, which aggravate our misfortunes. This ſpeech was highly commended and applauded by the whole aſſembly, and every one thought that the Leſbian ſage would carry the prize, in thus ſolving this queſtion. But being aſk'd my opinion, I anſwer'd according to Mentor's maxims, The moſt unhappy of all men, is a king, who thinks himſelf happy, when he makes other men miſerable: his blindneſs makes him doubly unhappy; for not knowing his miſery, he cannot apply remedies to it; nay, is even afraid to know it: truth cannot pierce thro' the crowd of his flatterers, to reach him; his paſſions tyrannize over him; he is a ſtranger to his duty; he never taſted the pleaſure of doing good, nor felt the charms of untainted virtue; he is unhappy, and deſerves to be ſo; his unhappineſs increaſes daily; he runs to his own ruin, and the gods prepare an eternal puniſhment to confound him. All the aſſembly confeſſed I had overcome the wiſe Leſbian, and the old men declared I had hit upon the true ſenſe of Minos.

The third queſtion they aſk'd, was, *Which of the two is to be preferr'd, a king victorious and invincible*

is

in war, or a king unexperienc'd in war, but able to rule his people wisely in peace? The majority answer'd, That the king invincible in war was to be preferr'd. What are we the better, said they, for having a king who knows how to govern well in peace, if he knows not how to defend his kingdom when a war breaks out? For then his enemies will overcome him, and make his people slaves. Others, on the contrary maintain'd, That the peaceful king was better, because he would be afraid of war, and consequently take care to avoid it. Others said, That a conquering king would consult and advance as well the glory of his people as his own, and make his subjects masters of other nations; whereas a peaceful king would sink their courage into a shameful effeminacy. They desir'd to know my opinion, and I answer'd thus:

A king, who knows how to govern, only in peace, or only in war, and is incapable to rule his people in both those circumstances, is but half a king; but if you compare a king, who is only skill'd in war, to a wise king, who, without being acquainted with war, is able to maintain it upon occasion, by his generals, I think he is to be preferr'd to the other. A king, whose mind shall be entirely bent upon war, would always be for making war in order to extend his dominion, and advance his own glory, and not care if all his people were ruined. What are a people the better for the conquests their king makes over other nations, if they themselves are miserable under his reign? Moreover, long wars are always attended with great disorders; the conquerors themselves grow licentious in those times of confusion. See at what a dear rate Greece has triumphed over Troy; she was depriv'd of her kings for above ten years. Whilst all is ruin'd by war, the laws grow faint, agriculture is neglected, all arts languish and decay; even the best princes, when they have a war to carry on, are forced to commit the greatest of ills, which is, to tolerate licentiousness, and make use of wicked men. How

many

many profligate villains would be punished in times of peace, whose audaciousness must be rewarded during the disorders of war? Never had any nation a conquering sovereign, but they suffer'd much upon account of his ambition. A conqueror, intoxicated with his glory, is almost as ruinous to his own victorious people as to the nations he has vanquish'd. A prince, who wants the necessary qualifications for peace, cannot make his subjects relish the fruits of a war happily ended. He is like a man who could defend his own field against his neighbour, and usurp even that of his neighbour himself, but could neither plough, nor sow his grounds, in order to reap the harvest. Such a man seems to be born to destroy, lay waste, and turn the world topsy-turvy, and not to make the people happy by a wise government.

Now let's consider a peaceful king: 'tis true, he is not fit for great conquests; that is to say, he is not born to disturb the tranquillity of his own people, by endeavouring to subdue those other nations who are not his lawful subjects; but if he be truly fit to govern in peace, he is master of all the qualifications necessary to secure and protect his people against their enemies. The reason of it is plain: for he is just, moderate, and easy, with respect to his neighbours; he never attempts to do any thing against them that may disturb the publick peace; he is religiously faithful in all his alliances: his allies love him, they are not in fear of him, but rather repose an entire confidence in him. If he happens to have some restless, haughty, ambitious, and troublesome neighbour, all the other kings, who fear that turbulent neighbour, and in no manner distrust the peaceful king, join themselves in confederacy with that good king, and keep him from being oppress'd. His integrity, honesty, and moderation, make him the arbiter of all the states that surround his. Whilst the enterprizing king is odious to all the rest, and ever expos'd to their leagues, the peaceful prince has the honour of being, as it were,

were, the father and guardian of all the other kings. Theſe are the advantages he has abroad: thoſe he enjoys at home are ſtill more ſolid. Since he is fit to govern in peace, 'tis certain he governs according to the wiſeſt laws; he diſcountenances pomp, luxury, and all thoſe arts that ſerve only to cheriſh and foment vice; he promotes and encourages thoſe that are uſeful, and can ſupply mankind with the real wants of life; more particularly, he cauſes his ſubjects to apply themſelves to agriculture, and by that means he procures them plenty of all neceſſaries. This laborious people, plain in their manners, and accuſtomed to a thrifty way of living, get an eaſy livelihood by tilling of their lands, and multiply every day. This kingdom contains not only an infinite multitude of people, ſound in body, vigorous, and ſtrong: not ſoften'd by pleaſure, but exercis'd and inur'd to virtue; not addicted to the enjoyments of an effeminate, luxurious life: a people that know how to deſpiſe death, and had rather part with their lives, than with the liberty they enjoy under a wiſe king, who reigns only by the dictates of reaſon and juſtice. Let now a neighbouring conqueror attack this people, perhaps he may find them not ſo well ſkill'd in pitching a camp, or drawing up an army in order of battle, or in erecting machines for the beſieging of a town; but he will find them invincible by their numbers, their courage, their patience upon hard duty, their familiarity with want and poverty, their reſolution and obſtinacy in fight, and their conſtant virtue, not to be ſhaken even by ill ſucceſs and diſaſters. Moreover, if the king has not experience enough to command his armies in perſon, he will cauſe them to be commanded by thoſe who are capable of it; and will underſtand how to make uſe of ſuch generals without loſing his authority. In the mean time, his allies will furniſh him with ſupplies; his ſubjects will rather die, than undergo the yoke of another unjuſt and tyrannical king; nay, the gods

themſelves will fight for him. See how many helps and advantages he will find amidſt the greateſt dangers. I therefore conclude, that a peaceful king, who is unſkill'd in war, is a very imperfect king, ſince he cannot diſcharge one of his moſt important functions, which is to overcome his enemies; but at the ſame time, I add, he is infinitely ſuperior to a conquering king, who wants the neceſſary qualifications to govern in peace, and is only fit for war.

I perceiv'd a great many in the aſſembly, who ſeem'd to diſlike my opinion; for the generality of men, dazzled by glittering things, ſuch as victories and conqueſts, prefer them before what is plain, calm, and ſolid; ſuch as peace, and the good government of a nation. But, however, all the old men declared I had ſpoken the ſentiments of Minos.

The chief of theſe ancients cry'd out, I ſee the fulfilling of one of Apollo's oracles, which is known through all our iſland: Minos having conſulted the gods, to know how long his progeny would reign, according to the laws he had newly eſtabliſh'd, Apollo anſwer'd him, thy off-ſpring will ceaſe to rule when a ſtranger, coming into thy iſland, ſhall cauſe thy laws to reign there. We fear'd leſt ſome ſtranger ſhould come and conquer the iſle of Crete; but Idomeneus's misfortune, and the wiſdom of the ſon of Ulyſſes, who beſt of any mortal underſtands the laws of Minos, do plainly diſcover to us the meaning of the oracle. Why do we any longer defer crowning of him, whom deſtiny appoints to be our king?

The END of the FIFTH BOOK.

THE

BRITISH MUSEUM

N. Parr.

THE ADVENTURES OF *TELEMACHUS.*

BOOK VI.

The ARGUMENT.

Telemachus relates how he refuſed the crown of Crete, in order to return to Ithaca: that the Cretans deſiring him to name a king, he propoſed Mentor, who likewiſe declin'd the royal diadem: that at laſt the aſſembly preſſing Mentor to chuſe for the whole nation, he told them what he had learn'd of Ariſtodemus's virtues, whereupon he was immediately proclaim'd king: that afterwards Mentor and he embark'd for Ithaca; but that Neptune, to gratify Venus's reſentment, rais'd the late ſtorm, and ſhipwreck'd their veſſel, after which the goddeſs Calypſo receiv'd them into her iſland.

HERE-

HEREUPON the old men went out of the incloſure of the ſacred wood, and the chief of them taking me by the hand, declar'd to the people, who were impatient to know the deciſion, That I had carry'd the prize. His words were ſcarce out of his mouth, when there was heard a confus'd noiſe of all the aſſembly, every one giving a ſhout for joy; the ſhore, and all the neighbouring hills echo'd with this general acclamation, Let the ſon of Ulyſſes, who reſembles Minos, reign over the Cretans.

I waited awhile, and making ſigns with my hand, I deſir'd to be heard. In the mean time, Mentor whiſper'd me; What? will you renounce your country? Will your ambitious deſire of a crown make you forget Penelope, who now expects you as her only hope; and the great Ulyſſes, whom the gods have reſolv'd to reſtore to you? Theſe words pierced my heart, and check'd my ambition of being a king. But now the profound ſilence of this tumultuous aſſembly gave me opportunity thus to ſpeak: Illuſtrious Cretans, I am not worthy to command over you. The oracle you mention'd, ſhews indeed that the offspring of Minos ſhall ceaſe to rule, when a ſtranger ſhall come into this iſland, and ſhall cauſe the laws of that wiſe king to reign therein; but it is not ſaid, That ſtranger ſhall rule. I will ſuppoſe I am that ſtranger, mark'd out by the oracle: I have made this prediction good; I am come into this iſland; I have diſcover'd the true ſenſe of the laws, and I wiſh my explanation may contribute to make them reign with the man whom you ſhall chuſe. For my own part, I prefer my country, the poor little iſland of Ithaca, before the hundred cities of Crete, and the glory and wealth of this fine kingdom. Suffer me to purſue what fate has deſtin'd: if I enter'd your liſts, 'twas not

not with hopes to reign here, but only to merit your eſteem and your pity, and that I might be furniſh'd by you with neceſſaries for my ſpeedy return into my native country. I would rather chuſe to obey my father Ulyſſes, and comfort my mother Penelope, than reign over all the nations of the univerſe. Oh Cretans! you ſee the bottom of my heart: I muſt leave you; but death alone ſhall put a period to my gratitude: yes, Telemachus will love the Cretans, and be no leſs cencern'd for their honour than his own, as long as he has breath.

I had ſcarce done ſpeaking, when there aroſe through the whole aſſembly a hollow noiſe, like that of the waves of the ſea daſhing one againſt another in a ſtorm. Some ſaid, Is this a god in human ſhape? Others maintain'd, they had ſeen me in other countries, and that they knew me again. Others cry'd, we muſt force him to reign here. At laſt, I reſum'd my diſcourſe, and every one was ſilent in a moment, not knowing but I was going to accept what I had at firſt rejected. I ſpoke to them thus:

Suffer me, O Cretans! to tell you my thoughts: you are the wiſeſt of all nations, but methinks wiſdom requires a precaution, which you ſeem to have forgot. You ought to fix your election, not on that man who beſt diſcourſes about the laws, but on him who with a more ſteady and conſtant virtue puts them in practice. For my part, I am young, and conſequently unexperienc'd, expos'd to the violence of paſſions, and more fit to learn, by obeying, how to command hereafter, than to command at preſent: therefore, ſeek not a man that has overcome others in theſe trials of wit and ſtrength, but one that has overcome himſelf; look out for a man that has your laws deeply engraven in his heart, and whoſe whole life is a continu'd practice of thoſe laws: let his actions, rather than his words, recommend him to your choice.

All the old men, charm'd with this diſcourſe, and ſeeing the applauſes of the whole aſſembly ſtill increaſing, ſaid to me, ſince the gods will not ſuffer us to hope to ſee you reign amongſt us, at leaſt do us the favour to aſſiſt us in the finding out a king, that ſhall cauſe our laws to reign. Do you know any body that can command with that moderation you ſpeak of? I know a man, anſwer'd I, to whom I am beholden for all you have admir'd in me; 'tis his wiſdom, and not mine, that ſpoke to you; 'tis he, who inſpired me with all thoſe anſwers you heard juſt now.

Thereupon the whole aſſembly caſt their eyes upon Mentor, whom I ſhew'd to them, holding him by the hand. Moreover, I told them what care he had taken of me from my infancy; what dangers he had reſcu'd me from; what misfortunes had befallen me as ſoon as I began to neglect his counſels. At firſt, they took no notice of him, by reaſon of his plain, negligent dreſs, his modeſt countenance, his being ſilent almoſt all the while, and his cold and reſerv'd demeanour: but, when they view'd him more attentively, they diſcover'd in his aſpect ſomething divinely firm and elevated, they obſerv'd the vivacity of his eyes, and the vigour with which he perform'd every, even the leaſt action. They aſk'd him ſeveral queſtions, which he anſwer'd to the admiration of all; upon which they reſolv'd to make him their king, but he excus'd himſelf without any concern. He told them, he preferr'd the ſweets of a private life before the pomp of a crown; that even the beſt of kings were unhappy, in that they ſcarce ever did that good they had a deſire to do; and that thro' ſurprize, and the inſinuations of flatterers, they often did that miſchief they never intended. He added, That if ſlaves be miſerable, the condition of a king is no leſs wretched, ſince 'tis but ſervitude in a diſguiſe. When a man, ſaid he, is king, he is ſtill dependent upon all thoſe whom he has occaſion for, in order to make others obey. Happy is he, who is not oblig'd to command! 'Tis only to his own

country

country, when ſhe inveſts a man with power, that he ought to offer the dear ſacrifice of his liberty, in order to toil for the publick good.

At theſe words, the Cretans, not being able to recover from their ſurprize, aſk'd him, What man they ought to chuſe? A man, reply'd he, that knows well every one of you, ſince he muſt govern you; and ſuch a one as is ſhy of governing you. Whoever deſires ſovereignty, is not acquainted with it; and how then will he perform the duties incumbent upon his dignity, if he be a ſtranger to them? He courts a crown for himſelf; but you ought to have ſuch a one, as only accepts it for your ſake, and not his own.

All the Cretans being ſtrangely ſurpriz'd to ſee theſe two ſtrangers refuſe a crown, which many others ſeek after with eager ambition, they enquir'd who came along with them. Nauſicrates, who had conducted them from the port to the circus, where the games were celebrated, ſhew'd them Hazael, who was come with Mentor and myſelf, from the iſle of Cyprus; but their wonder ſtill increaſed, when they heard that Mentor had been Hazael's ſlave; that Hazael, deeply affected with the wiſdom and virtue of his ſlave, had made him his counſellor and intimate friend; that that ſlave made free, was the ſame who juſt now refus'd to be king; and that Hazael was come from Damaſcus in Syria, to inſtruct himſelf in the laws of Minos; ſo much was his heart poſſeſs'd with the love of wiſdom.

The old men ſaid to Hazael, We dare not deſire you to rule over us, for we ſuppoſe your thoughts are the ſame with thoſe of Mentor; you deſpiſe men too much, to be willing to take upon you the conduct of them. Beſides, riches, and the pomp of royalty, attract not you ſo ſtrongly, as to make you deſirous to purchaſe them at the expence of thoſe painful anxieties which are inſeparably annex'd to dominion. Hazael anſwer'd, Do not think, O Cretans! that I deſpiſe men. No, I know too well what a great and

noble employment it is to make them good and happy; but that employment is full of trouble and danger; the ſplendor that attends it is but a falſe brightneſs, which can only dazzle the eyes of vain-glorious men. Life is ſhort; greatneſs and exaltation do more provoke the paſſions, than they can ſatisfy them. My deſign in coming ſo far, was not to purchaſe thoſe falſe goods, but only to learn to be eaſy without them. I muſt bid you farewel; I have no other thoughts than to return to a peaceful and retir'd life, where wiſdom ſhall fill my heart and nouriſh my ſoul; and where the hopes, ſupply'd by virtue, of a better life after death, ſhall comfort me under the miſeries of old age. If I were to wiſh for any thing, it ſhould not be, to be a king; it ſhould be, never to be parted from thoſe two men you ſee here before you.

At laſt, the Cretans, addreſſing themſelves to Mentor, cry'd out, You, the wiſeſt and greateſt of all mortals, tell us then, who it is we muſt chuſe to be our king, for we will not let you go till you have directed us where to fix our choice? To which he anſwer'd: Whilſt I was among the crowd of ſpectators, I took notice of a vigorous old man, who ſhew'd no manner of eagerneſs or concern; I aſk'd who he was? and anſwer was made, He was call'd Ariſtodemus. Afterwards, I heard ſome body telling him, that his two ſons were among the combatants; at which he expreſs'd no manner of joy: he ſaid, That as for the one, he did not wiſh him the dangers which attend a crown; and as for the other, he lov'd his country too well, ever to conſent that he ſhould be king. By that I underſtood, that the father had a rational love for one of his ſons, who is good and virtuous, and that he did not indulge the other in vicious exceſſes. My curioſity ſtill increaſing, I enquir'd into the life and character of this old man; one of your citizens anſwer'd me: he bore arms a long time; his body is cover'd with wounds and ſcars; but his plain and ſincere virtue, entirely averſe to flattery, render'd him

trouble-

troubleſome to Idomeneus, which is the reaſon that king did not employ him in the Trojan war. He fear'd a man who would give thoſe wiſe counſels, which he was not inclin'd to follow; he was even jealous of the honour and reputation which that man would infallibly have acquir'd in a little time; he forgot all his paſt ſervices, and left him here poor, and expos'd to the ſcorn of thoſe ſordid, baſe men, who value nothing but riches; but contented in his poverty, he lives a pleaſant life, in a retir'd place of this iſland, where he tills and manures his ground with his own hands. One of his ſons helps him in his work; they have a tender love for each other; their frugality and labour make them happy, and ſupply them with an abundance of all things neceſſary for a plain way of living. That wiſe old man diſtributes to the ſick and poor of his neighbourhood, all that he can ſpare from his own wants and his ſon's: He ſets all young people to work, and encourages, admoniſhes, and inſtructs them: He decides all controverſies amongſt his neighbours, and is, as it were, the father of all families. His own misfortune is, that he has a ſecond ſon, who would never follow his advice in any thing: The father having borne with him a long time, with hopes to reclaim him from his vices, has at laſt turn'd him out of his houſe; ſince which he has abandon'd himſelf to fond ambition, and all extravagant pleaſures.

This, O Cretans! is what I have been inform'd; you can beſt tell whether that relation be true; but if that man be ſuch as he is deſcrib'd to be, what need you celebrate any games? Why do you aſſemble together ſo many unknown perſons? You have amongſt you a man who knows you, and whom you know; one who underſtands war, who has ſhewn his courage not only againſt darts and arrows, but againſt dreadful poverty, and has deſpis'd riches gain'd by flattery; one who loves labour; who knows how uſeful agriculture is to a nation; who abhors pomp and luxury;

who ſuffers not himſelf to be unmann'd by a blind fondneſs for his children, and loves the virtue of the one, and condemns the vices of the other. In a word, a man who is already the father of the people. This muſt be your king, if you truly deſire to ſee the laws of wiſe Minos reign amongſt you.

All the people cry'd out: 'Tis true, Ariſtodemus is ſuch as you deſcribe him; 'tis he that deſerves the crown. The old men order'd he ſhould be call'd; he was fetch'd from among the croud, where he was mingled with the meaner ſort, and, having appear'd before them, calm and unconcern'd, they declare to him, that they had made him king. He anſwer'd, I cannot conſent to it, but upon theſe three conditions: Firſt, that I ſhall lay down my dignity in two years time, in caſe I can't make you better than you are at preſent, and if you remain refractory to the laws. Secondly, that I ſhall be free to maintain my plain and frugal way of living. And thirdly, that my children ſhall have no rank or precedence; and that after my death they ſhall be treated without any other diſtinction, than according to their merit, like the reſt of the citizens.

At theſe words, the air was fill'd with joyful acclamations; the chief of thoſe old men, who were the guardians of the laws, put the crown upon Ariſtodemus's head; and afterwards they offer'd ſacrifices to Jupiter, and the other great gods. Ariſtodemus gave us preſents, not with that magnificence which is uſual to kings, but with a noble ſimplicity. He gave to Hazael the laws of Minos, written with Minos's own hand; he likewiſe gave him a collection of the whole hiſtory of the iſle of Crete, from Saturn and the golden age, down to that time: He ſent aboard his ſhip all kinds of the choiceſt fruits that grow in Crete, but are unknown in Syria, and offer'd him all the aſſiſtance he had occaſion for.

Now, becauſe we preſs'd for our departure, he order'd a ſhip to be fitted up, and mann'd with a great number

number of ſtrong rowers, and arm'd men; he gave us likewiſe changes of cloaths, and all manner of proviſions. At that very inſtant there aroſe a fair wind for Ithaca; this wind, being contrary to Hazael, oblig'd him to ſtay behind. He ſaw us go away, and embrac'd us as dear friends, whom he fear'd he ſhould ſee no more: However, ſaid he, the gods are juſt; they know our friendſhip is founded on virtue alone; they will one day bring us together again; and thoſe happy Elyſian Fields, where the good and juſt are ſaid to enjoy an eternal peace after death, ſhall ſee our ſouls meet, never to be parted any more. Oh! that my aſhes may be gathered into the ſame urn as yours! As he ſpoke theſe laſt words, he ſhed a flood of tears, and his voice was ſtifled by deep ſighs: We wept no leſs than he; and in this ſolemn woe he conducted us to our ſhip.

As for Ariſtodemus, he ſaid to us: 'Twas you made me king; remember what dangers you have expoſed me to, and therefore requeſt the gods that they may vouchſafe to inſpire me with true wiſdom, and make me as much ſuperior to other men in moderation, as I am above them in authority. For my part, I beſeech them to conduct you ſafe into your country, to confound the inſolence of your foes, and bleſs you with the ſight of Ulyſſes, reigning in peace with his dear Penelope. Telemachus, I give you a good ſhip, full of able mariners and ſoldiers, who may ſerve you againſt thoſe unjuſt men who perſecute your mother. O Mentor! your all-ſufficient wiſdom leaves me no room even to wiſh you any thing! go both in peace, and live together happy; remember Ariſtodemus; and if ever the Ithacians have occaſion for the Cretans, depend upon me as long as I have breath. He embrac'd us, and we could not forbear mingling our tears with our thanks.

In the mean time, the wind, which fill'd our ſpreading ſails, ſeem'd to promiſe a pleaſant voyage. Already mount Ida began to decreaſe in our ſight,

and

and look'd like a little hill; the Cretan ſhore diſappear'd, and the coaſt of Peloponneſus ſeem'd to advance into the ſea to meet us. But on a ſudden, a low'ring ſtorm over-caſt the ſky, and ſtirr'd up all the billows of the ſea; the day was turn'd into night, and ghaſtly death hover'd over us. O Neptune, it is you, who with your proud trident, rouſed up the rage of your watry empire! Venus, to be reveng'd upon us for deſpiſing her even in her temple of Cythera, went to that god, and ſpoke to him, full of grief, and with her beauteous eyes diſſolv'd in tears; at leaſt, it is what Mentor, who is acquainted with celeſtial things, has aſſured me. O Neptune, ſaid ſhe, will you ſuffer thoſe impious wretches to mock my power with impunity? The gods themſelves acknowledge it; yet theſe raſh mortals have dared to condemn all the cuſtoms of my iſland; they pretend to a wiſdom, proof againſt all paſſions, and look upon love as folly and madneſs. Have you forgot that I was born in your dominion? Why do you delay any longer to bury, in your deep abyſſes, thoſe two wretches whom I abhor.

She had ſcarce done ſpeaking, when Neptune made his boiſterous waves riſe up to the very ſkies, and Venus ſmiled, believing our wreck inevitable. Our pilot, being now beſide himſelf, cry'd out, that he could no longer oppoſe the violence of the winds, which fiercely drove us upon ſome rocks; a guſt of wind broke our main-maſt; and a moment after, we heard the bottom of our ſhip ſplit againſt the craggy points of the rocks. The water enters at ſeveral places; the ſhip ſinks; all the crew rend the ſky with lamentable cries. I embraced Mentor, and ſaid to him, death is come; we muſt receive it with courage; the gods have deliver'd us from ſo many dangers, only to deſtroy us this day: Let us die, O Mentor, let us die! it is a comfort to me that I die with you; it were in vain to contend for our lives againſt the ſtorm.

To

To this Mentor anſwer'd: True courage finds always ſome reſource or other; it is not enough to expect death calmly and unconcern'd; we ſhould alſo, without being afraid of it, uſe all our endeavours to keep it off. Let you and I take one of the rower's ſeats. Whilſt that multitude of fearful and troubled men regret the loſs of their lives, without uſing means to preſerve them; let us not loſe one moment to ſave our ſelves. Thereupon he took a hatchet, and cut off the broken maſt, which hanging into the ſea, made the ſhip lean on one ſide. The maſt being thus ſevered from it's ſtump, he ſhoved it out of the ſhip, and leap'd upon it amidſt the furious waves. Then, calling me by my name, he encourag'd me to follow him. As a great tree, which all the confederate winds attack in vain, and which remains unmov'd, and fix'd to it's deep roots, ſo that the ſtorm can only ſhake it's leaves: Thus Mentor, not only reſolute and couragious, but alſo calm and undiſturb'd, ſeemed to command the winds and ſea. I follow'd him; for who could not have follow'd, being encourag'd by Mentor? And now we ſteer ourſelves upon the floating maſt. It prov'd a great help to us, for we ſat a-ſtride upon it; whereas, had we been forc'd to ſwim all the while, our ſtrength had ſoon been ſpent. But the ſtorm did often turn and over-ſet this huge piece of timber; ſo that, being plung'd into the ſea, we ſwallow'd large draughts of the briny flood, which run afterwards out of our mouths, ears, and noſtrils; and we were forc'd to contend with the waves, to get uppermoſt again. Sometimes alſo we were overwhelm'd by a billow as big as a mountain, and then we kept faſt to the maſt, for fear that violent ſhock ſhould make us loſe hold of what was now our only hope.

Whilſt we were in that dreadful condition, Mentor, as calm and unconcern'd as he is now upon this green turf, ſaid to me, do you think, O Telemachus! that your life is at the mercy of the winds and the waves?

do

do you believe, that they can deſtroy you, unleſs the gods have order'd it? No, no; the gods over-rule and decree all things; and therefore it is the gods. and not the ſea, you ought to fear. Were you in the deep bottom of the ſea, great Jove's hand were able to deliver you out of it; and were you on the top of Olympus, having the ſtars under your feet, he could plunge you in the deep abyſs, or hurl you down into the flames of black Tartarus. I liſtened to, and admired his ſpeech, which gave me a little comfort; but my mind was not calm enough to anſwer him. We paſs'd a whole night without ſeeing one another, trembling, and half dead with cold, not knowing whither the ſtorm would drive us. At length, the winds began to relent, and the roaring ſea was like one, who having been a long time in a great paſſion, has almoſt ſpent his ſpirits, and feels only the remains of a ruffled motion, which draws towards a calm: thus the ſea grown weary, as it were, of it's own fury, growled in hollow murmurs, and it's waves became little higher than the ridges of land betwixt two furrows in a ploughed field.

In the mean time, bright Aurora, with her dewy wings, came to open the gates of the ſky, to introduce the radiant ſun, and ſeemed to promiſe a fair day. All the eaſt was ſtreaked with fiery beams; and the ſtars, which had ſo long been hid, began to twinkle again, but withdrew as ſoon as Phœbus appeared on the lightened horizon. We deſcry'd land afar off, and the wind wafted us towards it. Hereupon, I felt hopes reviving in my heart, but we ſaw none of our companions. It is probable their courage failed them, and the tempeſt ſunk them together with the ſhip. Being come pretty near the ſhore, the ſea drove us againſt the ſharp rocks, which were like to have beat us to pieces; but we endeavour'd to oppoſe to them the end of our maſt, which Mentor uſed to as much advantage, as a wiſe ſteerſman does the beſt rudder. Thus we eſcap'd thoſe dreadful rocks, and found, at laſt,

laſt, a clear and eaſy coaſt, where we ſwam without any hindrance, and landed at laſt on the ſandy ſhore. There you ſaw us, O great goddeſs! you who reign over this iſland; there you vouchſafed to receive and comfort us.

The END of the SIXTH BOOK.

THE

THE ADVENTURES OF *TELEMACHUS.*

BOOK VII.

The ARGUMENT.

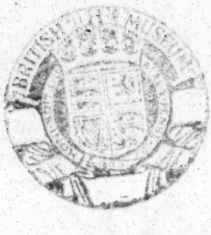
Calypſo admires Telemachus in his adventures, and tries all means to detain him in her iſland, by engaging him in an amour with her. Mentor, by his wiſe counſels, ſupports Telemachus againſt the artifices of that goddeſs, and againſt Cupid himſelf, whom Venus had brought to her aſſiſtance. Nevertheleſs, Telemachus and the nymph Eucharis ſoon feel a mutual paſſion, which at firſt raiſes Calypſo's jealouſy, and afterwards her reſentment againſt thoſe two lovers. She ſwears by the Stygian lake, that Telemachus ſhall go out of her iſland. Cupid goes to comfort her, and obliges her nymphs to ſet on fire a ſhip built by Mentor, juſt as the latter was forcing away Telemachus, to embark in it, Telemachus feels

N. Parr Sc.

feels a ſecret joy at the burning of the ſhip; which Mentor perceiving, puſhes him headlong into the ſea, and throws himſelf in after him, in order, by ſwimming, to get to another ſhip which he perceiv'd near that coaſt.

TELEMACHUS having ended his ſpeech, all the nymphs, whoſe deep attention had kept them motionleſs, with eyes fix'd upon him, began to look upon one another, and aſk'd among themſelves, with aſtoniſhment, who are theſe men ſo cheriſh'd by the gods? Who did ever hear ſuch wonderful adventures? The ſon of Ulyſſes does already ſurpaſs his father, in eloquence, wiſdom, and valour. What a look! What beauty! What ſweetneſs! What modeſty! But withal, what nobleneſs and majeſty! If we did not know him to be the ſon of a mortal, we might eaſily take him either for Bacchus, Mercury, or even the great Apollo. But who is this Mentor, who looks like a plain, obſcure, and ordinary man! When one views him narrowly, there appears in him ſomthing more than human.

Calypſo liſten'd to this diſcourſe, with a concern which ſhe could not conceal; her eyes inſtantly wander'd from Mentor to Telemachus, and from Telemachus to Mentor. Sometimes ſhe would have Telemachus begin again that long ſtory of his adventures; then, on the ſudden, ſhe check'd herſelf; and, at laſt, riſing abruptly form her ſeat, ſhe led Telemachus alone into a grove of myrtles, where ſhe uſed all her arts to know from him, if Mentor was not ſome deity conceal'd in human ſhape? Telemachus could not ſatisfy her; for Minerva, who accompany'd him under the ſhape of Mentor, had not diſcover'd herſelf to him, by reaſon of his youth, for ſhe did not yet truſt his ſecrecy ſo far, as to make him the confident of her deſigns. Beſides, ſhe had a mind to



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try him in the greateſt dangers; and, had he known that Minerva was his companion, ſuch a ſupport would have made him too preſuming, and he would have deſpiſed the fierceſt and moſt dreadful accidents, without any concern. Therefore, he all along apprehended Minerva to be indeed Mentor; and all the artifices of Calypſo could not diſcover what ſhe deſired to know.

In the mean time, all the nymphs, gathering round Mentor, took great delight in aſking him queſtions: one of them aſk'd him the particulars of his travels into Ethiopia; another deſir'd to be inform'd of what he had ſeen at Damaſcus; and a third aſk'd him, Whether he was acquainted with Ulyſſes before the ſiege of Troy? He anſwer'd every one with gentle courteſy; and, though his words were plain, yet were they full of beauty. It was not long before Calypſo return'd, and interrupted their converſation; and whilſt her nymphs fell to gathering of flowers, ſinging all the while to amuſe Telemachus, ſhe took Mentor aſide, in order to make him ſpeak and diſcover who he was. As the ſoft vapours of ſleep do gently glide into the heavy eyes, and weary'd limbs, of a man quite ſpent with fatigue; ſo the flattering words of the goddeſs inſinuated themſelves, in order to bewitch the heart of Mentor; but ſtill ſhe met with ſomething that baffled her efforts, and mock'd her charms. Like a ſteep rock, which hides it's proud forehead among the clouds, and defies the rage of the inſulting winds; thus Mentor, unſhaken in his wiſe reſolves, ſuffer'd the preſſing importunities of the inquiſitive Calypſo; nay, ſometimes he gave her a glimpſe of hope, that ſhe might enſnare him with her queſtions, and draw forth the truth from the bottom of his heart: but in the inſtant when ſhe thought herſelf moſt ſure to ſatisfy her curioſity, her hopes vaniſh'd away; what ſhe imagin'd ſhe held faſt, gave her preſently the ſlip; and one ſhort anſwer from Mentor threw her back into her former uncertainty.

Thus

Thus ſhe ſpent whole days, now flattering Telemachus, and then endeavouring to take him away from Mentor, from whom ſhe deſpair'd of ever getting the ſecret. She made uſe of her faireſt nymphs to kindle the fire of love in young Telemachus's heart, and a deity more powerful than Calypſo came to her aſſiſtance.

Venus, ſtill full of reſentment for the contempt which Mentor and Telemachus expreſſed of the worſhip that was paid her in the iſland of Cyprus, was enrag'd to ſee that theſe two raſh mortals had eſcap'd the fury of the winds and the ſea, in the late ſtorm rais'd by Neptune. She complain'd bitterly to Jupiter; but the father of the gods, unwilling to let her know, that Minerva, in the ſhape of Mentor, had preſerv'd the ſon of Ulyſſes, told her with a ſmile, That he gave her leave to revenge herſelf of thoſe two men. She therefore leaves Olympus; neglects the ſweet perfumes which are burnt on her altars at Paphos, Cythera, and Idalia; flies in her chariot, drawn by doves; calls her ſon Cupid, and with a face full of ſorrow, adorn'd with new charms, ſhe thus beſpeaks him:

Doſt thou not ſee, my ſon, thoſe two men, who ſcorn my power and thine? Who for the future will worſhip us? Go and pierce with thy arrows thoſe two inſenſible hearts: deſcend with me into that iſland, where I will diſcourſe with Calypſo. She ſaid; and, cutting the yielding air in a golden cloud, preſented herſelf to Calypſo, who, at that moment, ſat alone on the edge of a fountain, at ſome diſtance from her grotto.

Unhappy goddeſs, ſaid ſhe to her, the ungrateful Ulyſſes has deſpis'd and abandon'd you; his ſon, ſtill more cruel than his father, is preparing to do the ſame: But love himſelf is come to revenge your cauſe. I leave him with you; he may remain among your nymphs, as heretofore young Baechus was bred among the nymphs of the iſle of Naxos. Telema-

chus will look upon him as an ordinary child; and, not miſtruſting him, will ſoon feel his power. She ſaid; and re-aſcending in the golden cloud from whence ſhe alighted, ſhe left behind her a ſweet ſmell of Ambroſia, which perfumed all the woods and thickets around.

Cupid remain'd in the arms of Calypſo, who, tho' a goddeſs, began to feel a ſecret flame glide thro' her boſom. To relieve herſelf, ſhe preſently gave him to a nymph who happen'd to be near her, whoſe name was Eucharis; but alas! how often did ſhe repent it afterwards? At firſt, nothing appear'd more innocent, more gentle, more lovely, more ingenious, more obliging than this child. By his ſprightly, flattering, and ever-ſmiling looks, one would have thought he could bring nothing but delight; but, as ſoon as one began to truſt his fond careſſes, there was found in them a ſtrange venom. That malicious, deceitful boy never flatter'd, but with a deſign to betray; and never ſmil'd, but at the cruel miſchief he had done, or meant to do. He durſt not come near Mentor, being frighted away by his ſeverity; beſides, he was ſenſible, that unknown perſon was invulnerable, and not to be pierced by his arrows. As for the nymphs, they ſoon felt the flames that were kindled by this treacherous boy; but they carefully concealed the deep wounds which feſter'd in their breaſts.

In the mean time, Telemachus, ſeeing the boy playing with the nymphs, was ſurpriz'd with his beauty and gentleneſs. He embraces him, ſometimes he takes him on his knees, and ſometimes in his arms. He feels within himſelf a ſecret uneaſineſs, the cauſe of which he cannot diſcover; the more he indulges himſelf in his innocent play, the more he is diſorder'd and ſoften'd. Do you ſee thoſe nymphs, ſaid he to Mentor? How different are they from thoſe women of the iſle of Cyprus, whoſe very beauty was offenſive, by reaſon of their immodeſty! But

theſe

theſe immortal beauties diſplay an innocency, a modeſty, a ſimplicity, all over charming! At theſe words he bluſh'd; but could not tell why: He could not forbear ſpeaking of them; yet no ſooner had he began, but he wanted power to proceed. His words were broken, obſcure, and ſometimes without ſenſe or meaning. Hereupon Mentor ſaid to him, O Telemachus! the dangers you eſcap'd in the iſle of Cyprus, were nothing compar'd with thoſe which now you don't miſtruſt. Bare-fac'd lewdneſs ſtrikes horror, and brutiſh impudence raiſes our indignation; but modeſt beauty is much more dangerous and enſnaring. When we begin to love it, we fancy we are in love with virtue only; and, by inſenſible degrees, we yield to the deceitful allurements of a paſſion, which we can ſcarce perceive, before it is almoſt too fierce to be extinguiſhed. Fly, my dear Telemachus, fly from thoſe nymphs, who are ſo modeſt and diſcreet only to decoy you: Fly from the dangers your youth expoſes you to; but above all, fly from that boy, whom you do not know. 'Tis Cupid himſelf, whom his mother Venus has brought into this iſland, to revenge the contempt you teſtify'd for the worſhip which was paid to her at Cythera. He has wounded the heart of the goddeſs Calypſo, and made her paſſionately in love with you; he has fir'd all thoſe nymphs that are now about him; and even Telemachus himſelf: Oh! wretched young man, you yourſelf burn, ſcarcely perceiving your own ſecret flame!

Telemachus often interrupted Mentor, ſaying, but why ſhall we not ſtay in this iſland? Ulyſſes is no longer among the living, and muſt certainly have been a long time bury'd in the waves; and Penelope, ſeeing neither of us return home, can never have been able to reſiſt ſo many lovers; and without doubt her father Icarus has by this time oblig'd her to marry a ſecond huſband. Shall I return to Ithaca, to ſee her engag'd in new bonds, contrary to the ſolemn faith ſhe had plighted to my father? The Ithacians have

quite forgot Ulyſſes; and we cannot return thither, without running upon certain death, ſince Penelope's lovers are already poſſeſs'd of all the avenues to the port, to make our deſtruction more ſure at our return.

Mentor reply'd: Your diſcourſe is the reſult of a blind paſſion; with great ſubtilty we ſearch out all the reaſons which ſeem to favour it, and with no leſs care we turn away our view from thoſe which condemn it: We employ all our wit in deceiving ourſelves, and ſtifling thoſe remorſes which give a check to our deſires. Have you forgot all that the gods have done, in order to bring you back into your own country? Which way did you come out of Sicily? Thoſe misfortunes which befel you in Egypt, did they not turn on a ſudden to your proſperity? What unſeen hand ſnatch'd you from all thoſe impending dangers which threaten'd your head in the city of Tyre? After ſo many wonderful deliverances, can you be doubtful of what the gods have in ſtore for you? But what do I ſay? You are unworthy of their favours. For my own part, I will leave you, and ſoon quit this iſland. But you, O degenerate ſon of ſo wiſe and noble a father! you may lead here a ſoft, inglorious life among women; and, in ſpite of heaven, do what your father thought unworthy of him.

Theſe ſcornful reproofs ſtung Telemachus to the very ſoul; he felt his heart relenting at Mentor's words; his grief was mingled with ſhame; he fear'd both the departure and indignation of ſo wiſe a perſon, to whom he was ſo very much oblig'd; but a new-born paſſion, with which he was but little acquainted, made him quite another man. What, ſaid he to Mentor with tears in his eyes, do you reckon for nothing that immortal life which the goddeſs offers me? No, anſwer'd Mentor, I make no account of any thing that is inconſiſtent with virtue, and againſt the ſupreme decrees of heaven. Virtue calls you back into your own country, that you may ſee and comfort Ulyſſes and Penelope; virtue forbids you

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to abandon yourſelf to an extravagant paſſion: The gods, who deliver'd you from ſo many dangers, in order to make your glory ſhine as bright as your father's, the gods, I ſay, command you to quit this iſland. Love alone, that baſe tyrant love, can he detain you here? But what will you do with immortality bereft of liberty, virtue, and glory? This ſort of life would ſtill be the more wretched, by being endleſs. Telemachus anſwer'd him only with ſighs; ſometimes he wiſh'd that Mentor had forc'd him away in ſpite of himſelf from that iſland; and ſometimes he wiſh'd that Mentor's departure had rid him of a troubleſome, rigid friend, who was ever reproaching him with his weakneſs. His ſoul was continually diſtracted by various thoughts; nor did he continue long in any one of them. His heart was like the ſea, which is toſs'd by contrary winds, that ſport with it's inconſtant waves. He often lay ſtretch'd at full length and motionleſs on the ſea-ſhore; ſometimes, in the midſt of ſome gloomy wood, he ſhed a flood of bitter tears, and cry'd like a roaring lion: he was grown lean; his hollow eyes were full of a devouring fire; and by his pale, down-caſt looks, and diſfigur'd face, one could never have thought he had been Telemachus. His beauty, his gaiety, and his noble aſpect, were fled from him; he was like a flower, which being blown in the morning, diffuſes it's fragrancy around the field, but fades inſenſibly towards the evening; it's lively colours decay, it languiſhes, it withers, and it's fine top droops, and bears down the feeble ſtalk. Thus was the ſon of Ulyſſes brought to the gates of death.

Mentor, perceiving that Telemachus was not able to reſiſt the violence of his paſſion, bethought himſelf of a ſtratagem to deliver him from ſo great a danger. He took notice that Calypſo was deſperately in love with Telemachus, and that Telemachus was no leſs taken with the charms of the young nymph Eucharis; for cruel Cupid, to torment mortals, makes

makes them ſeldom love the perſon by whom they are belov'd. Now, upon a day, when Telemachus was to go out a hunting with Eucharis, Mentor, in order to raiſe Calypſo's jealouſy, ſpoke to her in theſe words: I find in Telemachus an eager love for hunting, which I never perceiv'd in him before; this recreation makes him ſlight all other pleaſures; he only delights in foreſts and wild mountains: is it you, O goddeſs, who have inſpir'd him with this ſtrong paſſion?

Calypſo was touch'd with cruel vexation at theſe words, and was not able to contain herſelf. This Telemachus, anſwer'd ſhe, who deſpis'd all the pleaſures of the iſle of Cyprus, cannot reſiſt the faint charms of one of my nymphs. How dares he to boaſt of ſo many wonderful actions, whoſe heart is ſo ſhamefully ſoftened by effeminate pleaſures, and who ſeems to be born only to lead an obſcure, inglorious life among women? Mentor, not a little pleas'd to find that jealouſy began to diſturb the heart of Calypſo, ſaid no more at that time for fear ſhe ſhould diſtruſt him; he only expreſs'd his concern by his ſad and down-caſt looks. The goddeſs diſcover'd to him her uneaſineſs at all thoſe things ſhe had obſerv'd, and renew'd her complaints every day: this hunting-match, of which Mentor gave her notice, rais'd her fury to the height; ſhe was told, that Telemachus had no other deſign in his ſports, than to withdraw from the other nymphs, in order to converſe with Eucharis alone. There was alſo a talk of a ſecond hunting-match, wherein ſhe foreſaw he would behave as he had done in the firſt. But to break Telemachus's meaſures, ſhe declar'd, that ſhe deſign'd to make one amongſt them; and then on a ſudden, being no more able to contain her paſſion, ſhe ſpoke to him in theſe words:

Is it for this, raſh young mortal! that thou art come into my iſland, eſcaping the juſt wreck which Neptune prepar'd for thee, and the vengeance of the gods?

gods? Didſt thou come into this iſland, which no mortal ever dares to approach, only to deſpiſe my power, and the love I have expreſs'd for thee? O all ye powerful deities of heaven and hell, hear the complaints of an unfortunate goddeſs! haſten to confound and deſtroy this perfidious, this ungrateful, this impious man! Since thou art ſtill more cruel and unjuſt than thy father, may thy ſufferings be more cruel and laſting than his; may'ſt thou never ſee thy country again, that poor and wretched Ithaca, which thou haſt not bluſh'd baſely to prefer to immortality; or rather, may'ſt thou be deſtroy'd in ſight of it, in the middle of the ſea; and may thy body become the ſport of the waves, and be caſt on this ſandy ſhore, without any hopes of burial; may my eyes ſee it devour'd by ravenous vultures; may ſhe whom you love ſee it alſo; yes, ſhe ſhall ſee it; that ſight ſhall break her heart; and her deſpair ſhall be my bliſs and delight.

Whilſt Calypſo was thus ſpeaking, her eyes glow'd and ſparkled with fire; her wild, diſtracted looks were ever unſteady; they had ſomething gloomy and ſavage in them; her trembling cheeks were full of livid ſpots; her colour chang'd every moment; her face was often over-ſpread with a deadly paleneſs; her tears did not flow ſo plentifully as before, their ſpring being in a great meaſure dry'd up by rage and deſpair, ſo that ſcarcely any bedew'd her cheeks; her voice was hoarſe, trembling, and broken. Mentor obſerv'd the different motions of her paſſion, and ſpoke no more to Telemachus; he us'd him as we do a man deſperately ill, and given over by the phyſicians; yet would often look upon him with compaſſionate eyes.

Telemachus was ſenſible how guilty he was, and unworthy of Mentor's friendſhip; he durſt not lift up his eyes, for fear they ſhould meet thoſe of his friend, whoſe very ſilence condemn'd him. Sometimes he had a mind to embrace him, and confeſs to

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him how deeply he was concern'd for his fault; but ſtill he was with-held, ſometimes by a miſtaken ſhame, ſometimes by a fear of doing more than he intended, to avoid a danger which ſeem'd ſo pleaſing to him; for he could not yet reſolve within himſelf to conquer his fooliſh paſſion.

The gods and goddeſſes of bright Olympus, were now met together, and with profound ſilence kept their eyes fix'd on Calypſo's iſland, impatient to know who would be victorious, Minerva or Cupid. The god of love, by his ſporting and playing with the nymphs, had ſet all the iſland on fire; and Minerva, under the ſhape of Mentor, employ'd jealouſy, the inſeparable companion of love, againſt love himſelf. Jupiter reſolv'd to be only a ſpectator of this conteſt, and to ſtand neuter. In the mean time, Eucharis, who was afraid to loſe Telemachus, us'd a thouſand arts to keep him in her chains. And now ſhe was juſt ready to go out a ſecond time a hunting with him; her dreſs was exactly like that of Diana; Venus and Cupid had ſupply'd her with new charms, inſomuch, that her beauty then eclipſed even that of the goddeſs Calypſo herſelf. Calypſo, ſeing her afar off, preſently turn'd her eyes down to view herſelf in one of her cleareſt fountains; and, being aſham'd of her own face, ſhe run to hide herſelf in the remoteſt part of her grotto, and talked thus to herſelf:

In vain then have I endeavour'd to diſturb the joys of theſe two lovers, by declaring that I deſign'd to be one of the hunters. Shall I go with them? Shall I be the occaſion of her triumph? and ſhall my beauty ſerve only for a foil to her's? Shall Telemachus at the ſight of my charms be ſtill more tranſported with thoſe of Eucharis? Oh! wretched me! what have I done? No, I will not go; neither ſhall they themſelves go; I know well enough how to prevent them. I'll go to Mentor, I'll deſire him to carry away Telemachus from this iſland, and convey him to Ithaca. But what do I ſay? and what muſt become

become of forlorn me, when Telemachus is gone? Where am I? O cruel Venus! what ſhall I do? O Venus! you have deceiv'd me! What a treacherous preſent you gave me! Pernicious boy! infectious love! I gave thee free entrance into my heart, only with the hope of living happy with Telemachus, and thou haſt brought into that heart nothing but trouble and deſpair. My nymphs have rebell'd againſt me; and my divinity ſerves only to make my miſeries eternal. Oh! that I could deſtroy myſelf, to end my ſorrows! But, O Telemachus! ſince I cannot die, thou muſt. I will be reveng'd on thy ingratitude. Thy nymph ſhall be an eye-witneſs of it; I will ſtrike thee to the heart, while ſhe ſtands by. But, whither does my raving paſſion hurry me? Oh! unfortunate Calypſo! What meaneſt thou? Wilt thou deſtroy a guiltleſs youth, whom thou thyſelf haſt plung'd into this abyſs of misfortunes! I myſelf have convey'd the fatal brand into the chaſt boſom of Telemachus. How innocent was he before! how virtuous! how averſe to vice! reſolute againſt ſhameful pleaſures! What made me poiſon his heart? ..... He would have abandon'd me. ..... Well! ſhall he not leave me now? or ſhall he ſtay to deſpiſe me, and make my rival bleſs'd? ..... No, no, I ſuffer nothing, but what I have juſtly deſerv'd. Go, dear Telemachus, go, croſs the ſeas; leave Calypſo comfortleſs, whoſe life is a burthen to her, and who cannot meet death to eaſe her torments; leave her, diſconſolate, cover'd with ſhame, and full of deſpair, together with thy proud Eucharis.

Thus ſhe ſpoke to herſelf in her grotto; but ruſhing out on the ſudden, tranſported with impetuous fury, Where are you, O Mentor! ſaid ſhe? Is it thus you ſupport Telemachus againſt the aſſaults of vice, to which he is juſt ready to yield? You ſleep, whilſt love is broad awake to undo him. I cannot bear any longer with that ſhameful indifference you ſhew. Will you always calmly look on, and ſee

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the ſon of Ulyſſes diſgrace his father, and neglect the great things to which he is deſtin'd? Is it you or me, whom his parents have entruſted with his conduct? I endeavour to find remedies to cure his diſtemper'd heart, and will you ſtand idle and unconcern'd? There are in the remoteſt part of this foreſt, tall poplars, fit for the building of a ſhip; there it was Ulyſſes built that in which he ſailed away from this iſland. You will find in the ſame place, a deep cavern, wherein are all manner of inſtruments neceſſary to cut out and join together all the different parts of a ſhip.

She had ſcarce utter'd theſe words, but ſhe repented of them. Mentor did not loſe one moment of time; he went down into that cave, found the tools, fell'd the poplars, and in one day equipp'd and fitted out a ſhip for ſea; for Minerva's power and induſtry require but very little time to bring the greateſt works to perfection.

Calypſo, in the mean time, was under the moſt horrible agony of mind. On the one ſide, ſhe was willing to ſee whether Mentor's work went forward; on the other, ſhe could not find in her heart to leave the hunting-match, where Eucharis would have enjoy'd the company of Telemachus, in full liberty. Her jealouſy never ſuffer'd her to loſe ſight of thoſe two lovers; but at the ſame time, ſhe endeavour'd to turn the chace towards that place where ſhe knew Mentor was building the ſhip; ſhe heard the ſtrokes of the hatchet and hammer; ſhe liſten'd; and every blow ſtruck her with horror. But then, in the ſame moment, ſhe was afraid leſt the buſying her mind on Mentor, ſhould make her miſs ſome look or wink from Telemachus to the young nymph.

In the mean time, Eucharis ſaid to Telemachus, in a jeering tone, Are not you afraid of being reprov'd by Mentor, for going out a hunting without him? Oh! how you are to be pity'd for living under ſo rigorous a maſter, whoſe ſevere auſterity nothing can mitigate! He profeſſes himſelf an enemy to all manner of plea-

ſure,

ſure, and will not ſuffer you to enjoy any; he condemns, as a crime, the moſt innocent actions. You might be ruled by him, indeed, when you was not able to govern yourſelf; but after you have ſhew'd ſo much wiſdom, you ſhould no longer ſuffer yourſelf to be us'd as a child. Theſe crafty words ſunk deep into Telemachus's heart, and fill'd it with indignation againſt Mentor, whoſe yoke he was willing to ſhake off. He fear'd to ſee him again, and was ſo perplex'd, that he return'd Eucharis no anſwer. After they had ſpent the day in hunting, and in perpetual conſtraint; at laſt, towards the evening, they return'd home through that part of the foreſt, near which Mentor had been working all day. Calypſo ſaw afar off the ſhip compleatly built, and at that ſight her eyes were overſpread with a thick cloud, like that of gloomy death. Her trembling knees gave way, and ſunk beneath her body: a cold damp ſweat ſeized all her limbs: ſhe was forc'd to lean on the nymphs that ſtood about her; and, as Eucharis reach'd her hand to ſupport her, ſhe put it back with a dreadful frown.

Telemachus, who ſaw the ſhip, but did not ſee Mentor, who was already gone home, having juſt finiſh'd his work, aſk'd the goddeſs, who it was that own'd that ſhip, and for what uſe it was deſign'd? She was at firſt puzzled for an anſwer; but, a-while after, ſhe ſaid, I caus'd it to be built to ſend away Mentor: you'll not be troubled any longer with that ſevere friend, who thwarts your happineſs, and would grow jealous of you, if you ſhould become immortal. Mentor forſake me! I am undone! cry'd Telemachus. O Eucharis, if Mentor abandons me, I have no friend left but you. Having let theſe words fall in the tranſport of his paſſion, he ſaw preſently how much his raſhneſs was to blame; but he was not at liberty enough to think on their meaning at firſt. All the company was ſilent, and full of ſurprize. Eucharis bluſh'd, and caſt her eyes down; ſhe ſtaid behind the

reſt ſpeechleſs, not daring to ſhew herſelf: yet, whilſt her face was overſpread with trouble and confuſion, ſhe felt a ſecret joy in her heart. As for Telemachus, he could not underſtand himſelf, nor think he had ſpoke ſo indiſcreetly; what he had done ſeem'd to him as a dream, but ſuch a dream as fill'd him with perplexity and uneaſineſs.

Calypſo, more fierce and wild than a lioneſs that has her whelps taken from her, ran up and down the foreſt, without knowing whither ſhe was going. At laſt, ſhe found herſelf at the entrance of her grotto, where Mentor expected her. Go out of my iſland, ſaid ſhe, you ſtrangers, who came hither to trouble my repoſe: away with that young fool: and you, old dotard, ſhall feel the power of an enrag'd goddeſs, unleſs you carry him away this very moment. I will ſee him no more; nor ſhall any of my nymphs ſpeak to him, or ſo much as look upon him. I ſwear it by the Stygian lake; an oath which makes the gods themſelves tremble. But know, Telemachus! that thy misfortunes are not at an end: no, ungrateful wretch, if I turn thee out of my iſland, 'tis only that thou may'ſt become a prey to new diſaſters. I ſhall be reveng'd; thou ſhalt regret the loſs of Calypſo, but all in vain; Neptune, ſtill angry at thy father who offended him in Sicily, and ſollicited by Venus, whom thou didſt deſpiſe in the iſle of Cyprus, prepares new ſtorms for thee. Thou ſhalt ſee thy father, who is ſtill alive; but thou ſhalt ſee him without knowing him. Thou ſhalt not meet him at Ithaca, until thou haſt been the ſport of the moſt cruel fortune. Depart ..... I conjure the celeſtial powers to revenge me! May'ſt thou, in the middle of the raging ſea, hang thunder-ſtruck on the ſharp point of a rock, invoking in vain Calypſo, whom thy juſt puniſhment will fill with joy.

Having ſpoke theſe words, her troubled and perplex'd mind was ready to re-call what ſhe had ſaid, and put her upon reſolutions quite oppoſite to the former.

former. Love reviv'd in her heart the fond deſire of ſtaying Telemachus: let him live, ſaid ſhe to herſelf; let him ſtay here; perhaps he may at laſt be ſenſible how much I have done for him. Eucharis cannot beſtow immortality upon him as I can. Oh! too blind Calypſo, thou haſt betray'd thyſelf by thy haſty oath; thou ſtandeſt now engag'd, and the Stygian waves, by which thou haſt ſworn, leave thee no manner of hope. Theſe words were heard by no-body; but one might ſee the picture of a fury in her ghaſtly face, and all the peſtilential venom of black Cocytus ſeem'd to reek out of her heart.

Telemachus was ſeiz'd with horror: ſhe perceiv'd it; for what can be hid from jealous love? Telemachus's diſorder redoubled the tranſports of the goddeſs. Like a furious prieſteſs of Bacchus, who fills the air with frightful roarings, and makes the Thracian mountains reſound with her ſhrieks: thus Calypſo roves about the woods, with a dart in her hand, calling all her nymphs, and threatning to pierce any one that ſhall refuſe to follow her. Frighted by theſe threats, they all crowd after her; even Eucharis advances with tears in her eyes, keeping her looks fix'd at a diſtance upon Telemachus, but not daring to ſpeak to him any more. The goddeſs ſhiver'd when ſhe ſaw her near her, and far from relenting upon that nymph's ſubmiſſion, ſhe felt a new fury when ſhe perceiv'd, that even grief and affliction ſerv'd to heighten the beauty of Eucharis.

In the mean time, Telemachus continu'd alone with Mentor: he graſps his knees, not daring either to embrace him, or look upon him; he ſheds a flood of tears; he offers to ſpeak, but his voice fails him; words fail him yet more; he knows neither what he is doing, nor what he ought to do, nor what he would do. At laſt he cries out, Oh! my true father! Oh! Mentor! deliver me from my miſeries! I cannot leave you, neither can I follow you: Oh!

deliver me out of all theſe troubles; rid me of myſelf; and give me preſent death.

Mentor embraces him, comforts him, encourages him, teaches him how to ſupport himſelf, without indulging his fond paſſion, and ſays to him, O! ſon of the wiſe Ulyſſes, whom the gods have lov'd ſo much, and whom they love ſtill, 'tis that very love that makes them expoſe you to ſuch terrible miſeries. Whoever is unacquainted with his own weakneſs, and the violence of his paſſions, cannot be called wiſe; for he is ſtill a ſtranger to his own heart, and has not learn'd to diſtruſt himſelf. The gods have conducted you, as it were by the hand, to the very brink of a precipice, to let you ſee the immenſe depth of it, without ſuffering you to fall into it; therefore, conceive now what you could never have comprehended, unleſs you had experienc'd it yourſelf. You would in vain have been told of the treacheries of love, who flatters in order to deſtroy; and who, under an outward ſweetneſs, conceals the moſt dreadful and unpleaſant bitterneſs. That lovely boy, all over charms, is come hither, attended by the ſports, the ſmiles, and the Graces; you have ſeen him; he has robb'd you of your heart, and you yourſelf were pleas'd with this robbery. You labour'd to find pretences to conceal from yourſelf the feſtering wound of your heart; you endeavour'd to deceive me and yourſelf; you fear'd nothing; ſee now the effect of your raſhneſs: you now call upon death as the only remedy of your ills. The diſtemper'd goddeſs is like one of the infernal furies; Eucharis is conſum'd by a fire, a thouſand times more cruel than all the racking pangs of death; all thoſe jealous nymphs are ready to tear one another to pieces: and lo! this is the work of that traytor, Love, for all he appears ſo gentle and inoffenſive. Summon all your courage to your aſſiſtance. O how highly are you belov'd by the gods, ſince they furniſh you with ſo fair an opportunity to fly from love, and

to

to return to your dear native country. Calypſo herſelf is forc'd to ſend you away; the ſhip is quite ready; why do we delay to quit an iſland where virtue cannot dwell?

As he ſpoke theſe laſt words, Mentor took him by the hand, and pulled him along toward the ſeaſhore. Telemachus follow'd him unwillingly, ſtill looking behind him. He kept his eyes fix'd upon Eucharis, who went away from him; and tho' he could not ſee her face, yet he view'd with admiration her fine hair, ty'd behind, her looſe garments playing with the wind, and her noble gait. He would gladly have kiſs'd the very ground on which ſhe went; and, even when he loſt ſight of her, he ſtill liſten'd, thinking that he heard her voice. Tho' abſent, he ſaw her ſtill; her living picture was preſent to his eyes; he even imagin'd he ſpoke to her, not knowing where he was, nor heeding what Mentor ſaid to him.

At laſt, when he began to recover, as if wak'd out of a profound ſleep, he ſaid to Mentor, I am reſolv'd to follow you, but I have not yet taken my leave of Eucharis. I had rather die, than thus ungratefully to forſake her: ſtay, I beſeech you, till I have ſeen her once more, and bidden her an eternal farewel; at leaſt, ſuffer me to ſay to her, Oh nymph! the cruel gods, the gods jealous of my happineſs, force me away from you; but they may ſooner put a period to my life, than ever blot you out of my memory. Oh father! either grant me this laſt and juſt conſolation, or tear away my life from me this moment. No, I will neither ſtay in this iſland, nor abandon myſelf to love; I have no ſuch paſſion in my breaſt, I only feel the impulſe of friendſhip and gratitude for Eucharis: I only deſire to bid her once more adieu, and then I'll follow you without delay.

How much I pity you! anſwer'd Mentor; your paſſion is ſo fierce and violent, that you are not

ſenſible of it. You think you are calm and compos'd, and yet you call upon death; you boaſt that you are not conquer'd by Cupid, and yet you cannot leave the nymph you love; you ſee and hear nothing but her, and are blind and deaf to every thing elſe. You are like a man, who, being delirious through a violent fever, cries he is not ſick. Oh blind Telemachus! you were ready to renounce your mother Penelope, who expects you; Ulyſſes, whom you ſhall ſee again; Ithaca, where you ſhall be a king; and finally, thoſe great honours, and that high fortune, which the gods have promis'd you by thoſe many wonders they have done in your favour: all theſe advantages you were going to renounce, to lead an inglorious life with Eucharis. Will you ſtill pretend, that it is not love that binds you to her? What is it then that diſcompoſes you? What makes you be willing to die? Why did you ſpeak with ſo much tranſport before the goddeſs? I do not charge you with diſſimulation, but I lament your blindneſs. Fly, Oh Telemachus! fly; for love is not to be conquer'd, but by flight: with ſuch an enemy, true courage conſiſts in fearing and in flying, without any deliberation, or ſo much as looking behind one. You have not forgot what care I have taken of you from your infancy, and what dangers you have eſcap'd by my counſels; either be ruled by me, or ſuffer me to leave you. Oh! if you knew how much I grieve to ſee you thus ruſh on your own ruin, and how much I have ſuffer'd during the time that I durſt not ſpeak to you! the pangs your mother felt when ſhe brought you forth, were nothing in compariſon of mine. I held my tongue; I fed upon my own grief, and ſtifled my ſighs, to ſee whether you would return to me again. O my ſon, my dear ſon, eaſe my oppreſs'd heart; reſtore to me what I hold dearer than my own bowels; reſtore to me my loſt Telemachus! reſtore yourſelf to yourſelf. If wiſdom can prevail over love in your breaſt, I ſhall

then

then live and be happy: but if love hurries you away in deſpight of wiſdom, Mentor can no longer live.

Whilſt Mentor was thus ſpeaking, he went on his way towards the ſea; and Telemachus, who was not yet confirm'd enough in his new reſolution to follow him of his own accord, was yet willing to ſuffer himſelf to be led away without reſiſtance. Minerva, who ſtill conceal'd herſelf under the ſhape of Mentor, covering Telemachus with her inviſible ſhield, and ſpreading round him beams of divine light, made him feel a reſolute courage, the like of which he had not experienc'd during his abode in that iſland. At laſt, they arriv'd at a very ſteep rock on the ſea-ſhore, which was continually buffetted by the foaming waves. From this height they look'd to ſee whether the ſhip Mentor had built was ſtill in the ſame place, but beheld a diſmal ſpectacle.

Cupid was highly incens'd, not only at the unknown old man's inſenſibility, but alſo at his robbing him of Telemachus; his vexation wrung tears from him, and made him run to Calypſo, who wander'd up and down the gloomy foreſts. She could not behold him without groaning, and felt her wounded heart bleeding afreſh. Cupid thus accoſts her: You are a goddeſs, and yet you ſuffer yourſelf to be conquer'd by a feeble mortal. who is a priſoner in your iſland! Why do you let him go? Oh unlucky boy, anſwer'd ſhe, I will no more give ear to thy deſtructive counſels; it is thou haſt broken my ſoft and profound tranquillity, and caſt me into a bottomleſs abyſs of miſery. It is now paſt re-call; ſince I have ſworn by the Stygian flood to let Telemachus go. Jove himſelf, almighty Jove, the father of the gods, dares not to break that dreadful oath. But, as Telemachus goes out of my iſland, go thou away too, pernicious boy, for thou haſt done me more miſchief than he.

Cupid

Cupid, having wip'd away his tears, with a ſcornful malicious ſmile, ſaid, Truly this is a mighty buſineſs to be puzzled at! leave all to my management; keep your oath, and do not oppoſe Telemachus's departure. Neither your nymphs nor I have ſworn by the Stygian flood to let him go. I will inſpire them with the deſign of burning that ſhip which Mentor has built ſo expeditiouſly. His diligence, which fill'd you with wonder, will be altogether vain; he ſhall have reaſon to wonder himſelf in his turn, and ſhall have no means left to take away Telemachus from you.

This flattering ſpeech convey'd pleaſing hopes and joys into the very bottom of Calypſo's heart, and allay'd the wild fury and deſpair of the goddeſs; juſt as a cooling breeze, which blows on the graſſy margin of a purling ſtream, refreſhes the languiſhing flocks, ſcorch'd by the ſummer's ſultry heat. Her aſpect became clear and ſerene; the fierceneſs of her eyes was ſoften'd; thoſe black thoughts, and carking cares, which prey'd upon her heart, fled from her for a moment; ſhe ſtopp'd, ſhe ſmil'd, ſhe careſs'd the wanton Cupid, and, by careſſing him, prepar'd new torments for herſelf.

Cupid, well pleas'd with having perſuaded Calypſo, flew inſtantly in order to perſuade the nymphs, who were wandering and diſpers'd up and down the mountains, like a flock of ſheep, which the rage of ravenous wolves hath frighted away from their ſhepherd. Cupid gathers them together, and tells them, Telemachus is ſtill in your hands; haſte, and let devouring flames conſume the ſhip which the raſh Mentor has built to favour his eſcape. Immediately they light torches, run towards the ſea-ſhore, they tremble, fill the air with dreadful howlings, and toſs about their diſhevell'd hair, like frantick Bacchanals. And now the greedy flames devour the ſhip, which burns the more fiercely, as ſhe is made of dry wood, daub'd over with roſin; and rolling

rolling clouds of ſmoak, ſtreak'd with flame, aſcend the ſkies.

Telemachus and Mentor behold this conflagration from the top of the rock; and as Telemachus heard the ſhoutings of the nymphs, he was almoſt tempted to rejoice at it, for his wounded heart was not yet cured; and Mentor perceiv'd that his paſſion was like a fire not quite extinguiſh'd, which breaks out by fits, from beneath the aſhes that cover it, and caſts forth bright ſparks. Now, ſaid Telemachus, muſt I return to my former engagements, ſince we have no hopes left of quitting this iſland.

Mentor plainly perceiv'd, that Telemachus was going to relapſe into all his follies, and that he had not one moment to loſe. He eſpy'd afar off, in the main ſea, a ſhip that ſtood ſtill, not daring to approach the ſhore, for all pilots knew that the iſle of Calypſo was inacceſſible to mortals. At that very inſtant the wiſe Mentor puſhing Telemachus, who ſat on the edge of the rock, caſt him down into the ſea, and threw himſelf after him. Telemachus amaz'd and ſtunn'd by his violent fall, drank large draughts of briny water, and was for a while toſs'd about by the waves; but at laſt coming to himſelf, and ſeeing Mentor, who reach'd him his hand to help him to ſwim, he thought of nothing but flying from the fatal iſland.

The nymphs, who expected to have kept them priſoners, burſt forth into the moſt furious exclamations, being enrag'd at the diſappointment in not being able to prevent their flight. The diſconſolate Calypſo return'd into her grotto, which ſhe fill'd with hideous ſhrieks. Cupid, who ſaw his triumph turn'd into a ſhameful defeat, ſhook his wings, and through the yielding air flew to the ſacred grove of Idalia, where his cruel mother expected him. The ſon, ſtill more cruel than the mother, comforted himſelf with laughing with her at all the miſchief he had done.

As

As Telemachus went farther off from the iſland, he felt, with ſecret pleaſure, both his courage and his love for virtue reviving in his heart. I am ſenſible, cry'd he to Mentor, of what you told me, and which I could not believe, for want of experience: there's no way to conquer vice, but by flying from it. Oh father! how kind were the gods to me, when they gave me your aſſiſtance! I deſerve to be depriv'd of it, and to be left alone to myſelf. I fear now, neither ſea, nor winds, nor ſtorms; I only am afraid of my own paſſions; love alone is more dangerous than a thouſand wrecks.

The END of the SEVENTH BOOK.

THE

BRITISH MUSEUM

N. Parr

THE ADVENTURES OF *TELEMACHUS.*

BOOK VIII.

The ARGUMENT.

Adoam, brother to Narbal, proves to be the commander of the Tyrian ſhip, where Mentor and Telemachus are kindly receiv'd: that captain knowing Telemachus again, related to him the tragical death of Pygmalion and Aſtarbe, and the advancement of Baleazar, whom the tyrant his father had diſgrac'd at the inſtigation of that lewd woman. During a repaſt made for Telemachus and Mentor, Achitoas, by the melody of his voice and harp, draws the Tritons, Nereids, and other ſea deities around the ſhip. Mentor taking a lute into his hand, ſtrikes it much finer than Achitoas. Adoam afterwards relates the wonders of Bætica, and deſcribes the mild temperature

ture of the air, and the other beauties of that country, whoſe inhabitants lead a peaceable life with great ſimplicity of manners.

THE ſhip that ſtood ſtill, and towards which they ſwam, was a Phœnician veſſel bound to Epirus. Thoſe who were aboard her, had ſeen Telemachus in his voyage to Egypt, but could not know him again in the midſt of the waves. As ſoon as Mentor came within hearing, he rais'd his head above the water, and with a ſtrong voice cry'd to them, O Phœnicians! you, who are ever ready to afford ſuccour to all nations, do not refuſe to give life to two men, who expect it from your humanity. If you have any reſpect for the gods, receive us into your ſhip; we will go along with you wherever you go. The commander of the ſhip anſwer'd, We will receive you with joy, for we are not ignorant how we ought to relieve ſtrangers in your unfortunate condition. So they inſtantly took them up into the ſhip.

They were ſcarce got into her, but their breath being quite ſpent, they ſunk motionleſs; for they had ſwam a long while, and ſtruggled hard with the fierce waves. By degrees they recover'd their ſpirits; they had other cloaths given them, for their own were ſoak'd thro' by the briny water, which ran down on every ſide. As ſoon as they were able to ſpeak, all the Phœnicians crowded eagerly about them, deſiring to know their adventures. The commander aſk'd them, How could you enter the iſland from which you came? It is ſaid to be poſſeſs'd by a cruel goddeſs, who never ſuffers any mortal to land there; beſides, it is encompaſs'd with frightful rocks, againſt which the ſea rages in vain, and cannot be approach'd without ſuffering ſhipwreck.

Mentor

Mentor anſwer'd, We were drove upon that coaſt by a ſtorm: we are Grecians; the iſle of Ithaca, which lies near Epirus (whither you are bound) is our country. If you are unwilling to touch at Ithaca, which is in your way, we are contented to be carry'd into Epirus, where we ſhall find friends who will take care to furniſh us with all neceſſaries for our ſhort paſſage from thence to Ithaca; and we ſhall for ever be oblig'd to you for the happineſs of ſeeing again what we hold moſt dear in the world.

All this while Telemachus was ſilent, and let Mentor ſpeak; for the errors he had committed in the iſle of Calypſo, had made him much wiſer; he diſtruſted his own ſelf; he was ſenſible how much he continually wanted the prudent counſels of Mentor; and, when he could not ſpeak to him to aſk his advice, he conſulted his eyes, and endeavour'd to gueſs at his thoughts.

The Phœnician maſter of the ſhip, looking ſtedfaſtly upon Telemachus, fancy'd he had ſeen him ſomewhere, but 'twas a confus'd remembrance, which he knew not how to clear. Give me leave, ſaid he to Telemachus, to aſk you whether you remember you have ſeen me before; for methinks I recollect my having ſeen you elſewhere; I am no ſtranger to your face; it made an impreſſion on me at firſt ſight; tho' I cannot tell where I have ſeen you. Perhaps your memory will help out mine.

Telemachus anſwer'd him, with ſurprize blended with joy; when I firſt look'd upon you, I was as much puzzled about your face as you are about mine; I'm ſure I have ſeen you; I know you again, but cannot call to mind, whether 'twas in Egypt or at Tyre. Thereupon the Phœnician, like a man who wakes in the morning, and who, by degrees, calls back the fugitive dream that vaniſh'd away at his waking, cry'd out on a ſudden, You are Telemachus, whom Narbal took into his friendſhip when we return'd from Egypt: I am his brother of

whom he has undoubtedly ſpoken to you often. I left you with him after the expedition into Egypt. I was under a neceſſity of going to the fartheſt ſeas, into the famous Bœtica, near the pillars of Hercules; ſo that I did but juſt ſee you, and 'tis no wonder I was ſo puzzled to know you again at firſt ſight.

I perceive, anſwer'd Telemachus, that you are Adoam: I had but a glimpſe of you at that time, but I knew you again by the diſcourſe I had with Narbal. Oh! how am I fill'd with joy to hear news of a man who ſhall ever be ſo very dear to me! Is he ſtill at Tyre? Is he expos'd to the barbarous treatment of the ſuſpicious and barbarous Pygmalion? Adoam interrupting him, ſaid, Know, oh Telemachus! that fortune has entruſted you with one who will take all the care imaginable of you. I will carry you back to Ithaca, before I go to Epirus, and Narbal's brother will love you no leſs than Narbal himſelf. Having thus ſpoken, he took notice that the wind, for which he waited, began to blow; whereupon he gave orders for weighing anchor, and unfurling of the ſails; which done, the rowers ply'd their oars amain, and cut the yielding flood. After that, he took Telemachus and Mentor aſide.

I am going, ſaid he, addreſſing himſelf to Telemachus, to ſatisfy your curioſity: Pygmalion is no more; the juſt gods have rid the world of him; as he truſted no man, no man could truſt him: the good were contented to groan in ſilence, and fly his cruelties, without endeavouring to do him any hurt; the wicked thought they had no other way to ſecure their lives than by putting a period to his. There was not one Tyrian but who was every day expos'd to fall a ſacrifice to his diſtruſt. His very guards were more expos'd than any body elſe; for his life being in their power, he fear'd them more than all the reſt of mankind, and, upon the leaſt ſuſpicion, he

he ſacrific'd them to his ſafety; ſeeking ſecurity thus violently, he could no where find it; ſince thoſe who were the truſtees of his life, being in continual danger from his diſtruſtfulneſs, could not deliver themſelves from ſuch an horrible ſituation, but by preventing the tyrant's cruel jealouſies, and putting him to death.

The impious Aſtarbe, whom you have ſo often heard mention'd, was the firſt who reſolved upon the death of the king. She was paſſionately in love with a young Tyrian, Joazar by name, a man of great wealth, whom ſhe hoped to place on the throne. The better to ſucceed in her deſign, ſhe perſuaded the king, that the eldeſt of his two ſons, nam'd Phadael, impatient to wear the crown, had conſpir'd againſt his life; and procur'd falſe witneſſes to prove the conſpiracy, ſo that the unhappy father put to death his innocent ſon. The ſecond, named Baleazar, was ſent to Samos, under pretence of learning the manners, cuſtoms, and ſciences of Greece; but indeed, becauſe Aſtarbe, ſuggeſted to the king, that his ſafety requir'd he ſhould be remov'd from court, for fear he ſhould enter into combinations with the malecontents. As ſoon as he had put to ſea, thoſe who commanded the ſhip, being corrupted by that cruel woman, contrived it ſo as to be ſhipwreck'd in the night; and having caſt the young prince overboard, they ſaved their lives by ſwimming to other barks that attended them.

In the mean time Pygmalion was the only perſon that was unacquainted with Aſtarbe's amours, for he fancy'd ſhe would never love any man but him; and that diſtruſtful prince was blinded by love to ſuch a degree, that he repoſed an entire confidence in that wicked woman. At the ſame time, his extreme avarice put him upon ſeeking pretences to make away with Joazar, whom Aſtarbe loved with ſo much paſſion. All his thoughts were how to ſeize upon the vaſt riches of that young man.

But while Pygmalion was thus a prey to his diſtruſt, his love, and his avarice, Aſtarbe thought it convenient to put him to death with all ſpeed. She was apprehenſive of his having diſcover'd her infamous amours with this youth; and beſides, ſhe knew the king's covetous temper was a ſufficient motive to put him upon exerciſing his cruelty upon Joazar; and therefore ſhe concluded ſhe had not one moment to loſe to prevent him. She ſaw the chief officers of his houſhold willing to imbrue their hands in the king's blood; ſhe heard every day of ſome new conſpiracy or other, but ſhe was afraid of truſting any body, leſt ſhe ſhould be betray'd. At laſt, ſhe thought it moſt ſafe to poiſon Pygmalion.

He uſed moſt commonly to eat in private with her; and dreſs'd all his victuals with his own hands, not daring to truſt any-body elſe; he locked himſelf up in the remoteſt part of his palace, the better to conceal his diſtruſt, and that he might not be obſerv'd whilſt he was dreſſing his victuals. He depriv'd himſelf of all dainties and delicacies, being afraid to taſte of any thing which he could not dreſs himſelf. Thus, not only all manner of meats dreſs'd by his ſervants, but alſo wine, bread, ſalt, oil, milk, and other ordinary aliments, were no longer of any uſe to him. He lived only upon fruit, which he gathered with his own hands in his garden, or pulſe and roots, which he had ſow'd and cook'd himſelf. Finally, his drink was nothing but water, which he drew out of a fountain within his palace, and of which he always kept the key. Although he ſeem'd to confide ſo entirely in Aſtarbe, yet he uſed all poſſible precautions againſt her; he always cauſed her to taſte of every thing that was ſerv'd at his table, that he might not be poiſon'd without her, and that all hopes of ſurviving him might be taken away from her. But, to baffle this precaution, ſhe took an antidote, which an old woman, ſtill more wicked than herſelf, and the confident of her amours, furniſh'd her

her with: After which, ſhe poiſon'd the king without any dread, in this manner.

Juſt as they were going to ſit down to take their repaſt, the old woman, of whom I ſpoke before, came on a ſudden, and made a great noiſe at one of the doors: The king, who was ever in fear of being aſſaſſinated, ſtarts up in diſorder, and runs to that door to ſee whether it was faſt enough: The old woman makes off, the king remains full of dreadful apprehenſions; and though he knew not what to think of the noiſe he had heard, yet he durſt not open the door to be inform'd. Aſtarbe chears him up, and with fond caraſſes perſuades him to eat: Now, whilſt the king was gone to the door, ſhe had put poiſon into his golden cup, and ſo when he bid her drink firſt, according to his cuſtom, ſhe obey'd without any fear, truſting to the antidote. Pygmalion drank alſo, and a little while after ſwoon'd away. Aſtarbe, who knew his cruel temper, and that he would kill her upon the leaſt ſuſpicion, begins to rend her cloaths, tears off her hair, and bemoans herſelf in a moſt hideous manner, ſhe claſped and hugged the dying king in her arms, and bathed him in a flood of tears; for this cunning woman had always tears at command. At laſt, when ſhe perceiv'd that the king's ſtrength and ſpirits were exhauſted, and that he was even in the agonies of death, for fear he ſhould recover and force her to die with him, ſhe gave over her endearing fondneſs, and the tendereſt marks of love, and, having put on the moſt horrid cruelty, ruſh'd upon him with fury, and ſtifled him. Afterwards ſhe pluck'd the royal ſignet off his finger, took the diadem from his head, and called in Joazar, to whom ſhe gave them both. She fancy'd that all thoſe who had been attach'd to her before, would not fail to countenance her paſſion, and that her lover would be proclaim'd king; but thoſe who had been moſt forward in humouring her, were mean and mercenary ſouls, and therefore incapable of a ſincere

and conſtant affection. Beſides, they wanted courage and reſolution; and fear'd not only Aſtarbe's enemies, but ſtill more the haughtineſs, diſſimulation, and cruelty of that impious woman; ſo that all wiſh'd her death to ſecure their own lives. In the mean time, a dreadful tumult fills the whole palace; the king is dead! the king is dead! is the general cry: Some are frighted, others run to arms; all ſeem apprehenſive of the conſequences, but yet over-joy'd at the news; buſy fame carries it from mouth to mouth, throughout the great city of Tyre; but not one man is found that laments the king. His death is at once the deliverance, and the general comfort of all his ſubjects.

Narbal, deeply affected with ſo terrible an accident, deplor'd, like a good man, Pygmalion's miſfortune, who had betray'd himſelf by committing his ſafety to the impious Aſtarbe; and had choſen to be an inhuman tyrant, much rather than the father of his people, which is a duty incumbent on a king. He therefore conſulted the good of the ſtate, and haſten'd to aſſemble all good and publick-ſpirited men to oppoſe Aſtarbe, under whom they were like to ſee a more cruel government, than that to which ſhe had put a period.

Narbal knew, that Baleazar was not drown'd, when he was thrown into the ſea; and thoſe who aſſur'd Aſtarbe that he was dead, did it only upon a mere conjecture: But, by the favour of the night, he ſav'd himſelf by ſwimming; and certain Cretan merchants, mov'd with compaſſion, receiv'd him into their bark. He durſt not return into his father's kingdom, ſuſpecting, with reaſon, that his ſhipwreck was contriv'd by his enemies; and fearing no leſs the cruel jealouſy of Pygmalion, than the artifices of Aſtarbe. He remain'd a long while wandering in diſguiſe on the ſea-coaſt of Syria, where the merchants of Crete had left him: And, to get a livelihood, he was reduc'd to the condition of a ſhepherd.

herd. At laſt he found means to let Narbal know what condition he was in, for he could not but think his ſecret and his life ſafe with a man of his untainted virtue and integrity. Narbal, though ill us'd by the father, had nevertheleſs a love for the ſon, over whoſe intereſts he conſtantly kept a watchful eye; but he took care of them only to hinder him from failing in his duty to his father, and he perſuaded him to bear patiently his evil fortune.

Baleazar had writ to Narbal, that if he thought it ſafe to come to him to Tyre, he ſhould ſend him a gold ring, upon the receipt of which, he would immediately come and join him. Narbal did not judge it convenient to invite Baleazar to come whilſt Pygmalion was alive, for by that means he would have brought both that prince's life, and his own, into certain danger; ſo difficult a thing it was to guard againſt Pygmalion's rigorous inquiries. But, as ſoon as that wretched prince had met with a fate ſuitable to what his crimes deſerv'd, Narbal ſent the gold ring to Baleazar with all ſpeed. Upon the receipt of it, Baleazar came away immediately, and arriv'd at the gates of Tyre, when all the city was in an uproar about Pygmalion's ſucceſſor. Baleazar was ſoon acknowledg'd by the chief citizens of Tyre, and by the whole populace. He was belov'd, not upon the account of the late king his father, who had the univerſal hatred, but becauſe of his own moderation, and ſweetneſs of temper. Even his long ſufferings endued him with a ſort of glory which heighten'd all his good qualities, and ſoften'd the hearts of all the Tyrians in his favour.

Narbal aſſembled all the chief men among the people, the old men of the city-council, and the prieſts of the great goddeſs of Phœnicia. They ſaluted Baleazar as their king, and caus'd him to be proclaim'd by the heralds. The people anſwer'd them with repeated acclamations, which reach'd the ears of Aſtarbe, in the remoteſt part of the palace, where

ſhe

ſhe was lock'd in with her baſe and infamous Joazar. All the wicked men, whom ſhe had made uſe of during Pygmalion's life, had already forſaken her; for the wicked do naturally hate and fear the wicked, and never wiſh to ſee ſuch in authority, becauſe they know what wrong uſe they would make of their power, and how tyrannically they would exert it. As for good men, the wicked think them better for their turn, becauſe they hope at leaſt to find in them indulgence and moderation. Aſtarbe had nobody left about her, but ſome notorious accomplices of her enormous crimes, who were continually in fearful expectation of their deſerved puniſhment.

The gates of the palace being broke open, thoſe profligate wretches durſt not make a long reſiſtance, and only endeavour'd to run away. Aſtarbe, in the habit of a ſlave, would have made her eſcape through the croud; but, being diſcover'd by a ſoldier, ſhe was preſently ſecur'd, and it was with much ado that Narbal kept her from being torn to pieces by the enrag'd multitude, who began already to drag her along in the dirt. In this extremity ſhe deſir'd to ſpeak with Baleazar, hoping ſhe might dazzle him by her charms, and excite an expectation that ſhe would diſcover ſome important ſecrets to him. Baleazar could not but admit her, to hear what ſhe had to ſay; and at firſt, beſides her beauty, ſhe diſplay'd ſuch ſweetneſs, and gentle modeſty, as would have melted the fierceſt anger. She flatter'd Baleazar with the moſt delicate and moſt inſinuating praiſes; ſhe repreſented to him how much Pygmalion loved her; ſhe conjur'd him by his father's aſhes, to take pity on her: ſhe invok'd the gods, as if ſhe had paid a ſincere adoration to them; ſhe ſhed floods of tears; ſhe graſp'd the knees of the new king; but afterwards ſhe uſed all poſſible arts to render his beſt-affected ſervants ſuſpected and odious to him. She accuſed Narbal of having enter'd into a conſpiracy againſt Pygmalion, and endeavouring to draw in the people

people to make himſelf king, in prejudice of Baleazar: She added, that he deſign'd to poiſon that young prince. She forged the like calumnies to aſperſe all the reſt of the Tyrians, who were addicted to virtue. She hop'd to have found the heart of Baleazar ſuſceptible of the ſame diſtruſt and ſuſpicion, which ſhe had found in the king his father: But Baleazar not being able to bear any longer with the black malice of that wicked woman, he interrupted her, and call'd for a guard to ſecure her. She was ſent to priſon; and the wiſeſt among the ancient men were commiſſion'd to examine into all her actions.

They diſcover'd with horror, that ſhe had poiſon'd and ſtifled Pygmalion; and the whole courſe of her life appear'd to be a continued ſeries of monſtrous crimes. They were ready to ſentence her to ſuffer the puniſhment which is inflicted on the greateſt criminals in Phœnicia, that is, to be burnt alive by a lingering fire; but, when ſhe found ſhe had no manner of hopes left, ſhe became fierce and mad like a fury come from hell; and ſwallow'd down a poiſon which ſhe us'd to carry about her, with deſign to make away with herſelf, in caſe they ſhould put her to lingering torments. Thoſe who guarded her, took notice that ſhe was in violent pain, and offer'd to give her eaſe; but ſhe would never return them any anſwer, only by ſigns ſhe let them underſtand that ſhe would receive no relief. They mention'd to her the juſt and avenging gods, whom ſhe had provok'd; but, inſtead of ſhewing any trouble or ſorrow, as her crimes requir'd, ſhe look'd up to heaven with ſcorn and arrogance, as it were to inſult the almighty powers. The image of rage and impiety was impreſſed on her agonizing countenance; nor was there the leaſt remainder of that excellent beauty which had been the deſtruction of ſo many men; all her graces were blotted out; her eyes, diveſted of their luſtre, rolled about in their orbs, with wild and ſavage looks;

a con-

a convulsive motion shook her lips, and kept her mouth open hideously wide; all her face, shrivell'd and contracted, exhibited the most ghastly grimaces; a lived paleness and a mortal chilness had seiz'd all her limbs; sometimes she seem'd to gather fresh spirits, and come to herself again, but it was only a faint struggle of nature, which spent itself in hideous howlings; at last she expir'd, leaving all the spectators full of horror and fear. Without doubt, her impious ghost went down into those places of sorrow, where the cruel Danaids do eternally draw water in bored vessels; where Ixion perpetually turns his wheel; where Tantalus, parch'd with thirst, can never catch the wanton water that flies his eager lips; where Sisyphus vainly rolls up to the top of a mountain, a stone which tumbles down again continually; and where Titius will for ever feel a vulture preying upon his growing liver.

Baleazar, being deliver'd from this monster, return'd the gods thanks by innumerable sacrifices. His conduct, at the beginning of his reign, was the reverse of Pygmalion's; he applies himself to the reviving of trade, which languish'd and decay'd more and more every day; he consults with Narbal about the most important affairs, and yet is not govern'd by him; for he will see every thing with his own eyes; he hears every-body's opinion, and afterwards determines according to that which appears to him to be best. He is generally beloved by his people, and, being master of their hearts, he enjoys more riches than ever his father heaped up with his insatiable and and cruel avarice; for there is not a family, but what would part with all they have, if he happen'd to be reduc'd to a pressing necessity. Thus, what he suffers them to enjoy, is more at his command, than if he should forcibly take it from them. He needs not use any precaution, or to be sollicitous to secure his life; for he has always the safest guard about him, which is the love of all his subjects; every one of them

them being afraid to loſe him, and therefore willing to hazard his own life to preſerve that of ſo good a king. He lives happy with his people; and all his people live happy under him. He is tender of burthening his people; and they are afraid of giving him too ſmall a part of their eſtates. He lets them live in plenty, and yet this plenty makes them neither refractory nor inſolent; for they are laborious, addicted to trade, and ſtedfaſt in preſerving the purity of their ancient laws. Phœnicia has now recover'd the utmoſt height of her greatneſs and glory; and it is to her young king ſhe owes ſo much proſperity. Narbal governs under him. O Telemachus! were he now to ſee you, with how much joy would he load you with preſents! What a pleaſure would it be to him to ſend you back into your own country in ſtate and magnificence! Am I not then very fortunate in doing what he could wiſh to do himſelf, in going to the iſle of Ithaca, there to place on the throne the ſon of Ulyſſes, that he may reign there, as wiſely as Baleazar reigns at Tyre!

Adoam having thus ſpoken, Telemachus, charm'd with this ſtory, and much more with the marks of friendſhip he had received from that Phœnician in his misfortunes, embrac'd him with great tenderneſs and affection. Afterwards, Adoam aſk'd him, what extraordinary adventure had brought into the iſland of Calypſo? Telemachus, in his turn, gave him the ſtory of his departure from Tyre, and his going over to the iſland of Cyprus: he related to him, his meeting again with Mentor; their voyage into Crete; the publick games for the election of a new king after Idomeneus's flight; the reſentment of Venus; their ſhipwreck; the pleaſure with which Calypſo received them; the jealouſy of that goddeſs againſt one of her nymphs; and Mentor's throwing his friend into the ſea, as ſoon as he eſpy'd the Phœnician ſhip.

After theſe diſcourſes, Adoam caus'd a magnificent entertainment to be ſerv'd up; and the better to expreſs his exceſſive joy, he procur'd all the diverſions that could be had. Whilſt they were at table, attended by young Phœnician boys, clad in white, with garlands of flowers on their heads, the moſt exquiſite perfumes of the Eaſt were burnt. All the rowers ſeats were fill'd with muſicians, playing on the flute. Achitoas now and then interrupted them, by the ſweet harmony of his voice and his lyre, ſit to entertain the gods at their revels, and even to raviſh the ears of Apollo himſelf. The Tritons, the Nereids, all the deities who obey the command of Neptune, and the ſea-monſters themſelves forſook their deep watry grotto's, and came in ſhoals round the ſhip, charm'd by this divine melody. A company of young Phœnician boys of excellent beauty, and clad in fine lawn, whiter than the driven ſnow, danc'd for a long time ſeveral dances of their own country; afterwards they danc'd after the Egyptian manner, and laſt of all after the Grecian. At proper intervals the loud trumpets made the waves reſound with their clangor as far as the diſtant ſhore. The ſilence of the night, the ſtilineſs of the ſea, the trembling light of the moon, which play'd on the ſurface of the waves, and the ſhaded azure of the ſkies, ſtudded with glittering ſtars, ſerv'd to heighten the nobleneſs and majeſty of the ſcene.

Telemachus, being of a ſprightly diſpoſition, and very perceptive, reliſh'd all thoſe pleaſures with delight; but he durſt not indulge himſelf too far in the enjoyment of them. Ever ſince he had experienc'd, with ſo much ſhame, in Calypſo's iſland, how ready youth is to be inflam'd, he was ſhy and afraid, even of the moſt innocent pleaſures, and ſuſpected every thing. He look'd upon Mentor, and conſulted his face and his eyes, to know what he ought to think of all theſe pleaſures.

Mentor

Mentor was not a little pleas'd to ſee him in that perplexity, but made as if he did not take notice of it. At laſt, mov'd with Telemachus's moderation, he ſaid to him with a ſmile, I perceive what you are afraid of, and cannot but commend your fear; but, however, you muſt not carry it too far. No man can wiſh you more earneſtly than I the enjoyment of pleaſure, provided it be ſuch pleaſure as will not hurry you to exceſs, nor emaſculate your nature. You muſt have diverſions; but they ſhould be ſuch as recreate and delight you, not ſuch as enſlave you: I would recommend to you ſoft and gentle diverſions, ſuch as will never degrade the reaſonable ſoul, and transform you into a wild beaſt. It is now very proper that you ſhould refreſh yourſelf after all your trouble and fatigues; reliſh, with a grateful complaiſance to Adoam, all thoſe enjoyments he offers you. Rejoice, O Telemachus, and be merry. Wiſdom is neither moroſe, auſtere, nor affected: it is ſhe yields true pleaſures; ſhe alone knows how to ſeaſon and temper them, ſo as to make them pure and laſting; ſhe knows how to mix mirth and ſports with the moſt important and ſerious affairs. She prepares us for pleaſure by labour, and refreſhes the hardſhips of labour by pleaſure. Wiſdom is not aſham'd to be gay, when it is needful.

Having ſpoke theſe words, Mentor took up a harp, and touch'd it with ſuch exquiſite art, that Achitoas, ſtung with jealouſy, let his drop out of his hands; his eyes flaſh'd fire; his troubled countenance chang'd colour; and every body would have taken notice of his pain and confuſion, but that at the ſame moment Mentor's harp raviſh'd the ſouls of all that were preſent. No man hardly durſt draw breath, for fear of breaking in upon the profound ſilence, and ſo loſing ſomething of the divine melody; all were ſtill in pain, leſt he ſhould end it too ſoon. Mentor's voice had no effeminate ſoftneſs, but was

flexible, ſtrong, and movingly expreſs'd the minuteſt things.

He ſung, at firſt, the praiſes of mighty Jove, the father and king of gods and men, who with a nod ſhakes the whole univerſe: afterwards, he repreſented Minerva coming out of his head, that is, wiſdom, which that god moulds within himſelf, and which iſſues from him, to inſtruct thoſe who are willing to be taught. Mentor ſung all theſe truths in ſuch pathetick and lofty ſtrains, and with ſuch divine devotion, that the whole aſſembly thought themſelves tranſported to the very top of Olympus, in the preſence of Jupiter, whoſe looks are more piercing than his thunder. Next to that, he ſung the misfortune of young Narciſſus, who being fondly enamour'd with his own beauty, which he was continually viewing in a fountain, conſum'd himſelf with grief, and was chang'd into a flower, that bears his name. Laſtly, he ſung the fatal death of fair Adonis, torn in pieces by a wild boar, and whom Venus, tho' paſſionately doating on him, could never bring to life again, with all the bitter complaints ſhe put up to heaven.

None of thoſe who heard him, were able to contain their tears; and every one felt a ſecret pleaſure in weeping. When he had done ſinging, the Phœnicians look'd upon one another full of amazement. One ſaid, this is Orpheus; for thus with his harp he us'd to tame the ſavage beaſts, and draw after him both woods and rocks; 'tis thus he enchanted Cerberus, ſuſpended for a while the torments of Ixion, and of the Danaids, and prevail'd with the inexorable Pluto, to conſent to the releaſement of the fair Eurydice. Another cry'd, No, 'tis Linus, the ſon of Apollo; another anſwer'd, You are miſtaken, this muſt be Apollo himſelf. Telemachus's ſurprize was little leſs than that of the reſt; for he never knew before, that Mentor could play on the harp with ſo much maſtery, and ſing ſo divinely. Achi-

toas,

toas, who had, by this time, thrown a cloak over his jealouſy, began to give Mentor thoſe commendations he deſerv'd; but he could not praiſe him without bluſhing, neither was he able to finiſh his diſcourſe. Mentor, who ſaw his confuſion, began to interrupt him, and endeavour'd to comfort him by giving him all the praiſes he deſerv'd. But Achitoas receiv'd no conſolation; becauſe he perceiv'd that Mentor ſurpaſs'd him yet more by his modeſty, than by the charms of his voice.

In the mean time Telemachus ſaid to Adoam, I remember you ſpoke to me of a voyage you made into Bœtica, after we left Egypt; and becauſe Bœtica is a country, of which common fame relates ſo many incredible wonders, vouchſafe to tell me whether all that is ſaid of it be true. I will gladly, reply'd Adoam, give you a deſcription of that famous country which deſerves your curioſity, and which far ſurpaſſes whatever fame proclaims about it; whereupon he thus began:

The river Bœtis runs through a fruitful land, bleſs'd with a temperate, and ever ſerene ſky. The country has it's name from the river, which diſcharges it's waters into the great ocean, near the pillars of Hercules, and not far from that place where the furious ſea, breaking through it's banks, divided heretofore the land of Tarſis from Great Africa. This country ſeems to have preſerv'd the delights of the golden age. Here the winters are mild, and the fierce northern winds never blow; the ſcorching heat of the ſummer is ever allay'd by refreſhing zephyrs which riſe towards noon to cool the ſultry air; ſo that the whole year is but a happy marriage of the ſpring and autumn, which ſeem ever to go hand in hand together. The land, both in the vallies and the plains, yields every year a double harveſt; the roads are hedg'd with bay-trees, pomegranate-trees, jeſſamines, and other trees, ever green, and ever in bloſſom. The hills are over-ſpread with numerous flocks of ſheep, whoſe fine

wool is a choice commodity among all the nations of the world. There are a great many mines of gold and ſilver in this beautiful country; but it's rude inhabitants, contented and happy with their plainneſs, diſdain to count gold or ſilver among their riches, and only value what is really neceſſary to anſwer the exigencies of human nature.

When we firſt began to trade with that nation, we found gold and ſilver employ'd among them about the ſame uſes as iron; as for example, for ploughſhares. As they had no foreign trade, ſo they wanted no coin. Moſt of them are either ſhepherds or huſbandmen: artificers and tradeſmen there are but few in this country; for they only tolerate thoſe arts which ſupply the neceſſaries of life; and beſides, though moſt of the inhabitants either follow agriculture, or the tending of herds and flocks, yet they are ſkill'd in thoſe arts which are requiſite to the ſupport of their plain and frugal way of living. The women ſpin that ſilky wool I told you of, and make of it extraordinary fine ſtuffs of a marvellous whiteneſs; they bake the bread, dreſs the victuals; and all thoſe labours are eaſy to them, for in this country their ordinary food is fruit and milk, and very rarely fleſh; out of the leather of their ſheep-ſkins, they make thin ſhoes for themſelves, their huſbands, and their children; they make tents, ſome of wax'd ſkins, and others of barks of trees; they make and waſh all the garments of the family, and keep the houſes in wonderful order and neatneſs. Their cloaths are eaſily made; for in this mild and happy climate, they only wear a thin and light piece of ſtuff, neither cut nor ſew'd, and which, for modeſty's ſake, every one laps about his body in long folds, and in what form he pleaſes.

The men, beſides huſbandry and the tending of their herds and flocks, have no other art to exerciſe, but the working and faſhioning of wood and iron; and even in theſe they ſeldom make any uſe of iron, unleſs

unleſs it be for tools neceſſary for agriculture. All thoſe arts which reſpect architecture, are altogether uſeleſs to them; for they never build houſes. It argues, ſay they, too great a fondneſs for the earth, to build a dwelling upon it, much more laſting than one's ſelf; it is ſufficient to have a ſhelter againſt the injuries of the weather. As for all other arts, ſo much eſteem'd among the Grecians, the Egyptians, and other civiliz'd nations, they abhor and deteſt them, as the inventions of vanity and luxury.

When they hear of nations that have the art of erecting ſtately buildings, of making gold and ſilver houſhold goods, ſtuffs adorn'd with embroidery and precious ſtones, exquiſite perfumes. delicious and dainty diſhes of meat, and inſtruments of muſick, whoſe harmony inchants the ſoul, they anſwer in theſe words: Thoſe nations are very unhappy, thus to beſtow ſo much time, labour, and induſtry, upon the corrupting of themſelves. Thoſe ſuperfluities ſoften, intoxicate, and torment the poſſeſſors of them, and tempt thoſe that are depriv'd of them, to acquire them by injuſtice and violence. Can that ſuperfluity be call'd a good, which ſerves only to make men wicked? Are the men of thoſe countries more ſound, ſtrong, and robuſt than we? Do they live longer? Are they better united among themſelves? Is their life more free from cares, more calm, and more cheerful? Nay, on the contrary, they muſt needs be jealous of one another, devour'd by ſhameful and gloomy envy, ever diſquieted by ambition, fear, and avarice? and incapable of enjoying plain, unmix'd, and ſolid pleaſures, ſince they are ſlaves to ſo many imaginary neceſſities, in which alone they place all their felicity. Thus it is, continu'd Adoam, that theſe wiſe men ſpeak, who owe all their wiſdom to their diligent ſtudy of ſimple nature; they have an abhorrence for our politeneſs, and it muſt be confeſs'd, that there is ſomething great in their amiable ſimplicity: They live all together, without dividing

their lands; every family is govern'd by it's chief, who is real king of it. The father of the family has the power to puniſh any of his children, or grand-children, that is guilty of an evil action; but before he inflicts the puniſhment, he adviſes with the reſt of the family. 'Tis rare indeed, that there is any occaſion for puniſhment; for innocence of manners, integrity, obedience, and abhorrence of vice, dwell in this happy place; and one would think, Aſtræa, who is ſaid to have fled to heaven, lies yet conceal'd here among theſe people. There is no need of judges amongſt them, for their own conſciences judge them. All their goods are in common; the fruits of the trees, the grain and pulſe of the earth, the milk of the herds are ſo abounding, that a people ſo ſober and moderate have no occaſion to divide them. Each family, wandering up and down in this happy country, carry their tents from one place to another, when they have eaten up the paſturage, and conſum'd the fruits of that part where they were ſeated before; ſo that having no private intereſts to maintain one againſt t'other, they all love one another with brotherly love, which nothing can impair or break in upon; 'tis the contempt of vain riches and of deceitful pleaſures, which confirms them in this peace, union, and liberty. They are all free, and all equal.

There is no other diſtinction among them, except what is allow'd to the experience of the ſage old men, or to the extraordinary wiſdom of ſome young men, who being accompliſh'd in all virtue, are equal to the elders. The cruel outcries of fraud, violence, perjury, law-ſuits, and wars, are never heard in this country, cheriſh'd by the gods. No human blood ever ſtain'd this land; nay, even the blood of lambs is ſeldom ſpilt in it. When theſe people hear of bloody battles, rapid conqueſts, ſtate revolutions, which are frequent in other nations, they ſtand perfectly amaz'd. What, ſay they, are not men ſubject enough to mortality, without inflicting on one another

another a violent and haſty death? Does life, which is ſo ſhort, ſeem to them too long? Are they ſent here upon earth to tear one another to pieces, and to make themſelves mutually miſerable?

Yet farther, theſe people of Bœtica cannot conceive, why thoſe conquerors, who ſubdue great empires, ſhould be ſo much admir'd. What madneſs is it, ſay they, for a man to place his happineſs in governing others, which is ſo painful an office, if it be executed with reaſon, and according to juſtice? But what pleaſure can he take in governing them againſt their conſent? All that a wiſe man can do, is to take upon him the governing of a docile people, whom the gods have committed to his care, or a people who intreat him to be their father and ſhepherd; but to govern men againſt their will, is to make one's ſelf moſt miſerable, only to gain the falſe honour of keeping them in ſlavery. A conqueror is a man whom the gods, being provoked at the wickedneſs of men, have ſent in their wrath upon the earth, to lay kingdoms waſte, ſpread every-where terror, miſery, and deſpair, and to make as many ſlaves as there are freemen. Is it not glory enough for a man, that thirſts after fame, to rule thoſe with prudence whom the gods have put under him? Does he think he cannot merit praiſe, unleſs he becomes violent, unjuſt, inſulting, uſurping, and tyrannical over all his neighbours? War ſhould never be thought on, but for the defence of liberty. Happy he, who being a ſlave to no man, has not the mad ambition of making another man his ſlave. Thoſe mighty conquerors, whom they repreſent to us with ſo much glory, are only like overflowing rivers, which appear majeſtick, but deſtroy all the fertile fields which they ſhould only refreſh.

After Adoam had given this deſcription of Bœtica, Telemachus, charm'd with his relation, aſk'd him ſeveral curious queſtions. Do theſe people, ſaid he, drink

drink wine? They are ſo far from drinking it, reply'd Adoam, that they never care to make any; not that they want grapes, ſince no country whatſoever produces more delicious; but they content themſelves with eating grapes, as they do other fruits; and dread wine as the corrupter of mankind. 'Tis a kind of poiſon, ſay they, which raiſes madneſs. It does not directly kill a man, indeed, but it makes him a beaſt. Men may preſerve their health and ſtrength without wine; and with it they run the riſk of loſing their health, and deſtroying their morals.

Then, ſaid Telemachus, I would fain know what laws are obſerv'd relating to marriages in this nation. No man, reply'd Adoam, can have more than one wife, whom he muſt keep as long as ſhe lives. The honour of the men in this country depends as much on their fidelity to their wives, as the honour of the women depends, in other countries, on their fidelity to their huſbands. Never were people ſo honeſt, nor ſo inviolably chaſt. The women here are beautiful and agreeable, but plain, modeſt, and laborious. Marriage here is peaceful, fruitful, and ſpotleſs. The huſband and wife ſeem to be but one ſoul in two bodies; they bear an equal part in all domeſtick cares; the huſband manages all the concerns abroad, the wife keeps cloſe to her houſewifery at home; ſhe comforts her huſband, and ſeems to be made only to help and pleaſure him; ſhe gains his confidence, and contributes leſs by her beauty, than her virtue, to heighten the charms of their ſociety, which endure as long as they live. Sobriety, temperance, and purity of manners, make the lives of theſe people not only long, but free from diſeaſes. Here are men of an hundred, and of an hundred and twenty years old, who are yet hearty and cheerful.

One thing more that I want to know, added Telemachus, is, how they avoid going to war with their neighbours. Nature, ſaid Adoam, has ſeparated them from

from other people, on one ſide by the ſea, and on the other ſide by high mountains towards the north. Beſides this, the neighbouring nations bear them great reſpect, on account of their virtue; and when they fall out among themſelves, they frequently make choice of theſe people to determine their differences; and have often entruſted to them the lands and towns that were in diſpute among them. As this nation has never committed any violence, no body diſturſts them. They laugh, when they hear of kings who cannot ſettle and adjuſt among themſelves the frontiers of their territories. Is it poſſible, ſay they, for men to fear they ſhall ever want land? There will ever be more than they can cultivate: And, as long as there ſhall remain free and waſte lands, we would not ſo much as defend our own againſt ſuch of our neighbours, as ſhould ſtrive to take them from us. Pride, arrogance, treachery, and the luſt of dominion, were never heard of among the inhabitanrs of Bœtica; ſo that their neighbours never have occaſion to fear ſuch a people, nor can they ever hope to make ſuch a people fear them, which is the reaſon that they never moleſt them. Theſe people would ſooner forſake their country, or meet their death, than ſubmit themſelves to ſlavery. Thus they are as difficult to be enſlav'd, as they are incapable of deſiring to enſlave others: Which cauſes ſo profound a peace betwixt them and their neighbours.

Adoam ended this diſcourſe, with an account of the manner of traffick between the Phœnicians and thoſe of Bœtica. Theſe people, ſaid he, were amaz'd when they ſaw ſtrange men come from ſo far on the waves of the ſea. They ſuffer'd us to lay the foundation of a city in the iſland of Gades. They even received us amongſt themſelves with great kindneſs, and gave us part of all they had, without taking any payment for it. Moreover, they offer'd us all that was left of their wool, after they had ſufficiently

provided

provided for their own uſe, and indeed ſent us a rich preſent of it. 'Tis a pleaſure to them to give their overplus liberally to ſtrangers.

As for their mines, they gave them up to us without any manner of uneaſineſs, becauſe they made no uſe of them; they fancy'd men were not over wiſe to ſearch with ſo much pains into the bowels of the earth, for what could not make them happy, nor ſatisfy any real neceſſity. Do not dig, ſaid they to us, ſo deep into the earth; content yourſelves with plowing and tilling it, and it will afford you real goods that will nouriſh you; you will reap fruits from it that are more valuable than gold and ſilver, ſince men deſire neither gold nor ſilver, but only to purchaſe ſuſtenance for human life.

We would often have taught them navigation, and have carry'd the young men of their country into Phœnicia; but they would never conſent that their children ſhould learn to live after our manner. They would learn, ſaid they to us, to ſtand in need of thoſe things that are become neceſſary to you; they would have them; and would forego virtue to gain them by unjuſt methods. They would grow, like a man who has good legs, but having diſuſed walking, brings himſelf at laſt to the ſad neceſſity of being always carry'd, like a ſick man. As for navigation, they admire it indeed, as an induſtrious art; but they believe it to be a pernicious art. If thoſe people, ſay they, have enough to ſupport life in their own country, what do they ſeek in another? Are they not contented with that which ſuffices the wants of nature. They deſerve to be ſhipwreck'd for ſeeking death in the midſt of tempeſts, to ſatiate the avarice of merchants, and gratify the paſſions of other men.

Telemachus was raviſh'd at Adoam's diſcourſe; he was highly delighted to find, that there was yet a people in the world, who, following the true dictates of nature, were, at once, ſo wiſe and ſo happy. Oh! how

how vaſtly the manners of theſe people differ from the vain and ambitious maxims of thoſe who are accounted wiſer! We are ſo vitiated, that we can hardly think that ſo natural a ſimplicity can be real. We look upon the morals of theſe people only as a fine fable, and they ought to look upon ours as a monſtrous dream.

The END *of the* EIGHTH BOOK.

THE

THE ADVENTURES OF *TELEMACHUS.*

BOOK IX.

The ARGUMENT.

Venus, ſtill enrag'd againſt Telemachus, ſues to Jupiter for his deſtruction; but the Deſtinies not permitting him to periſh, that goddeſs goes to Neptune, to concert means to drive him away from Ithaca, whither Adoam was conducting him. They employ, for that purpoſe, a deceitful deity, who impoſes upon the pilot Athamas, and makes him ſteer full ſail into the port of the Salentines, thinking he was arrived at Ithaca. Idomeneus, their king, receives Telemachus into his new city, where he was actually preparing a ſolemn ſacrifice to Jupiter, to obtain ſucceſs in a war againſt the Mandurians. The prieſt conſulting the entrails of the victims, gives him hopes of ſucceſs, and intimates that he ſhall owe his happineſs to his two new gueſts. This unhappy king implores their aid againſt his enemies, and promiſes them all manner of aſſiſtance.

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WHILST Telemachus and Adoam were thus diſcourſing together, neglectful of ſleep, and not perceiving that the night was already half ſpent, a deceitful unfriendly deity led them far wide of Ithaca, which their pilot Athamas ſought for in vain. Neptune, though a friend to the Phœnicians, could no longer endure to think that Telemachus had eſcap'd the ſtorm that had daſh'd him againſt the rocks of Calypſo's iſland. Venus was yet more incens'd, to ſee that young man triumphing, after his conqueſt over Cupid and all his charms. In the heighth of her paſſion, ſhe quitted Cythera, Paphos, Idalia, and all the honours which are paid to her in the iſle of Cyprus; ſhe could no longer ſtay in thoſe places where Telemachus had deſpis'd her power; and thereupon ſhe flies to bright Olympus, where the gods were aſſembled round the throne of Jove. From this place, they behold the ſtars rolling beneath their feet: they ſee the terreſtrial globe, like a ſmall clod of clay; the vaſt ſeas appear to them only like drops of water, with which this clod is a little moiſten'd; the largeſt kingdoms are in their eyes but a little ſand covering the ſurface of this clod. The numberleſs multitudes of people, the mighty armies ſeem to them but as ants, contending for a tuft of graſs upon this clod. The immortals laugh at the moſt weighty affairs that agitate feeble mortals, and their moſt important concerns appear to them like the play-games of children. That which men call glory, grandeur, power, profound policy, ſeems to theſe ſupreme deities to be nothing but miſery and folly.

'Tis in this abode, ſo much elevated above the earth, that Jupiter has fix'd his immovable throne: his eyes pierce into the deepeſt abyſs, and viſit even the moſt ſecret receſſes of the heart. His ſweet and

ſerene aſpect diffuſes tranquillity and joy throughout the univerſe. On the contrary, when he ſhakes thoſe majeſtick curls that adorn his awful head, he makes both heaven and earth to rock: the gods themſelves, dazzle with the beamy glory that ſurrounds him, approach with trembling.

All the celeſtial deities were now about him. Venus preſented herſelf with all thoſe charms, that ſpring from her divine perſon; her looſe flowing gown was more ſplendid than all the colours with which Iris decks herſelf amidſt the duſky clouds, when ſhe comes to promiſe to diſmay'd mortals the ceſſation of a tempeſt, and to declare to them the return of fair weather. Her robe was faſten'd by that celebrated girdle on which are repreſented the Graces; the comely treſſes of the goddeſs were negligently ty'd behind by a locket of gold. All the gods were ſurpriz'd at her beauty, as if they had never ſeen her before, and their eyes were dazzled, like the eyes of mortals, when Phœbus, after a tedious night, comes to illuminate the earth with his rays. They look'd on each other with aſtoniſhment, but ſtill their eyes center'd on Venus; and they perceiv'd thoſe of the goddeſs were bathed in tears, and that a cloud of ſorrow overcaſt her face.

Mean while ſhe advanc'd towards the throne of Jupiter, with a ſoft, light ſtep, like the rapid flight of a bird cleaving the vaſt ſpace of the yielding air. He look'd upon her with complacency, ſmil'd kindly on her, and then, riſing up, embrac'd her. My dear daughter, ſaid he to her, what is it grieves you? I can't ſee your tears without concern: Fear not to unboſom yourſelf freely to me; you know my tenderneſs and indulgence for you.

Venus anſwer'd him with a gentle voice, but interrupted with deep ſighs: O father of gods and men! Can you, who ſee all things, be ignorant of the cauſe of my ſorrow? Minerva is not ſatisfy'd with overthrowing the very foundations of Troy's ſtately

ſtately town, which I protected; ſhe is not contented to be thus dreadfully reveng'd on Paris, who had preferr'd my beauty to her's; but ſhe likewiſe conducts over land and ſea the ſon of Ulyſſes, that cruel deſtroyer of Troy. Telemachus is accompany'd by Minerva; which occaſions her abſence from this divine aſſembly. She led this raſh youth into the iſle of Cyprus to affront me. He has deſpis'd my power; he would not condeſcend ſo far as to burn incenſe upon my altars; he has expreſs'd an abhorrence of the feſtivals that are celebrated in my honour; he has lock'd faſt his heart againſt all my pleaſures. In vain has Neptune ſtirr'd up againſt him the winds and ſeas, at my deſire; Telemachus, caſt by a dreadful ſhipwreck on Calypſo's iſland, has triumph'd over Cupid himſelf, whom I ſent thither to ſoften the heart of this young Greek. Neither Calypſo's blooming youth and charms, nor any of her nymphs, nor even the burning ſhafts of love, could get the aſcendant over Minerva's arts. She ſnatch'd him from the iſland.....behold how I am defeated.....a ſtrippling triumphs over me.....

Jupiter, to comfort Venus, ſaid to her; It is true, my daughter, Minerva guards the heart of this young Greek, againſt all your ſon's arrows; and prepares for him a glory, which never yet was merited by a young man. I am ſorry he has deſpis'd your altars, but cannot ſubject him to your power. I conſent, to gratify you, that he ſtill ſhall wander both by ſea and land; that he ſhall live far from his own country, expoſed to all ſorts of miſeries and dangers: But the Fates will neither ſuffer him to periſh, nor his virtue to be overcome by thoſe pleaſures with which you decoy mankind. Take comfort therefore, my daughter: Content yourſelf with ruling over ſo many other heroes, and ſo many of the immortal powers. Here he ſmil'd on Venus, with the utmoſt grace and majeſty. A radiant flaſh, like the moſt piercing lightning, darted from his eyes. Then, ten-

derly kiſſing Venus, he diffus'd an odour of Ambroſia, which perfum'd Olympus all around. The goddeſs could not but be ſenſible of this favourable reception from the greateſt of the gods. In ſpite of her tears and grief, a viſible joy o'erſpread her face. She let down her veil to hide her bluſhing cheeks, and to cover the confuſion ſhe was in. The whole aſſembly of the gods applauded Jupiter's anſwer; and Venus, without loſing a moment's time, haſtened to Neptune, to concert with him the means of revenging himſelf on Telemachus. She repeated to Neptune what Jupiter ſaid to her. I knew before, reply'd Neptune, the unalterable decree of deſtiny; but if we can't ſink Telemachus to the bottom of the ſea, let us not at leaſt omit any thing that may make him wretched, and retard his return to Ithaca. I cannot conſent to the deſtroying of the Phœnician ſhip, in which he is embark'd; I love the Phœnicians; they are my people; no other nation in the univerſe cultivates my empire as they do; the ſea, through their means, is become a bond that ties together all the nations of the earth; they honour me with continual ſacrifices on my altars; they are juſt, prudent, and induſtrious in their commerce; they diſtribute the conveniencies of life, and plenty through all the world. No, goddeſs, I can't admit one of their veſſels ſhould be wreck'd; but I will make the pilot loſe his courſe, and ſail wide of Ithaca, whither he is bound. Venus, ſatisfy'd with this promiſe, forc'd a malicious ſmile, and then return'd in her flying chariot and alighted on Idalia's flowery meads, where the Graces, the Smiles, and the Sports, expreſs'd their joy to ſee her again, dancing around her on the flowers which perfume that charming place.

Neptune, immediately diſpatch'd a deceitful deity, like the god of dreams, ſave only that dreams never deceive but during the time of ſleep; whereas this deity faſcinates mens ſenſes when they are awake. This malignant deity, attended by a numberleſs crowd

crow'd of wing'd deluſions fluttering round him, came and pour'd out a ſubtle and enchanted liquor upon the eyes of the pilot Athamas, who was attentively conſidering the brightneſs of the moon, the courſe of the ſtars, and the port of Ithaca, whoſe ſteep rocks he had already diſcover'd pretty near. In this very moment, the pilot's eyes could diſcern nothing as it really was; a falſe ſky and a mock land preſented themſelves to him; the ſtars ſeem'd to have chang'd their courſe, and to have gone backwards in their ſhining orbits; all Olympus ſeem'd to move by new laws; the earth itſelf was alter'd; a falſe Ithaca ſtill offer'd itſelf to his view to amuſe him, while at the ſame time he was going farther off from the true one. The more he approach'd towards this deluding repreſentation of the iſland, the farther this image recoil'd from him; it ſtill fled from before him; and he knew not what to make of it's retreat: ſometimes he thought he already heard the noiſe ſo uſual in a port; and ſo he was ſtrait preparing, according to the orders he had receiv'd, to ſteal aſhore on a little iſland near the great one, to ſecure the return of this young prince againſt the violence of Penelope's lovers, who had conſpired againſt him. Sometimes he dreaded the ſhelves, which are ſo numerous on that ſhore, and he fancied that he heard the hollow roaring of the waves daſhing againſt thoſe ſhelves: then all on a ſudden he perceiv'd that the land appear'd at a much greater diſtance: the mountains ſeem'd to him like ſo many little clouds, which ſometimes darken the horizon while the ſun is ſetting. Thus was Athamas perplex'd, and the impreſſion of the deceitful deity, which had bewitch'd his eyes, fill'd him with a ſort of apprehenſion, which till then he was a ſtranger to. He was even inclin'd to believe that he was not awake, and that he was under the alluſion of a dream. Mean while, Neptune commanded the eaſt wind to blow, in order to drive the ſhip on the coaſt of Heſperia: the wind obey'd him with ſo much

vehemence, that the ſhip ſoon arriv'd at the place Neptune had appointed.

Already had Aurora proclaim'd the approaching day; already had the ſtars, which dread the rays of the ſun, and are ſhy of him, begun to hide in the ocean their duſky fires, when the pilot cry'd out: I can no longer doubt it; we are now touching the very iſland of Ithaca; rejoice, Telemachus, for in an hour you ſhall ſee Penelope again, and perhaps Ulyſſes, repoſſeſs'd of his throne. At this cry, Telemachus, who was lock'd faſt in the arms of ſleep, awakes, ſtarts up, goes to the ſteerage, embraces the pilot, and with his eyes ſcarce open ſurveys the neighbouring ſhore, and ſigh'd when he could not perceive that it was the coaſt of his own country. Alas! where are we, ſaid he? This is not my dear Ithaca. Athamas, you are deceiv'd; you are but little acquainted with that coaſt ſo far diſtant from your own country. No, no, reply'd Athamas; I can't be deceiv'd in my knowledge of the bearings of this iſland: I have been a great many times here; I know the ſmalleſt rock belonging to it; the coaſt of Tyre is ſcarce more recent in my memory: See that mountain there jutting out; behold that head-land riſing like a tower; don't you hear thoſe billows that break themſelves againſt thoſe other rocks, that with an angry brow ſeem to threaten the ſea with their fall? But don't you ſee that temple of Minerva, which ſalutes the clouds? Yonder is the houſe and caſtle of your father Ulyſſes. O Athamas! reply'd Telemachus, you are deceiv'd; I ſee, on the contrary, a very high, but level coaſt; and I perceive a town, but it is none of Ithaca. O gods, is it thus ye deride and mock poor mortals!

Whilſt he was ſaying theſe words, all of a ſudden the eyes of Athamas were reſtor'd to their wonted certainty, and the charm diſſolv'd: he perfectly ſurvey'd the ſhore as it really was, and acknowledg'd his error. I own, O Telemachus, cry'd he, ſome envious

envious deity has enchanted my eyes. I thought I ſaw Ithaca, and a perfect image of it preſented itſelf to my fancy; but now it is vaniſh'd like a dream: I now behold another city, and it is doubtleſs Salentum, which Idomeneus, who fled from Crete, has lately founded in Heſperia; I perceive it's riſing walls, as yet unfiniſh'd; I ſee a port not yet entirely fortify'd.

Whilſt Athamas was taking notice of the ſeveral works, newly erected in this growing city, and whilſt Telemachus was bewailing his misfortune; the wind that Neptune cauſed to blow, drove them full ſail into a road, where they found themſelves under ſhelter, and juſt by the haven.

Mentor, who was no ſtranger either to Neptune's revenge, or the cruel devices of Venus, only ſmil'd at the miſtake of Athamas. When they were in this road, Mentor ſays to Telemachus, Jupiter is making tryal of you, but will not ſuffer you to be deſtroy'd: On the contrary, he only tries you, to point out to you the road of glory. Think on the labours of Hercules; let your father's atchievements be ever preſent to your mind. He, who knows not how to ſuffer, is not magnanimous. By patience and fortitude you muſt tire out that mercileſs fortune, which takes delight in perſecuting you. I am leſs afraid, with regard to you, of the rigorous treatment of Neptune, than I fear'd the inſinuating careſſes of that goddeſs who detain'd you in her iſland. What do we ſtay for? Let us enter the port; theſe people are our friends; we are come among the Greeks. Idomeneus, who himſelf has been ill uſed by fortune, will have pity on the diſtreſs'd, They preſently enter'd the port of Salentum, where the Phœnician ſhip was receiv'd without any obſtruction, becauſe the Phœnicians are in peace and commerce with all the people of the world.

Telemachus beheld with admiration this growing city. As a young plant, which, having been nouriſh'd

riſh'd by the night's ſweet dew, at break of day feels the ſun-beams coming to embelliſh it; it grows; it opens it's tender buds; it ſtretches out it's green leaves; it blows it's fragrant flowers with a thouſand new colours; every moment you look upon it, you perceive a new luſtre: ſo flouriſh'd Idomeneus's new city on the ſea-ſide. Each day, each hour, it roſe in magnificence, and preſented afar off to ſtrangers at ſea, new embelliſhments of architecture, which tower'd to the very ſkies. All the coaſt reſounded with the cries of the workmen, and the ſtrokes of mallets and hammers; while, by the help of cranes and ropes, ſtones travell'd through the air: All the leading men of the city ſpirited up the populace to their work, as ſoon as Aurora appear'd; and king Idomeneus himſelf gave orders every-where, and forwarded the works with an incredible diligence.

Hardly was the Phœnician veſſel got into port, e'er the Cretans gave to Telemachus and Mentor all the tokens of a ſincere friendſhip: They haſten'd away to inform Idomeneus, that the ſon of Ulyſſes was arriv'd. The ſon of Ulyſſes! cry'd he, of Ulyſſes! He! that dear friend, that wiſe heroe, by whom we at laſt laid ſtately Troy in duſt! Bring him to me, and let me ſhew him how much I lov'd his father. Hereupon they preſented to him Telemachus, who telling him his name, ſues for hoſpitality. Idomeneus anſwer'd him with a courteous ſmiling countenance: Though no body had told me who you are, I ſhould certainly have known you. You are Ulyſſes himſelf; behold his very eyes darting forth fire, his ſteady look, his mien at firſt cold and reſerv'd, which cover'd ſo much ſprightlineſs and ſo many graces! I perceive even that ſubtle ſmile, his eaſy negligent demeanour, his gentle ſpeech, plain and inſinuating, which perſuaded, without allowing time for ſuſpicion. Yes, you are the ſon of Ulyſſes; but you ſhall be mine too. O my ſon, my dear ſon, what accident brings you to this climate? Is

Is it to ſeek your father! Alas! I can tell you nothing of him; fortune has perſecuted both him and me: It was his ill fate not to be able to find his country again; and 'twas mine to find my country again, fill'd with the hatred of the gods againſt me. Whilſt Idomeneus was ſpeaking theſe words, he looked wiſtfully upon Mentor, as one whoſe face he was no ſtranger to, but whoſe name he could not re-call.

And now Telemachus anſwer'd him with tears in his eyes: O king, pardon the grief, which, in deſpite of me, will break out at a time when I ought to expreſs nothing but joy and gratitude for your generoſity to me. By your lamenting the loſs of Ulyſſes, you yourſelf teach me how much I ought to be affected with my misfortune, in not finding my father. 'Tis now a long, long while, I have been in ſearch of him through all the known ſeas. The incens'd gods permit me not either to ſee him again, or to know whether he be ſhipwreck'd, or to return to Ithaca, where Penelope pines away with a longing deſire to be freed from her importunate ſuitors. I thought I ſhould have found you in the iſland of Crete; I was there inform'd of your cruel deſtiny, but little thought of ever coming near Heſperia, where you have founded a new kingdom; but fortune, who makes us mortals their play-game, and now obliges me to wander from place to place, and keeps me ſtill from Ithaca, has at length caſt me upon your ſhore. Of all the diſaſters ſhe has expos'd me to, this is what I the leaſt repine at; for tho' ſhe drives me from my native country, yet ſhe brings me acquainted with the moſt generous of all kings.

At theſe words, Idomeneus gave Telemachus a kind embrace, and leading him into his palace, ſaid to him; Who is that wiſe old man that accompanies you; for methinks I have ſeen him ſomewhere? 'Tis Mentor, reply'd Telemachus; Mentor the friend of Ulyſſes, to whom he committed the govern-

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ment of my infancy: What tongue can expreſs how much I am oblig'd to him!

Thereupon, Idomeneus ſtepping to Mentor, and taking him by the hand; You and I, ſaid he to him, have ſeen one another before. You may remember the voyage you made into Crete, and what good advice you gave me; but at that time, the heat of youth, and the quick reliſh of ſenſual pleaſures hurry'd me away; ſo that my misfortunes only have been able to teach me what I would not believe. Would to the gods I had taken your advice, O ſage old man! But I am amaz'd to ſee that you are not in the leaſt alter'd in ſo many years; your face is as freſh and ſanguine as ever, the ſame ſtrait and vigorous body, only your hair is grown ſomewhat hoary.

Great king, anſwer'd Mentor, were I a flatterer, I would tell you likewiſe that you ſtill preſerve that bloom which ſhone in your face before the ſiege of Troy; but I had rather diſpleaſe you than offend againſt truth. Beſides, I find by your wiſe diſcourſe, that you do not love flattery, and that a man runs no hazard in being ſincere with you. Therefore, I muſt needs tell you, you are very much chang'd, and that 'twas ſcarce poſſible to have known you again. I am not a ſtranger to the cauſe of it; 'tis occaſion'd by your many and great ſufferings: But you have been a great gainer by your misfortunes, ſince you have acquir'd wiſdom. A man may very eaſily comfort himſelf for the wrinkles of his face, ſo long as his heart is exercis'd and fortified in virtue. Moreover, know, Idomeneus, that kings always wear away faſter than other men. In adverſity, the fatigues of the mind and body make them old before their time: In proſperity, the voluptuous enjoyments of an eaſy life, waſte their ſtrength even more than the toils of war. Nothing is more detrimental to health than immoderate pleaſure. From hence it proceeds, that kings, either in peace or war, do continually labour under ſuch pains or pleaſures, as bring upon them old age before

before it's natural ſeaſon. Whereas a ſober, temperate, and plain way of living, free from inquietudes and paſſions, regular and laborious, keeps all the limbs of a wiſe man in a vigorous youthfulneſs; which, without theſe precautions, flies faſt away upon the wings of time.

Idomeneus, charm'd with Mentor's diſcourſe, would for a long time have liſten'd to him, had they not come to put him in mind of a ſacrifice which he was to make to Jupiter. Telemachus and Mentor follow'd him, ſurrounded by a great crowd of people, who with much eagerneſs and curioſity gaz'd at the two ſtrangers. The Salentines ſaid one to another, Theſe two men are very different; the young one has a certain amiable livelineſs beyond expreſſion; all the graces of youth and beauty are diffus'd over his whole face and body; but this beauty has nothing effeminate nor languid; tho' he is in the tendereſt bloſſom of youth, yet he appears vigorous, ſtrong, and inured to labour. But this other, tho' far older, has loſt nothing at all of his ſtrength: His mien indeed ſeems at firſt not ſo majeſtic, nor his countenance ſo graceful; yet if you look nearer, you will find in his ſimplicity the marks of wiſdom and virtue, with a ſurprizing grandeur of deportment. When the gods deſcended to earth to reveal themſelves to mortals, they undoubtedly appeared in the like figures of ſtrangers and travellers.

By this time they were arriv'd at the temple of Jupiter, which Idomeneus, who was deſcended from that god, had adorn'd with much magnificence. It was environ'd with a double row of marble pillars, like jaſper: the chapiters were of ſilver; the temple was all incruſted with marble, where Baſſo Relievos riſe repreſenting the transformation of Jupiter into a bull, the rape of Europa, and her paſſage through the ſea into Crete. The waves ſeem'd to reverence Jupiter tho' he was in a ſtrange form. Then there was repreſented the birth and youth of Minos; afterwards,

afterwards, that wiſe king in a more advanced age diſpenſing laws to the whole iſland, in order to render it for ever flouriſhing. There likewiſe Telemachus took notice of the principal occurrences at the ſiege of Troy, where Idomeneus had acquir'd the reputation of a great general. Amidſt the repreſentation of theſe actions, Telemachus look'd for his father, and found him taking the horſes of Rheſus, whom Diomedes had juſt kill'd; in another place diſputing with Ajax for the arms of Achilles, amidſt an aſſembly of the Grecian commanders: and, laſtly, his coming out of the fatal horſe to give death to ſo many Trojans.

Telemachus preſently knew him by all theſe famous actions, which he had ſo often heard of, and which Mentor himſelf had frequently repeated to him. The tears preſently guſh'd from his eyes; he chang'd colour; grief was ſpread all over his face: Idomeneus perceiv'd it; tho' Telemachus turn'd aſide to conceal his trouble. Don't be aſham'd, ſaid Idomeneus to him, to let us ſee how much you are mov'd with the glory and misfortunes of your father.

Mean while the people aſſembled in great crowds under the vaſt porticoes form'd by the double row of columns which ſurrounded the temple. There were two companies of young boys and girls, who ſung hymns in praiſe of the thunder-graſping god. Theſe children, who were ſelected for their beauty, had their long hair ſpread abroad upon their ſhoulders; their heads were perfum'd and crown'd with roſes, and they were all cloath'd in white. Idomeneus offer'd in ſacrifice to Jupiter a hundred bulls, to render the god propitious to him in a war which he had undertaken againſt his neighbours. The blood of the victims, ſmoaking on every ſide, ſtream'd into the capacious goblets of gold and ſilver.

The aged Theophanes, belov'd of the gods, and prieſt of the temple, kept, during the time of the ſacrifice, his head cover'd with one end of his pur-

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ple robe; then he conſulted the entrails of the victims ſtill panting; after which, aſcending the ſacred tripod, O ye gods, cry'd he, what are theſe two ſtrangers whom you have ſent into theſe parts? Had they not come among us, the war lately enter'd upon would have been fatal to us, and Salentum would have fallen to ruin e'er it had been well rais'd above-ground. I have in my eye a young hero whom wiſdom leads by the hand..... No mortal dares ſay more..... In ſpeaking theſe words, his looks were wild, and his eyes ſparkled with fire; he ſeem'd to gaze on other objects than thoſe that were before him; his face was inflam'd, his whole body was in emotion; he rag'd and grew diſtracted; his hair briſtled up; his mouth foam'd; his up-lifted arms ſtood motionleſs in the air; his loud voice was ſtronger than any human voice; he was breathleſs, and could no longer contain within him the deity he was poſſeſs'd with.

O happy Idomeneus, cry'd he again, what do I ſee? What misfortunes avoided! What amiable peace at home! but abroad, what bloody wars! What victories! O Telemachus! thy labours exceed thy father's: The proud inſulting enemy groans in the duſt, whilſt thy ſword flaſhes over his head: the brazen gates, the inacceſſible ramparts fall at thy feet..... O mighty goddeſs! Let his father..... brave youth! in time thou ſhalt reviſit..... At theſe words his ſpeech fail'd him, and he continu'd, as it were by irreſiſtible neceſſity, in a ſilence full of aſtoniſhment.

The people were froze with fear; Idomeneus ſhiver'd, not daring to bid him make an end. Telemachus himſelf, ſurpriz'd, hardly underſtood what he had heard; ſcarce could he believe that he had heard ſuch high predictions. Mentor alone was unaſtoniſh'd at the divine ſpirit. You hear, ſaid he to Idomeneus, the purpoſe of the gods; that whatever nation you have to fight againſt, the victory ſhall be in your

hands, and you will owe to your friend's youthful ſon the proſperity of your arms; therefore be not jealous of him, but make a right uſe of what the gods beſtow on you by his means.

Idomeneus, being not yet recover'd out of his amazement, ſtudied in vain for words; his tongue continu'd motionleſs. Telemachus, more maſter of himſelf, ſaid to Mentor; even ſo much promis'd glory does not move me; but what can be the meaning of thoſe laſt words, *Thou ſhalt reviſit?* Is it my father, or only Ithaca, that I ſhall ſee again? Ah! why did he not make an end? He has left me more in doubt than I was before. O Ulyſſes! O my father! Is it poſſible that I ſhould ever ſee you again? Can it be true? But I flatter myſelf..... O cruel oracle! thou delighteſt in ſporting with an unfortunate wretch: one word more, and I had been at the height of happineſs.

Accept with reverence what the gods reveal, ſaid Mentor to him, and attempt not to diſcover what they are pleaſed to keep ſecret. Raſh curioſity deſerves to be put to confuſion. 'Tis out of a ſupreme goodneſs and wiſdom that the gods conceal from feeble mortals their deſtinies, involv'd in an impenetrable darkneſs. It is indeed of advantage to foreſee what depends on our endeavours, in order to a due performance; but 'tis no leſs advantageous to be ignorant of what the gods deſign to do with us, and of what it is not in our power, by any means, to avert.

Telemachus, touch'd with theſe words, contain'd himſelf, tho' not without the greateſt reluctance. Idomeneus, who by this time had conquer'd his ſurprize, began to thank great Jove for ſending to him the young Telemachus and the wiſe Mentor, in order to make him victorious over his enemies. And, after he had given them a noble entertainment, ſubſequent to the ſacrifice, he ſpoke thus to the two ſtrangers.

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I acknowledge, I was but a novice in the art of governing, when I return'd into Crete, after the ſiege of Troy. You know, dear friends, what miſfortunes diſabled me from reigning over that great iſland, ſince you tell me that you were there after I left it. Yet I am happy, exceeding happy, if the ſevereſt ſtrokes of fortune can be of uſe towards my inſtruction, and teach me to be maſter of my paſſions. I croſs'd the ſea like a fugitive, whom the vengeance of gods and men purſues. All my paſt grandeur ſerv'd only to render my fall the more ignominious and inſupportable. I ſought a ſhelter for my houſhold-gods upon this deſart coaſt, where I found nothing but wild uncultivated lands, over-run with thorns and briars, cover'd with thick-ſet trees as old as the earth itſelf, and almoſt inacceſſible rocks, which ſerv'd for harbour to the wild beaſts. Yet ſuch was the extremity to which I was reduc'd, that I was glad to poſſeſs this ſavage land, and to make it my country, in company with a ſmall handful of ſoldiers and friends, who were ſo kind as to take ſhare in my misfortunes, deſtitute of all hopes of ever ſeeing again that fortunate iſland, where the gods caus'd me to be born, that there I might reign. Alas! ſaid I to myſelf, what an alteration is this! what a dreadful example am I to all kings! what wholſome inſtructions may they draw from my miſcarriages! They fancy they have nothing to fear, becauſe of their elevation above the reſt of mankind; whereas it is that very elevation that ought to make them fear every thing. I was dreaded by my enemies, belov'd by my ſubjects; I commanded over a powerful and warlike nation; my name was ſpread abroad upon Fame's ſwift wings into the moſt diſtant climates; I reign'd in a delicious fruitful iſland: each year an hundred wealthy cities paid me tribute; my people acknowledg'd me to be the offſpring of Jupiter, who was born in their country;

they lov'd me as the grandſon of the ſage Minos, by whoſe laws they are become ſo powerful and ſo happy. What was there wanting to my felicity, except the knowing how to enjoy it with moderation? But my own pride, and the flattery of others, which I liſten'd to, overturn'd my throne. In like manner will all kings fall, that ſhall give themſelves up to their own paſſion, and the deceitful counſels of flatterers. In the day-time, I endeavour'd to put on a chearful countenance, and ſuch as ſeem'd full of hope, in order to keep up the ſpirits of thoſe who had follow'd me. Come on, ſaid I to them; let us build a new city, to make us amends for our loſſes: we are ſurrounded by nations who have ſet us a noble example for ſuch an enterprize: ſee there Tarentum rearing up it's head juſt by us! Phalantus, with his Lacedemonians, founded that new kingdom. Philoctetes has built upon the ſame coaſt another great city, which he calls Petilia. Such another colony is Metapontum. And ſhall we be out-done by thoſe ſtrangers who are wanderers like ourſelves? Fortune has dealt with us all alike, and has not us'd us worſe than them.

Whilſt I endeavour'd, by ſuch expreſſions as theſe, to mitigate the diſtreſſes of my companions, I ſmother'd a deadly grief at the bottom of my heart: it was to me a mighty conſolation whenever the day withdrew it's light, and the night came to wrap me up in darkneſs; for then I was at liberty to moan my wretched fate. Two bitter floods of tears rolled from my eyes, and balmy ſleep was an utter ſtranger to me. The next day I reſum'd my toils with indefatigable fervour, and that's the reaſon, Mentor, you find me ſo much alter'd for the worſe.

After Idomeneus had made an end relating his ſufferings, he begg'd Telemachus and Mentor to give him their aſſiſtance in the war wherein he was engag'd. I will, added he, moſt carefully ſend you back to Ithaca, as ſoon as the war is over; and, in the

the mean while, I will ſend out ſhips far and wide, to learn news of Ulyſſes. Wherever he is thrown, either by ſtormy winds or angry gods, I will take care to bring him back. Heaven grant he ſtill be living! As for you, the beſt ſhips that ever were built in the iſland of Crete ſhall be fitted out to carry you home: they are built of timber felled on the true Mount Ida, where Jupiter was born: that ſacred wood can never periſh in the waves; the winds and rocks do awfully reſpect it; and Neptune's ſelf, even in his higheſt rage, dares not to ſtir the billows up againſt it. Reſt therefore aſſur'd, that you will happily return to Ithaca, and that no adverſe deity ſhall be any longer able to make you wander upon ſo many ſeas any more. The paſſage is ſo ſhort and eaſy; ſend away the Phœnician veſſel that brought you hither, and think now of nothing but how to acquire the glory of eſtabliſhing the new kingdom of Idomeneus, which is to be the recompence of all his ſufferings. 'Tis at this price, O ſon of Ulyſſes, that you muſt be eſteem'd worthy of your father: and tho' harſh deſtiny ſhould have already ſent him down to Pluto's gloomy realm, yet Greece, over-joy'd, will find him again in you.

At theſe words, Telemachus interrupting Idomeneus, Let us, ſaid he, ſend away the Phœnician veſſel. What do we ſtay for? Why don't we this moment take up arms, and attack your enemies, who are now become ours? If we were victorious, when in Sicily we fought for Aceſtes, who was a Trojan, and a profeſs'd enemy of Greece, ſhall we not be yet more ardent, and more befriended by the gods, when we fight for one of thoſe Grecian heroes, who levelled to the ground that unjuſt city of Priam? The oracle we have juſt now heard will not ſuffer us to doubt it.

The END *of the* NINTH BOOK.

THE ADVENTURES OF *TELEMACHUS.*

BOOK X.

The ARGUMENT.

Idomeneus acquaints Mentor with the reaſons of his making war againſt the Mandurians; and relates to him, that they had at firſt yielded to him the coaſt of Heſperia, where he had founded his city; that they retir'd to the neighbouring mountains, where ſome of them having been abuſed by a party of his men, they had deputed to him two old men, with whom he had agreed upon articles of peace; and that, after an infraction of that treaty, by ſome of Idomeneus's men, who knew nothing of the peace, the Mandurians were preparing to make war againſt him. Whilſt Idomeneus was telling this ſtory, the Mandurians, who had taken up arms with great expedition, appeared at the gates of Salentum.

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Neſtor, Philoctetes, and Phalantus, whom Idomeneus thought to be neuter, come againſt him in the army of the Mandurians. Mentor goes forth from Salentum by himſelf, to propoſe conditions of peace to the enemy.

MENTOR, with a ſerene compos'd countenance, looking upon Telemachus, who now burnt with a noble ardour for the fight, thus beſpoke him: I am much pleaſed, O ſon of Ulyſſes, to ſee in you ſo laudable a paſſion for glory; but remember, that the greateſt renown of your father, was his approving himſelf the wiſeſt and moſt moderate commander among the Greeks, when that fam'd ſiege of Troy was carrying on. Achilles, tho' both invincible and invulnerable, tho' he carry'd terror and death wherever he fought, yet could not maſter Troy; he fell himſelf beneath the walls of that proud town, which triumph'd over him who conquer'd Hector: But Ulyſſes, whoſe valour was govern'd by prudence, carried fire and ſword amidſt the Trojans; and to his hands is owing the fall of thoſe high and ſtately towers, which, during ten long years, defied all confederate Greece. As much as Minerva is ſuperior to Mars, ſo much does a well-weigh'd provident valour ſurpaſs a boiſterous and ſavage boldneſs. Firſt then, let us enquire into the circumſtances of this war that is to be carried on; I, for my part, decline no danger; but 'tis my opinion, Idomeneus, that you ought firſt to let us know whether your war be a juſt one; ſecondly, againſt whom you wage it; and laſtly, what number of forces you have to juſtify the hope of a happy iſſue.

Idomeneus reply'd: At our firſt arrival here, we found a ſavage people, who lived in the woods upon what they kill'd in hunting, and ſuch fruits as the trees

tree ſpontaneouſly produce. Theſe people, who are called Mandurians, were ſo terrified at the ſight of our ſhips and arms, that they made all the haſte they could into their mountains; but the ſoldiers, whoſe curioſity led them to view the country, and likewiſe being minded to hunt down ſome of their ſtags, met with ſome of thoſe ſavage run-aways, whoſe leaders thus accoſted our men: We have forſaken the agreeable ſhore, and yielded it to you; we have nothing left but wild mountains, almoſt inacceſſible; and 'tis but juſt that you leave us in peace and liberty there: We have met you wandering, diſperſed, and weaker than we; ſo that we have it in our power, if we will, to take away your lives; nor can your own companions have the leaſt ſuſpicion of what's become of you; but we have no inclination to imbrue our hands in the blood of thoſe who are men like ourſelves. Go your ways, and forget not that you owe your lives to our principles of humanity. Remember it is from a people you call rude and unciviliz'd, that you receive this leſſon of forbearance and generoſity.

Thoſe of our men, who were thus let go by the Barbarians, return'd to the camp, and related what had happen'd to them. Our ſoldiers were vex'd at it; they were aſhamed that Cretans ſhould owe their lives to ſuch a gang of fugitives, who ſeem'd to them more like bears than men. Thereupon they went out a hunting in greater numbers than at firſt, and furniſh'd with all manner of arms: they did not go very far e'er they met with the ſavages, and attack'd them; the engagement was ſharp; the darts flew on both ſides like hail in a ſtorm; the ſavages were forced at laſt to retire to their ſteep mountains, whither our men durſt not purſue them.

A while after, thoſe people ſent to me two of their wiſeſt old men to ſue for peace: They brought preſents along with them, conſiſting of ſkins of wild beaſts which they had killed, and various ſorts of fruits,

fruits, ſuch as the country affords. After they had given me the preſents, they began thus:

O king, in one hand thou ſeeſt me bear the ſword, and in the other an olive-branch (for they had actually each in their hands) chuſe therefore, which thou wilt, peace or war. We, for our parts, would chuſe peace; and for the ſake thereof we have not been aſhamed to yield thee the pleaſant ſea-ſhore, where the fertile land, impregnated by the ſun, abounds with ſo many and ſuch delicious fruits. Yet peace is ſweeter than all thoſe fruits; and for that reaſon we retired into thoſe ſteep mountains cover'd with everlaſting ice and ſnow, where we never behold either the flowers of the ſpring, or the rich fruits of the autumn. We have in abhorrence that brutality which, under the plauſible names of ambition and glory, madly ravages whole provinces, and ſpills the blood of men, who are all brethren. If that falſe glory affects thee, we are not ſuch fools as to envy thee; we pity thee, and beg the gods to preſerve us from the like madneſs. If the ſciences, which the Greeks are ſo careful to learn, and if that politeneſs they take ſo much pride in, ſerves only to inſpire them with ſuch a deteſtable injuſtice, we look upon it as our great happineſs to be without thoſe advantages; we will glory in being ſtill ignorant, and being Barbarians, but withal, juſt, kind, faithful, diſintereſted, ſatisfy'd with little, and deſpiſing that idle delicacy which brings along with it a neceſſity of enjoying a great deal. What we hold in greateſt eſteem is health, frugality, liberty, vigour of body and mind, the love of virtue, the fear of the gods, a kind diſpoſition towards our neighbours, conſtancy to our friends, honeſty towards every body, moderation in proſperity, fortitude in afflictions, courage to declare the truth at all times, deteſtation of flattery. Such are the people whom we now offer to thee for neighbours and allies. If the gods, in anger to thee, do ſo far infatuate thee, as to cauſe thee to refuſe this peace,

peace, thou ſhalt find, when it is too late, that thoſe people who are lovers of peace out of a principle of moderation, are the moſt formidable in war.

While theſe old men were thus ſpeaking to me, I thought I ſhould never ſatiate my eyes with looking upon them: They had long uncomb'd beards, ſhort hoary hair, thick eye-brows, ſparkling eyes, a reſolute look, an utterance grave and full of authority, manners plain and ingenuous. The furs, which ſerved them for cloaths, were faſten'd negligently over their ſhoulders, and diſcover'd their bare arms, more nervous and brawny than even thoſe of our wreſtlers. The anſwer I gave thoſe two envoys was, that I deſired peace. We thereupon ſettled between us ſeveral conditions, upon each other's faith: We invok'd all the gods to witneſs the treaty; which done, I ſent them back again with preſents: But the gods, who drove me from the kingdom of my anceſtors, were not yet tired with perſecuting me. Our huntſmen, who could not ſo ſoon have information of the peace we had juſt made, happen'd to meet the ſame day a great company of thoſe Barbarians, as they were attending their ambaſſadors in their return from our camp. They fell upon them with fury, killed many of them, and purſued the reſt into the woods: And thus the war is kindled anew. It is the opinion of theſe Barbarians, that they can no longer ſafely truſt either our promiſes or oaths.

In order to diſtreſs us the more, they have called to their aſſiſtance the Locrians, Apulians, Lucanians, the Brutians, the people of Crotona, Neritum, and Brunduſium. The Lucanians uſe chariots armed with keen ſcythes. The Apulians are every one of them cover'd with the ſkin of ſome wild beaſt which they have killed; they carry in their hands great wooden clubs, full of large knobs, beſet with iron ſpikes; they are for the generality as tall as giants, and their bodies are ſo robuſt, by hardening themſelves in the moſt labourious exerciſes, that their very looks

looks ſtrike terror. The Locrians, who come from Greece, do ſtill retain ſomething of their original, and have more humanity than the reſt; but, with the exact diſcipline of the Greek troops, they have the additional advantages of being as luſty as thoſe Barbarians, by habituating themſelves to a hardy way of living, which makes them invincible: They have a ſort of light bucklers, made of twiſted withies, cover'd over with ſkins; and they uſe long ſwords. The Brutians are nimble-footed like bucks or does; and, when they run, one would think that even the tendereſt blade of graſs is hardly depreſs'd by their feet; they ſcarce leave any prints of their ſteps in the ſand itſelf; they ruſh ſuddenly on their foes, and are gone again with the ſame rapidity. The people of Crotona are very ready at ſhooting arrows; few of the ordinary ſort among the Greeks can draw a bow like the leaſt expert of theſe Crotonians; and if they ſhould ever apply themſelves to our games, they would infallibly carry the prize: Their arrows are ſteep'd in the juice of certain poiſonous herbs, which are ſaid to come from the banks of Avernus, and whoſe wounds are incurable. As for thoſe of Neritum, Meſſapia, and Brunduſium, all they have to boaſt of is a great ſtrength of body, and an untaught artleſs valour. As ſoon as they ſee their enemies, they rend the ſkies with ſuch hideous out-cries, as are really frightful: They are pretty dexterous at the ſling, and darken the air with ſhowers of ſtones; but they obſerve no order in fighting. This, O Mentor, is what you deſired to know: You are now let into the occaſion of this war, and are informed what ſort of enemies we have to deal with.

As ſoon as Idomeneus had given them this account, Telemachus, impatient to engage, thought there was no more to do than to take up arms. Mentor ſtopp'd him a ſecond time, and thus addreſs'd himſelf to Idomeneus: How comes it, that theſe ſame Locrians, who are of a Grecian ſtock, do thus confederate with the

the Barbarians againſt Grecians? How comes it, that ſo many Greek colonies are in a flouriſhing condition upon this ſea-coaſt, without being engag'd in the ſame wars with you? You ſay, O Idomeneus, that the gods are not weary of perſecuting you; but I ſay, they have not yet done inſtructing you: it is ſtrange, that ſo many misfortunes, as you have gone through, ſhould not have yet taught you what you ought to do, in order to prevent a war! What you yourſelf juſt now related, concerning the honeſty of thoſe Barbarians, ſuffices to ſhew, that you might have liv'd in peace with them; but pride and haughtineſs are always attractive of the moſt dangerous wars. You might have given them hoſtages, and taken ſome of theirs; and it would have been an eaſy matter for you to have ſent ſome of your captains along with their ambaſſadors, to have re-conducted them ſafe home. Nay, ſince the renewal of the war, you ought to have pacify'd them, by repreſenting to them that they were attack'd purely through ignorance of the treaty that had been made with them: you ſhould have offer'd them all the ſecurity they could poſſibly demand; and have denounc'd the ſevereſt puniſhments againſt thoſe of your ſubjects who ſhould give the leaſt interruption or diſturbance to this alliance. But, pray, what has happen'd ſince this rupture?

To this Idomeneus reply'd; I thought it would have been a baſe abject ſubmiſſion in us to have courted thoſe Barbarians, who had now aſſembled in haſte all their moſt ſerviceable men, and ſuch as were fit to bear arms, and implor'd the aſſiſtance of all the neighbouring nations, to whom they made us odious and ſuſpected. Thereupon I thought that the beſt courſe I could take, was immediately to make ourſelves maſters of certain narrow paſſes in the mountains, that were ill guarded. Theſe we ſeiz'd without much difficulty; and by that means put ourſelves into a condition of annoying thoſe Barbarians.

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In theſe defiles I have caus'd ſtrong towers to be erected, from whence our men may, with their darts, gaul and overwhelm ſuch of our enemies as ſhall come down from the mountains into our country; and at the ſame time, we may enter into theirs, and deſtroy their chief ſettlements whenever we pleaſe. Thus, with forces much inferior, we are able to make head againſt that innumerable multitude of enemies which ſurrounds us. This being the preſent ſtate of our caſe, it would be a difficult matter to treat of peace with them: for we cannot give up to them thoſe towers, without expoſing ourſelves to their incurſions; and they look upon them as citadels intended by us to bring them under ſlavery.

Mentor made this reply to Idomeneus: You are a wiſe King, and are pleas'd with hearing the truth deliver'd to you without any diſguiſe: you are not like thoſe fooliſh men, who are afraid of ſeeing it, and who, for want of courage to correct their faults, employ their whole authority to maintain what they have once done amiſs. Know then, that this barbarous people gave you an admirable leſſon, when they apply'd to you for peace. Was it out of weakneſs they ſu'd for it? Did they want courage, or foreign aſſiſtance to make head againſt you? You manifeſtly ſee they did not, ſince they are ſo inur'd to war, and ſupported by ſo many formidable neighbours. Why did not you imitate their moderation? But a miſtaken ſhame, and a falſe honour, have caſt you into this misfortune: you were afraid of making the enemy too proud, but did not fear the making them too powerful, by uniting ſo many nations in a confederacy againſt you, through your haughty and injurious conduct. What are thoſe towers you ſo much boaſt of, good for? unleſs it be to bring all your neighbours under a neceſſity, either of deſtroying you, or periſhing themſelves, in order to keep off an approaching ſlavery. You rear'd up thoſe towers for your ſecurity only, and it is by means of thoſe very

towers, that you are now threaten'd with ſo imminent a danger. The beſt bulwark of a ſtate, is juſtice, moderation, integrity, and the aſſurance your neighbours have, that you will never encroach upon their lands. The ſtrongeſt walls may fall, through a thouſand unforeſeen accidents; fortune is capricious and uncertain in war; but the love and confidence of your neighbours, who have experienc'd your moderation, is what renders a ſtate invincible, and what makes it ſcarce ever ſo much as attempted againſt. Nay, tho' an unjuſt neighbour ſhould attack it, all the reſt who are concern'd in it's preſervation, do preſently take up arms in it's defence: the ſupport of ſo many nations, who find their true intereſt in maintaining your's, would have ſtrengthen'd you much more than theſe towers, which render your misfortunes irretrievable. Had you at firſt taken care to prevent the jealouſy of all your neighbours, your infant city would have flouriſh'd in a happy tranquillity, and you would have been the arbiter of all the nations of Heſperia. But, waving all other conſiderations, let us now confine ourſelves to examine which way you can repair what is paſt, by taking proper meaſures for the time to come. You told me juſt now, that there are upon this coaſt ſeveral Greek colonies: theſe people cannot but be inclin'd, from the dictates of nature, to aſſiſt you; for ſure they have not forgot either the great name of Minos, ſon of Jupiter, or your labours in the ſiege of Troy, where you ſo often ſignaliz'd yourſelf among the Grecian princes, in the common cauſe of all Greece. Why don't you endeavour to bring thoſe colonies over to your ſide?

They are all reſolv'd, anſwer'd Idomeneus, to remain neuter: not but that they had ſome inclination to aſſiſt me, but they were deterr'd from doing it by the mighty noiſe this city has made, from it's very beginning. Thoſe Grecians, as well as the reſt, were afraid we had ſome deſign upon their liberty.

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They were apprehenſive, that after we had ſubdu'd the Barbarians of the mountains, we ſhould puſh our ambition yet farther. To conclude, they are all againſt us: thoſe very people, who declare not openly againſt us, would yet be glad to ſee us reduc'd, and the univerſal jealouſy deprives us of all alliances.

O ſtrange extremity! reply'd Mentor. By endeavouring to appear too powerful you ruin your power, and whilſt you are both fear'd and hated abroad by your neighbours, you at home exhauſt yourſelf by the vaſt expences you muſt needs be at to maintain ſuch a war. O wretched, doubly wretched Idomeneus, whom even this misfortune has inſtructed but by halves! muſt you needs have a ſecond fall to teach you to foreſee the evils which threaten the greateſt kings? But leave it to my management, and only give me a particular account of thoſe cities that refuſe to enter into an alliance with you.

The principal of them, ſaid Idomeneus, is Tarentum. About three years ago Phalantus laid the foundation of it. He had got together in Laconia a vaſt number of young men, who were born of women that had forgot their abſent huſbands during the ſiege of Troy, When theſe huſbands came home, the women did all they could to pacify them, by denying the faults they had committed in their abſence. Theſe numerous youths, born out of wedlock, being diſclaim'd both by father and mother, gave themſelves up to an unbounded licentiouſneſs: but their diſorders being check'd by the ſeverity of the laws, they united together under Phalantus, a bold, intrepid, ambitious captain, who, by plauſible inſinuations, had got the dominion of their hearts. He came to this ſhore with his young Laconians, who have made Tarentum a ſecond Lacedæmon. On the other ſide, Philoctetes, who ſignaliz'd himſelf at the ſiege of Troy by carrying thither Hercules's arrows, has rear'd in this neighbourhood the walls of Petilia, a city which is indeed leſs powerful than Tarentum, but far more wiſely

govern'd. Laſtly, we have hard by us the city of Metapontum, founded by the wiſe Neſtor and his Pylian ſubjects.

How! reply'd Mentor; have you Neſtor in Heſperia, and could you not make him your friend? Neſtor, who ſaw you ſo often fight againſt the Trojans, and who then was ſo much your friend? I loſt his friendſhip, anſwer'd Idomeneus, by the artifice of thoſe people, who have nothing barbarous but their name; for they had the dexterity to perſuade him, that my deſign was to make myſelf the tyrant of all Heſperia. We will undeceive him, ſaid Mentor. Telemachus ſaw him at Pylos, before he came to ſettle a colony here, and before we undertook our long voyages in queſt of Ulyſſes: he cannot yet have forgotten that hero, nor thoſe expreſſions of tenderneſs which he us'd to his ſon Telemachus. But the chief point will be to cure his diſtruſt: thoſe ſuſpicions you rais'd in the minds of your neighbours have kindled this war, and it muſt be extinguiſh'd by removing thoſe ſuſpicions. Once more I ſay, let me alone to manage it.

At theſe words Idomeneus, embracing Mentor, melted into tears, and for a while could not ſpeak a word. At laſt, with ſome difficulty, he expreſs'd himſelf in this manner: O wiſe old man, ſent by the gods to rectify all my errors! I confeſs I ſhould have had no patience, if any other man durſt have talk'd ſo freely to me as you have done. I own, that you, and none but you, can diſpoſe me to ſue for peace. I was reſolv'd either to conquer all my enemies, or periſh in the attempt; but it is much fitter for me to be led by your wiſe counſels, than by my own paſſion. O happy Telemachus, you never can go aſtray like me, ſince you have ſuch a guide! Mentor, you may act entirely as you pleaſe, all the wiſdom of the gods is in you: not even Minerva's ſelf could have given more wholſome counſel: go, promiſe, conclude, make any conceſſion that is in my power;

power; Idomeneus will approve whatever you think fit to do.

Whilſt they were thus diſcourſing together, there was heard on a ſudden a confus'd noiſe of chariots, horſes neighing, men rending the ſkies with horrible howlings, and trumpets that fill'd the air with martial clangors. The general cry is, the enemies are come, they have gone round about to avoid the guarded defiles: they are come; they are ready to beſiege Salentum. The old men and the women are under the greateſt conſternation. Alas! ſay they, why were we fated to forſake our dear country, the fertile iſle of Crete, and follow an unhappy prince through ſo many ſeas, to build a city which will now be laid in aſhes like Troy? They ſaw from the top of their new-rais'd walls, the neighbouring fields crowded with approaching enemies, whoſe helmets, cuiraſſes, and bucklers, glittering in the ſun, dazzled the beholders eyes: they ſaw likewiſe the briſtling pikes, which cover'd the ground, in like manner as when it is cover'd by a plenteous crop, which Ceres is preparing in the fields of Enna in Sicily during the ſcorching heats of ſummer, to recompenſe the labours of the huſbandman. And now they perceiv'd the chariots arm'd with ſharp ſcythes, and could diſtinguiſh the ſeveral people that were come againſt them.

Mentor, the better to diſcover them, aſcends a lofty tower; Idomeneus and Telemachus follow near him: he was no ſooner come there, but he perceiv'd on one ſide Philoctetes, and on the other Neſtor with his ſon Piſiſtratus. Neſtor was eaſily known by his venerable old age. What, cry'd Mentor, you thought, O Idomeneus, that Philoctetes and Neſtor would only remain neuter! But ſee, they have taken arms againſt you; and, if I miſtake not, thoſe other troops which march in ſo good order, and in ſo leiſurely a manner, are a body of Lacedemonians commanded by Phalantus. All are againſt you; there

is no neighbouring nation upon this coaſt whom you have not made your enemy without deſigning it.

Having thus ſpoke, Mentor haſtens down from the tower; makes towards one of the city gates, on that ſide where the enemy were advancing, and cauſes it to be open'd. Idomeneus, ſurpriz'd at his majeſtick deportment in doing theſe things, durſt not ſo much as aſk him what was his deſign. Mentor waves with his hand that no body ſhould follow him. He goes directly towards the enemy, who were amaz'd to ſee a ſingle man preſenting himſelf to them; he holds up to them at a diſtance an olive-branch as a token of peace; and, when he was come within hearing, he requir'd them to convene their commanders, who inſtantly aſſembling themſelves together, he thus ſpoke to them:

O generous men, aſſembled out of ſo many nations, that flouriſh in rich Heſperia; I know what brings you hither is only the common intereſt of liberty. Your zeal I commend; but ſuffer me to point out to you an eaſy way to preſerve the liberty and honour of all your people, without the effuſion of human blood.

O Neſtor, O wiſe Neſtor, whom I perceive in this aſſembly, you know full well how dreadful war is, even to thoſe who juſtly undertake it, under the protection of the gods! War is the greateſt evil with which the gods afflict mankind. You can never forget what the Greeks ſuffer'd for ten long years before the curſed walls of Troy. What diviſions were there among the leaders! What caprices of fortune! What havock of the Greeks was made by Hector's ſword! What deſolation in all the moſt powerful cities, caus'd by the war during the tedious abſence of their Kings! In their return home, ſome ſuffer'd ſhipwreck at the promontory of Caphareus; and others met a fatal death even in the boſom of their ſpouſes. O ye gods, 'twas in your wrath you arm'd

arm'd the Greeks for that glorious expedition! O ye inhabitants of Heſperia, I wiſh the gods may never grant you ſo ruinous a victory! Troy, it is true, is now in aſhes; but it had been better for the Grecians, were ſhe ſtill in all her glory, and that baſe Paris had ſtill enjoy'd, unmoleſted, his infamous pleaſures with Helena. O Philoctetes, you, who have been ſo long unhappy, and abandon'd in the iſle of Lemnos, do you not fear to meet with the like diſaſters in another war? I know that the people of Laconia have likewiſe experienc'd great miſery, occaſion'd by the long abſence of their princes, captains, and ſoldiers, who went againſt the Trojans. O Grecians, you who are come into Heſperia, your coming hither was only occaſion'd by a train of misfortunes, which were the ſad conſequences of the Trojan war!

After Mentor had ſaid this, he goes forward towards the Pylians; and Neſtor, knowing him again, advanc'd likewiſe to ſalute him. O Mentor, ſaid he to him, I am glad to ſee you again: 'tis now many years ſince I firſt ſaw you in Phocis: you were then but fifteen years of age; but yet I even then foreſaw that you would prove as wiſe a man as I now find you to be. Pray let me know by what accident you was brought into theſe parts, and what expedient you deſign to propoſe in order to prevent this war which Idomeneus has brought upon himſelf? He has forc'd us to attack him: we deſire nothing but peace: it was the greateſt intereſt of every one of us to deſire it: but we could no longer live ſecure with him: he has violated all his engagements with his neareſt neighbours: peace with him would not be peace; but only an opportunity for him to break our league, which is our only reſource. He had too plainly diſcover'd to all the other people his ambitious deſigns of enſlaving them, and has left us no other means to defend our liberty, than the uſing our utmoſt endeavours to overthrow his new kingdom. His breach of faith has reduc'd us to the neceſſity either of deſtroying

ing him, or becoming his ſlaves. Now if you can find a way to remove our juſt fears, and ſettle a firm and laſting peace, all thoſe nations whom you ſee here, will willingly lay down their arms, and with joy confeſs that you excel us in wiſdom.

Mentor anſwer'd: You know, wiſe Neſtor, that Ulyſſes committed his ſon Telemachus to my care. This young man, impatient to know what was become of his father, went firſt to Pylos, where you gave him all the kind reception he could expect from one of his father's cordial friends: You likewiſe appointed your own ſon to conduct him on his way: He after this undertook great voyages at ſea; he has viſited Sicily, Egypt, the iſland of Cyprus, and that of Crete; and at laſt the winds, or rather the gods, have driven him on this ſhore, as he endeavour'd to return to Ithaca: And we are come here very ſeaſonably to prevent the miſchiefs of a furious war. 'Tis not Idomeneus, but the ſon of the wiſe Ulyſſes, and myſelf, who will now anſwer for the performance of every thing that ſhall be ſtipulated.

While Mentor was thus diſcourſing with Neſtor in the middle of the confederate troops, Idomeneus and Telemachus, with all the Cretans in arms, kept their eyes fix'd on him from the top of the walls of Salentum: their thoughts were intent how Mentor's propoſals would be receiv'd, and they would have been glad to have heard the wiſe conference of thoſe two old men. Neſtor had been ever eſteem'd the moſt experienc'd and moſt eloquent of all the Grecian kings: it was he who during the ſiege of Troy, curb'd and reſtrain'd Achilles's boiling wrath, Agamemnon's pride, Ajax's fierceneſs, and the impetuous courage of Diomedes: ſoft perſuaſion flow'd from his lips like a ſtream of honey: his voice alone was always liſten'd to by all thoſe heroes, who were ſilent whenever he began to ſpeak: he alone knew how to appeaſe wild diſcord in the camp. The infirmities of froſty age began indeed to creep on him,

but

but yet his expreſſions were full of ſtrength and ſweetneſs: he repeated things paſt in order to inſtruct youth by his conſummate experience; and tho' he was ſomewhat ſlow of ſpeech, yet he deliver'd himſelf with admirable grace.

This old man, ſo much admir'd throughout Greece, ſeem'd to have loſt all his majeſty and eloquence, as ſoon as Mentor appear'd with him. He ſeem'd perfectly wither'd and depreſs'd with years, as he ſtood by Mentor; whereas old age ſeem'd to reſpect and reverence Mentor's ſtrong and vigorous conſtitution. Mentor's words, tho' grave and plain, carry'd along with them a ſprightlineſs and authority which began to be wanting in Neſtor's: whatever he ſpoke was conciſe, exact, nervous; he never us'd vain repetitions, never departed from the point in hand. If he was oblig'd to ſpeak often of the ſame thing, the better to inculcate it, or to perſuade others, he did it by a new turn, and by ſenſible compariſons. He had a certain ineffable complaiſance and gaiety, whenever he had a mind to inſinuate ſome truth, or adapt himſelf to the occaſions of thoſe he had to deal with. Thoſe two venerable men yielded a moving ſort of ſpectacle to ſo many aſſembled nations. While all the allies that were come againſt Salentum crowded upon one another to hear their wiſe diſcourſe, Idomeneus, with his people, endeavour'd with greedy and attentive looks to find out the meaning of their geſtures and countenances.

The END *of the* TENTH BOOK.

THE

THE ADVENTURES OF *TELEMACHUS.*

BOOK XI.

The ARGUMENT.

Telemachus, ſeeing Mentor amidſt the confederates, has a mind to know what paſſes between them. He cauſes the gates of Salentum to be open'd to him, goes and joins Mentor, and his preſence contributes to make the allies accept the conditions of peace which Mentor propoſed to them on the part of Idomeneus. Idomeneus, whom Mentor ſends for out of the city into the army, accepts of all the articles that had been agreed on. Hoſtages are exchanged, and a common ſacrifice is made between the city and the camp, in confirmation of this alliance. The kings enter Salentum as friends.

AND

N. Parr Sc.

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AND now, Telemachus, being grown impatient, ſlips from the multitude that were about him, runs to the gate Mentor went out at, and imperiouſly orders it to be open'd. Preſently after, Idomeneus, who thought he was ſtill by his ſide, wonder'd to ſee him running croſs the fields, and making towards Neſtor. Neſtor knew him again, and made all the haſte his age allow'd, to go and meet him. Telemachus flew to embrace him, and graſp'd him in his arms without being able to ſpeak. At laſt he cry'd out: O my father, for I am not afraid to call you ſo; the misfortune of not finding my true father, and the generous favours I have receiv'd from you, give me a right to uſe that endearing name! my father, my dear father, how bleſs'd am I to ſee you, and oh that I could ſee Ulyſſes too! Yet if any thing could make me amends for being depriv'd of him, 'tis certainly the finding him again in you.

Neſtor could not refrain from weeping at theſe words, and he was touch'd with a ſecret joy in ſeeing thoſe tears which with wonderful grace ran down Telemachus's cheeks. The beauty, gentleneſs, and noble aſſurance of this unknown youth, who, without any manner of apprehenſion, croſs'd through ſo many enemies, ſtruck all the confederates with amazement. May not this, ſaid they, be the ſon of that old man, who came to ſpeak with Neſtor? He muſt be ſo; he can be no other; they have both the ſame wiſdom, in the two oppoſite ſeaſons of life. In the one, ſhe only begins to bloſſom; in the other, ſhe bears a plentiful harveſt of the ripeſt fruits.

Mentor, who was highly pleaſed to ſee how affectionately Neſtor received Telemachus, laid hold of that happy opportunity, and ſaid to him: This is the ſon of Ulyſſes, ſo dear to all Greece, and to yourſelf,

ſelf, O wiſe Neſtor! Here I deliver him up to you as an hoſtage, and the moſt precious pledge that can be given you for the faithful performance of Idomeneus's promiſes. You may eaſily imagine, that I ſhould be ſorry if the loſs of the ſon ſhould follow that of the father, and that the unhappy Penelope ſhould upbraid Mentor with ſacrificing her ſon to the ambition of the new king of Salentum. With this pledge, who voluntarily offers himſelf to you, and whom the gods, who are lovers of peace, have ſent to you, I will proceed to lay before theſe aſſembled nations ſuch propoſals as may eſtabliſh a ſolid peace to all future ages.

At the mention of peace, there was heard a confus'd noiſe among the ranks. All thoſe different nations murmur'd with anger and reſentment, thinking ſo much time loſt as was ſpent without fighting: They fancied that the intent of all theſe ſpeeches was only to ſuſpend their fury, and by that means to rob them of their prey. The Mandurians in particular were enraged, to think that Idomeneus ſhould ever have it in his power to deceive them again: they often attempted to interrupt Mentor, fearing leſt his wiſe diſcourſes ſhould draw off their allies; nay, they began to diſtruſt all the Greeks that were in the aſſembly. Mentor perceiving this, made it his buſineſs to increaſe their jealouſy, the better to diſunite the counſels of thoſe different nations.

I confeſs, ſaid he, that the Mandurians have juſt reaſon to complain, and to demand ſatisfaction for the wrongs that have been done them; but then again, it is not reaſonable that the Greeks, who plant colonies in this country, ſhould be ſuſpected, and odious to the ancient natives of the place. On the contrary, the Greeks ought to be united together, and make themſelves reſpected by others: The only thing they muſt obſerve, is to be contented with what they enjoy, and never to invade the territories of their neighbours. I know that Idomeneus has been

ſo

ſo unhappy as to occaſion jealouſies among you; but it will be no difficult matter to remove all your ſuſpicions: Telemachus and myſelf offer to become hoſtages; we will be anſwerable for Idomeneus's integrity, and will remain in your hands till every thing that ſhall be promiſed is faithfully perform'd. What you are incens'd at, O Mandurians, is, that the Cretan troops have ſeiz'd by ſurprize the paſſages of your mountains; and thereby can, in deſpite of you, enter, whenever they pleaſe, the territories whither you retir'd when you left them the flat country near the ſea-ſhore. The defiles which the Cretans have fortified with high towers, full of arm'd men, are therefore the real cauſe of this war. Pray anſwer me, can you alledge any other?

Upon this, the chief of the Mandurians came forwards, and ſpoke thus: Have we left any thing unattempted to avoid this war? The gods are our witneſſes that we did not renounce peace, till peace had irrecoverably fled from us, through the reſtleſs ambition of the Cretans, and the impoſſibility of truſting to their oaths again. Senſeleſs nation! who forced us, againſt our will, to the hard neceſſity of acting a deſperate part againſt them, and ſeeking our ſafety in their ruin. As long as they keep thoſe paſſes, we ſhall ever believe that they mean to encroach upon our lands, and to bring us under ſubjection. If they really intended to live in peace with their neighbours, they would be contented with what we ſo voluntarily yielded up to them, and would not labour to preſerve an entrance into a country, upon whoſe liberty they have no ambitious deſign. But you know them not, O wiſe old man; whereas, to our great misfortune, we know them but too well. Ceaſe then, thou favourite of the gods, ceaſe to obſtruct a war ſo juſt and neceſſary; without which Heſperia can never hope to enjoy a laſting peace. O ungrateful, treacherous, and cruel nation, whom the angry gods have

ſent among us to trouble our repoſe, and puniſh us for our faults! Yet, after you have puniſh'd us, O ye gods, you will revenge us too: neither will you be leſs juſt to our enemies than to us.

At theſe words all the aſſembly was in an emotion; it ſeem'd as if Mars and Bellona went from rank to rank, rekindling in each breaſt the rage of war, which Mentor endeavour'd to quench; who thus reſum'd his diſcourſe:

Had I nothing but promiſes to make to you, you might refuſe to truſt to them: But the things I offer to you are real, and before your eyes. If you are not content to have Telemachus and myſelf for hoſtages, I will cauſe to be put into your hands twelve of the moſt noble and valiant Cretans: But it is juſt that you likewiſe ſhould give hoſtages; for tho' Idomeneus ſincerely deſires peace, yet it is not through fear or cowardice that he deſires it: He deſires peace juſt as you yourſelves ſay you deſire it, upon principles of wiſdom and moderation, and not out of a baſe love of an eaſy effeminate life, nor out of fear of the impending dangers of war. He is prepared either to die or to conquer; but he perfers peace to the moſt pompous victory. He would be aſham'd to fear being overcome; but he fears to be unjuſt, and is not aſham'd to redreſs what he has done amiſs. Tho' he offers peace with ſword in hand, he is not for preſcribing the conditions of it with imperiouſneſs; for he ſets no value upon a forced peace: He would have a peace, which ſhould be to the ſatisfaction of all parties; a peace that may for ever put an end to all jealouſies, allay all reſentments, and remove all diſtruſts. In a word, Idomeneus has all thoſe ſentiments which I am ſure you wiſh he ſhould have. All that now remains to be done is, to perſuade you into a belief of it; which will be no difficult taſk, provided you will hear me calmly, and without prejudice.

Liſten

Liſten then, O ye warlike nations; and you, O ye wiſe and united captains, give ear to what I offer you from Idomeneus. It is not juſt, that he ſhould have it in his power to enter the countries of his neighbours; nor is it juſt, that his own territories ſhould be expoſed to incurſions from them: He therefore conſents, that thoſe paſſes which he has fortified with high towers, may be kept by neutral troops. You Neſtor, and you Philoctetes, are Greeks by birth; yet, upon this occaſion, you have declared againſt Idomeneus; and therefore you cannot be ſuſpected of being too partial to his intereſts. What animates you is the common intereſt of the repoſe and liberty of Heſperia; be you then the truſtees and keepers of thoſe defiles which occaſion'd this war. You have no leſs reaſon, nor is it leſs your intereſt, to hinder the old inhabitants of Heſperia from deſtroying Salentum, a new Grecian colony, like that which you have founded, than to hinder Idomeneus from uſurping the lands of his neighbours. Do you keep an equal balance between both of them; and, inſtead of carrying fire and ſword among a people whom you ought to love, reſerve to yourſelves the honour of being judges and mediators. You will undoubtedly anſwer, that you would be extremely pleaſed with theſe propoſals, could you be ſure that Idomeneus would faithfully perform them: And, as to this point, I am going to give you ſatisfaction.

For the ſecurity of both parties, there will be the hoſtages I mention'd before, to continue till all thoſe defiles be put into your poſſeſſion. Now, when the ſafety of all Heſperia, and even that of Salentum and Idomeneus, ſhall be at your mercy, will you not be contented? What can you diſtruſt after this, unleſs you are afraid of yourſelves? You dare not truſt to Idomeneus; and yet Idomeneus is ſo far from having any deſign of deceiving you, that he is willing to truſt you. Yes, he will entruſt you with the repoſe, lives,

and liberties of all his people, together with himſelf. If you are really deſirous of a good peace, behold ſhe offers herſelf to you, and leaves you no pretence for rejecting her. Once again, think not that 'tis fear obliges Idomeneus to make you theſe offers; no, 'tis wiſdom and juſtice that engage him to take this courſe; nor ſhall it affect him in the leaſt, ſhould you impute to his weakneſs what is the effect of his virtue. In his firſt attempts he committed ſome faults, and he glories in acknowledging them as ſuch, by preventing your demands in this manner. 'Tis weakneſs, 'tis ridiculous vanity, 'tis ſtupid ignorance of a man's own intereſt, to think to hide his faults by endeavouring to maintain them with pride and haughtineſs. He, who owns his faults to his enemy, and offers to repair them, ſhews thereby, that he can never more enter upon thoughts of committing them, and that at the ſame time the enemy has all things to fear from ſo wiſe and ſo ſteddy a conduct, unleſs he makes peace. Beware leſt you give him, in his turn, occaſion to lay the blame at your door. If you ſlight peace and juſtice, which now offer themſelves to you, peace and juſtice will take their revenge. Idomeneus, who before ought to have feared the gods would have been incenſed againſt him, will now have them on his ſide againſt you. Telemachus and myſelf will fight in this good cauſe; and I call all the gods, both celeſtial and infernal, to be witneſſes of the juſt propoſals that I now make to you.

At theſe words, Mentor lifted up his arm on high, to ſhew to the people the olive-branch which he had in his hand in token of peace. The commanders, who were nearer him, were aſtoniſhed and dazzled with the divine light which darted from his eyes; he look'd with a certain majeſty and authority, far beyond what is ever ſeen in the moſt eminent among mortals. The charms of his ſweet, yet commanding, eloquence ſtole away all hearts: it was like

thoſe enchanting ſpells which in the deep ſilence of the night do on a ſudden ſtop, in the midſt of heaven, the motion of the moon and ſtars, calm the raging ſea, ſuppreſs the winds, make the billows ſubſide, and ſuſpend the courſe of rapid ſtreams.

Mentor ſeem'd in the middle of theſe furious people like Bacchus when he was ſurrounded by tygers, who, foregoing their natural fierceneſs, and attracted by the efficacy of his ſoft, melodious voice, came and lick'd his feet, and fawningly paid ſubmiſſion to him. At firſt, a deep ſilence was obſerv'd throughout the whole army; the commanders gazed on one another, unable to reſiſt this man, or comprehend what he was. All the troops were motionleſs, and kept their eyes fix'd upon him; not daring to ſpeak or make the leaſt noiſe, for fear he ſhould have ſomething farther to ſay, and they ſhould obſtruct his being heard. Tho' they thought it impoſſible that what he had ſaid could be capable of any addition, yet they wiſhed his ſpeech had been longer: every thing he had ſaid remain'd as it were engraven in their hearts. As he ſpoke he commanded at once the love and belief of his hearers; and every one was greedily attentive to catch the leaſt ſyllable that iſſu'd out of his mouth.

After a continu'd ſilence for ſome time, a kind of a ſoft noiſe began to ſpread itſelf by little and little. It was not now the confus'd noiſe of people murmuring with indignation; on the contrary, 'twas a gentle favourable whiſpering. Each man's face diſcover'd a certain ſerenity, and an aſpect already meeken'd. The Mandurians, who were ſo highly provok'd, let their weapons drop to the ground. The rough Phalantus, with his Lacedemonians, were ſurpriz'd to feel their hearrs ſo mollify'd. The others began to ſigh for that happy peace which had been ſet to their view. Philoctetes, who by experiencing the hardſhips of fortune was more ſenſible than any other, could not with-hold his tears. Neſtor,

not being able to ſpeak for the tranſports in which this diſcourſe had put him, affectionately embrac'd Mentor, without being able to utter a word; and all the people at once, as upon a ſignal given, cry'd out, O wiſe old man, you have diſarm'd us! peace! peace!

Neſtor, a moment after this, was going to begin another ſpeech, but all the troops being impatient, and fearing leaſt he ſhould ſtart ſome difficulty, once again, cry'd out peace! peace! Nor would they give over till they had made all their leaders cry out with them, peace! peace!

Neſtor, perceiving it was no time to make a ſet ſpeech, contented himſelf with ſaying: You ſee, O Mentor, what wonderful efficacy the words of a good man have. When wiſdom and virtue ſpeak, they huſh all the boiſterous paſſions; our juſt reſentments change into friendſhip, and our animoſities into wiſhes for a durable peace. We accept the peace you offer us. At the ſame time all the commanders held up their hands in token of conſent.

Mentor ran to the city gate to cauſe it to be open'd, and to bid Idomeneus come forth now without any fear. Neſtor, in the mean time, embrac'd Telemachus, and ſaid to him: Thou amiable ſon of the wiſeſt of all the Greeks, may'ſt thou be no leſs wiſe, but far more happy than he! Have you learnt nothing concerning him? The memory of your father, whom you ſo much reſemble, has help'd to ſtifle our indignation. Phalantus, tho' rough and fierce, tho' he had never ſeen Ulyſſes, could not but be mov'd at his and his ſon's misfortunes. And now they were going to preſs Telemachus to relate what had befallen him, when Mentor return'd with Idomeneus, and all the Cretan youth attending him.

At the ſight of Idomeneus, the allies felt their reſentments kindling a-freſh; but Mentor's words quench'd the growing fire. Why do we delay, ſaid he,

he, to conclude this holy alliance, of which the gods will be both witneſſes and defenders? May they revenge it, if any impious wretch dare to violate it, and may all the horrors of war, inſtead of overwhelming the faithful and innocent people, fall on the perjur'd execrable head of that ambitious man, who ſhall ſlight the ſacred ties of this alliance! May he be hated by gods and men! May he never enjoy the fruit of his perfidy! May the infernal furies, under the moſt hideous forms, appear to him, and fill him with rage and deſpair! May he be ſtruck dead without any hope of burial! May his body become a prey to dogs and vultures! And may he for ever be more ſeverely tormented than Tantalus, Ixion, and the Danaids, in the deep abyſs of Tartarus! But no,.... rather may this peace be as firm and immovable as the mountain of Atlas, that ſupports the heavens! May all theſe people religiouſly obſerve it, and taſte the fruits of it from generation to generation! May the names of thoſe who ſhall have ſworn to it, be ever commemorated with love and reverence, by lateſt poſterity! May this peace, founded upon juſtice and integrity, be a model of every peace that ſhall hereafter be made among all the nations of the earth! And may all people who are deſirous to taſte the happineſs of peace and union, imitate the example of thoſe of Heſperia!

At theſe words, Idomeneus, with the other kings, ſwore to maintain the peace, on the conditions agreed to; and twelve hoſtages were exchang'd on both ſides. Telemachus would needs be one of the hoſtages for Idomeneus, but Mentor was not allow'd to be one of them, becauſe the allies deſired that he might remain with Idomeneus, to have an eye upon him and his counſellors, till the entire execution of the articles ſworn to. Between the town and the camp were ſacrific'd an hundred heifers, white as ſnow, and as many bulls of the ſame colour, whoſe horns were

gilded

gilded and adorn'd with garlands. The dreadful bellowings of the victims that fell beneath the holy knife, made all the neighbouring hills reſound; the reeking blood ſtream'd on all ſides; exquiſite wines were in abundance pour'd out for the libations; the Haruſpices conſulted the panting entrails: and the prieſts burnt upon the altar vaſt quantities of incenſe, which form'd a thick cloud, and perfum'd all the country round with the ſweet odour thereof.

Mean while, the ſoldiers on both ſides, regarding each other no longer as enemies, began to entertain one another with their adventures; they already gave a relaxation to their labours, and did before-hand taſte the ſweets of peace. Many of thoſe, who had follow'd Idomeneus to the ſiege of Troy, knew again the ſoldiers of Neſtor, who had fought in the ſame war. They affectionately embrac'd each other, and mutually related what had befallen them, after they had ruin'd that tow'ring city, the ornament of all Aſia. And now they lay down on the graſs, crown'd themſelves with flowers, and quaff'd the wine that was brought from the town in large veſſels to celebrate ſo happy a day.

Of a ſudden Mentor ſaid: O kings! O ye aſſembled captains! Henceforth, under ſeveral names, and ſeveral leaders, you ſhall be but one people; for thus the juſt gods, who are lovers of men whom they created, are pleas'd to be the eternal tie of their perfect concord. All mankind is but one family, ſpread over the face of the whole earth. All men are brethren, and as ſuch ought to love each other. Curſe on thoſe impious wretches, who ſeek a cruel glory in the blood of their brethren, which is indeed their own blood! War, 'tis true, is ſometimes neceſſary; but it is a ſhame to humanity that it ſhould be inevitable in more favourable circumſtances. O ye kings! think not that war ought to be deſir'd for the acquiſition of glory. True glory is not to be found ſeparate from

from humanity. Whoever prefers his ambition before a ſenſe of humanity, is a monſter of pride, not a man; and ſhall never attain any other than a falſe glory; for true glory conſiſts ſolely in moderation and goodneſs. Men, indeed, may flatter him to gratify his fooliſh vanity; but when they are in ſecret, and may ſpeak their minds ſincerely, they will ſay of him, that he has ſo much the leſs deſerv'd glory, as he has deſired it with an unwarrantable paſſion. Men ought not to have any eſteem for him at all, ſince he has ſo little valued men, and has been ſo laviſh of their blood, through brutal vanity. Happy is that king, who loves his people, and is beloved by them; who confides in his neighbours, and in whom his neighbours confide; who, inſtead of making war upon them, prevents any war they may have with one another; and who gives occaſion to all the foreign nations to envy the happineſs of his ſubjects, in having him for their king. Reſolve then to meet from time to time, O you who govern the moſt powerful cities of Heſperia! agree to meet once in three years in a general aſſembly, where all the kings here preſent may attend to renew the alliance by a freſh oath, to ſtrengthen the promiſed friendſhip, and to conſult about your common intereſts. As long as you are united, you will enjoy in this fine country, tranquillity, glory, plenty; and abroad you will always be invincible. It is only diſcord, the child of hell, and ſent from thence to torment mortals; it is only ſhe, I ſay, that can diſturb the felicity which the gods are preparing for you.

Neſtor reply'd, You ſee by the readineſs with which we come into the peace, how far we are from deſiring war out of vain glory, or an unjuſt eagerneſs to aggrandize ourſelves at the expence of our neighbours. But pray what's to be done when we find ourſelves near a violent prince, who knows no law but his intereſt, and who neglects no opportunity of invading

invading the territories of other ſtates? Think not that I glance at Idomeneus; no! I have no longer ſuch a thought of him; 'tis Adraſtus king of the Daunians, from whom we have every thing to fear. He contemns the gods, and thinks that all mankind are only born to be ſubſervient to his glory, and to be his ſlaves. He will not have ſubjects of whom he may be both the king and father; he muſt have ſlaves and adorers, and have divine honours paid him. Hitherto blind fortune has favour'd his unrighteous enterprizes. We haſten'd to attack Salentum, to get rid of the weakeſt of our enemies, who had juſt began to eſtabliſh himſelf upon this coaſt, with a reſolution to turn our forces afterwards upon that other more powerful enemy. He has already taken ſeveral towns from our allies; the Crotonians have already loſt two battles in fighting againſt him; he ſticks at nothing to gratify his ambition: Force or fraud is all alike to him, provided he can but cruſh his enemies. He has amaſs'd together vaſt treaſures; his troops are diſciplin'd and harden'd to war; his generals are experienc'd; he is well obey'd; he himſelf inceſſantly watching over all thoſe who act by his order: He ſeverely puniſhes the leaſt faults; and largely rewards the ſervices that are done him: His perſonal valour ſuſtains and animates that of his troops: He would be an accompliſh'd king, if he ſquar'd his actions by the rules of juſtice and integrity; but he neither dreads the gods, nor the upbraidings of his conſcience: Reputation he reckons as nothing; he looks upon it as a vain phantom, which can affect none but poor, low, groveling ſpirits; he eſteems nothing as a real and ſolid good, but the advantage of poſſeſſing great riches, the being dreaded, and trampling all mankind under foot. His army will ſoon appear upon our territories; and if the union of ſo many people prove ineffectual againſt him, there's an end of our liberty. It is therefore the intereſt of Idomeneus,

meneus, as well as ours, to oppoſe this tyrannical neighbour, who can ſuffer nothing free to be near him. If we ſhould be ever overcome, Salentum would be threaten'd with the ſame miſery; Therefore let us all haſten jointly to prevent it. Whilſt Neſtor was thus ſpeaking, they mov'd towards the city; for Idomeneus had invited all the kings, and the principle commanders, to come and paſs the night there.

The End of the FIRST VOLUME.

AN

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